THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SEPT. 16, 1922

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Samuel G. Blythe—Edwin Lefèvre—I. F. Marcosson—F. W. Parsons
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CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
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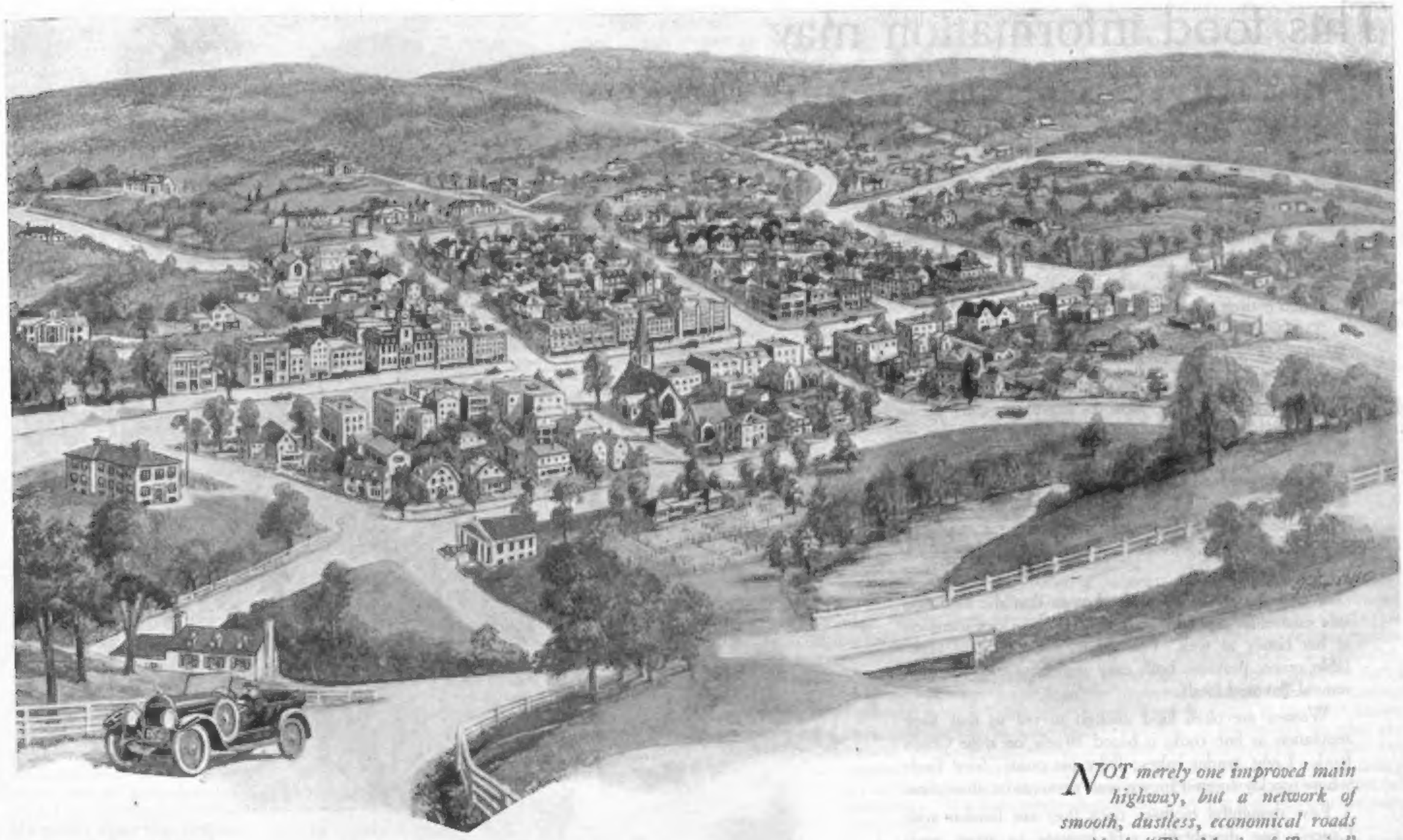

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1½ cupfuls sugar
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1 teaspoonful salt
1 cupful water
1 teaspoonful flavoring
whites of 3 eggs

Cream Crisco. Add sugar slowly and cream together. Sift dry ingredients, and add alternately with the liquid. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour in cake mixture; put in moderate oven, allow to rise for five minutes, increase heat to bake; at the end of fifteen minutes reduce heat to allow cake to shrink from the pan. Entire time for baking twenty minutes.

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Digestible (VEGETABLE) *Shortening*

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.

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Winter and the Coal Shortage

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

LLOYD GEORGE is going to write his memoirs, and in view of the leading part he played in the Great War the narrative doubtless will be most interesting. But vital as was the war, and great as is Lloyd George, I would rather read a work entitled, An Account of My Experiences in the White House During the Summer of 1922, by Warren G. Harding. It is altogether likely that none of us, not even the nation's President, realizes in full the importance of recent events as history-making drama.

I am aware that the rôle of pessimist is not a happy or popular part to play. However, I love my United States, and I see great harm coming to the nation from an overproduction of Pollyanna talk. There are times, like the present, when the people should know the full truth concerning affairs and not be rendered unconscious to dangers through the etherizing action of excessive good-cheer propaganda by stock manipulators, chart prophets and exponents of business-cycle theories. If we are a race that becomes petrified into inaction from a facing of facts, then we have degenerated into types most unlike the sturdy stock that drafted the Constitution of the United States in Philadelphia in 1787.

Doubtless mass thought does influence mass action; so there is foundation for the idea that the coming of good times will be hastened if only everyone will have faith, exhibit confidence and encourage a spirit of cheerful optimism. Such a policy properly used and restrained is wise and helpful, but it can be so overplayed that our fancies will outdistance our facts. Deep down in our hearts we are more concerned over finding a real, lasting solution for our great labor problem than we are over preserving unblemished the records of public leaders and political parties. We are more interested in constructing a base for permanent industrial progress than in restoring a short day of hurrah prosperity such as we had in 1919.

We went into the business depression with strikes, and we are coming out of it with other strikes even more serious in character. In 1920 it was said we must submit to a period of readjustment and correction because of our business excesses and for the reason that industry was out of balance. But industry, as represented by prices and wages, is still out of balance. We have the same labor leaders holding the same ideas, the same unreformed autocrats and conscienceless profiteers, the same inadequate transportation system, and a coal shortage the like of which at this time of the year is without parallel.

The Congress of the United States has a vocal output of approximately forty million words each year. Most of this talk relates to cures for things, instead of dealing with methods to prevent them. The kind of government we want is one that knows how to act before a catastrophe, to prevent it. The kind of lawmakers we need are those who understand the danger of ending a period of reconstruction that did not reconstruct. We must have leaders in Washington possessed of ability to distinguish between mere business activity and sound industrial prosperity. We were active during the war, but who can say we were prosperous?

A good many years ago I started out to earn my living as a coal-mining engineer, and the first thing I ran up against down in West Virginia was a miners' strike. In those days down there, when times were rough, nearly every man toted a gun, and some of the parties pulled off during these labor troubles were most interesting, if not educating. A little later I came in on the finish of the big anthracite

strike that President Roosevelt handled so decisively, and it seems to me that almost continuously since then my attention has been taken up either with other coal strikes or with transportation tie-ups which have caused the country unending worry and incalculable losses. In all these years, from the time of John Mitchell, on down to the present rule of John Lewis, the United Mine Workers of America has grown in power, until we have been treated to a display of strength by the miners' union this summer that is alarming as well as astonishing.

Never have the miners had a leader the equal of John Lewis. He is cold, unemotional and shrewd. He is a dictator in every sense of the word, a student of human psychology. Few men having such a lack of early educational advantages possess his powers of clear thinking and ready expression.

He is young and virile, and on every occasion this past summer his leadership has been evident in all the conferences that have been held. Lewis is not the kind of man who is beloved by his followers, but he is the type that holds them through the force of his strong will. If the leader of the miners comes out of his present fight victorious he will be in line for the highest place in this country's labor councils.

Nothing is gained by belittling Lewis and failing to recognize the feat he accomplished in holding more than a half million men strictly in line, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts that were made by the operators to cause secessions from the miners' ranks, thus disrupting the solidarity of the union. The firm stand of the miners is all the more remarkable in view of the fact that the union mines throughout the country generally were working on a reduced scale of operation up to the cessation of production April first, and as a consequence the men started on their strike with practically no surplus savings upon which they could draw. This, of course, was not true of the anthracite miners, for in the hard-coal field work is steady throughout the year.

Coal operators will tell you that John Lewis is the most dangerous man in the United States today. He does not believe in compulsory arbitration, asserting that the workers always get the worst of it in such settlements. He holds the opinion that the coal industry will never reach a state of stabilization with "half the miners free and half slaves." In answer to the argument of the operators of union mines that unless wages are reduced they cannot compete with the nonunion producers, the miners' leader replies that if he were to consent to wage reductions the nonunion operators would go still lower and the wage differential would remain just the same as before. In such a case the union workers would be dragged down to poverty. Lewis believes that if all the coal mines of the country were unionized the great coal problem of the nation would be solved. He believes there is no other course to pursue than the one the miners have set out upon.

Lewis knows the history of the coal industry as well as any man living. He is surrounded with a statistical organization and a staff of attorneys unequaled by similar organizations among the operators. The miners' president is also thoroughly familiar with the psychology of the mine owners, and he is fully aware how some of them are tempted to fall for high prices for coal. He also knows that the operators never have shown any evidence of united opinion, even in their own local groups, let alone nationally.

The Base of Industry

AMONG the mine owners are some who are bitter enemies one to another; so after four months of idleness, during which the operators failed to cause a break in the ranks of the miners, Lewis called his conference for August seventh, in Cleveland, for the sole purpose of doing to the operators what they had failed to do to him. The results of the Cleveland meeting, which are now history, show just how well the chief of the miners understood his men and timed his strategy. Above all was his desire to get the jump on the situation before Congress convened the middle of August. If there is one thing Lewis doesn't want it is legislative action that would doubtless spoil his plans and limit his activities.

The outstanding truth of the present moment that is of interest to the public is the grave danger, as well as the futility, of permitting the coal industry to continue in the future as it has in the past. We are only now entering the season when we shall harvest the crop of woes that were planted by the coal strike last summer. Some strikes may be of small consequence, but no one will ever believe after this winter is over that a shutdown of the nation's mines is a matter of small moment. The price we are going to pay in coming weeks for our stupidity and indifference to the country's basic problem will be heavy indeed, but if as a result of our distress we quit temporizing with the coal situation and provide a remedy, perhaps the lesson will be worth the cost.

It has been often stated, but I earnestly repeat, that the foundation of life and industry is fuel. We may have hundreds of millions of dollars in gold stored away in the nation's vaults, but all this wealth is useless as a factor in production unless we have coal in adequate quantities at all points of consumption. We may have tens of millions of healthy, willing human workers, but in this mechanical age, when wealth is produced chiefly by machines, fuel must be available to generate power, or hands will be idle and the output of our factories will be small indeed. Not only is fuel necessary to the continuance of industry, it is absolutely essential to the health and physical welfare of the people of a country having a climate such as ours. It is easy in August or September to forget the discomfort and danger of a heatless home or office during the cold days of winter, but in a few weeks the chill of fall will forcibly remind us that truly coal is king.

How Much Coal Can We Mine?

EXPERIENCE has shown that we cannot have anything like a normal state of business in the United States unless we produce bituminous coal at the rate of at least 10,000,000 tons a week, or 520,000,000 tons annually. In addition to this tonnage we require about 1,750,000 tons of anthracite weekly, or approximately 90,000,000 net tons each year. Therefore our normal coal output, including both hard and soft varieties, must reach a total of better than 600,000,000 tons annually if normal activity in business is to prevail.

Last year, although our anthracite production was about normal, the country's output of bituminous coal was only a little more than 400,000,000 tons, as compared with a production of more than 550,000,000 tons of soft coal in 1920, or a falling off of nearly 23 per cent. In each of the five years preceding 1921 the consumption of bituminous was greater than 500,000,000 tons. As a matter of fact, our coal output last year reached the lowest total recorded in a decade. Therefore any comparison of present coal production with that of 1921 is practically useless and misleading.

On the first of last April, when the coal strike commenced, the output of soft coal for the year up to that date had totaled 129,000,000 tons, as compared with 100,000,000 tons for the same period last year. On the first of September, twenty-two weeks later, the year's output of bituminous had amounted to approximately 233,000,000 tons, as compared with a production for the same period in 1921 of 260,000,000 tons. The year's production of anthracite up to the first of September is 35,000,000 tons below normal, which means that the country's total output of coal for the first eight months of this year was more than 62,000,000 tons behind 1921, by far the poorest year since 1911.

Assuming that all our coal mines will operate during the last third of the year, it is interesting to figure what the probable production will be. The anthracite mines cannot do much better than turn out 2,000,000 tons of coal each week, so that in seventeen weeks they would not be able to produce more than 34,000,000 tons, which would make the total year's output of anthracite only about 59,000,000 tons, or the lowest production of hard coal in recent history. The deficit in the supply of anthracite can never be made up, and relief will have to come to householders through the greater use of soft coal and of gas and coke, which are made from soft coal. In cities having smoke ordinances the only solution will be to rescind present laws temporarily and bear up under the curse of a winter of smoke and dirt, or else the manufacturers of gas and electrical heating appliances will have to work overtime in an endeavor to supply the abnormal demand for apparatus that the public will make upon them in the weeks to come. It is to be hoped that such manufacturers, as well as the utility companies, are making preparations to extend as much relief as possible in our coming fuel shortage.

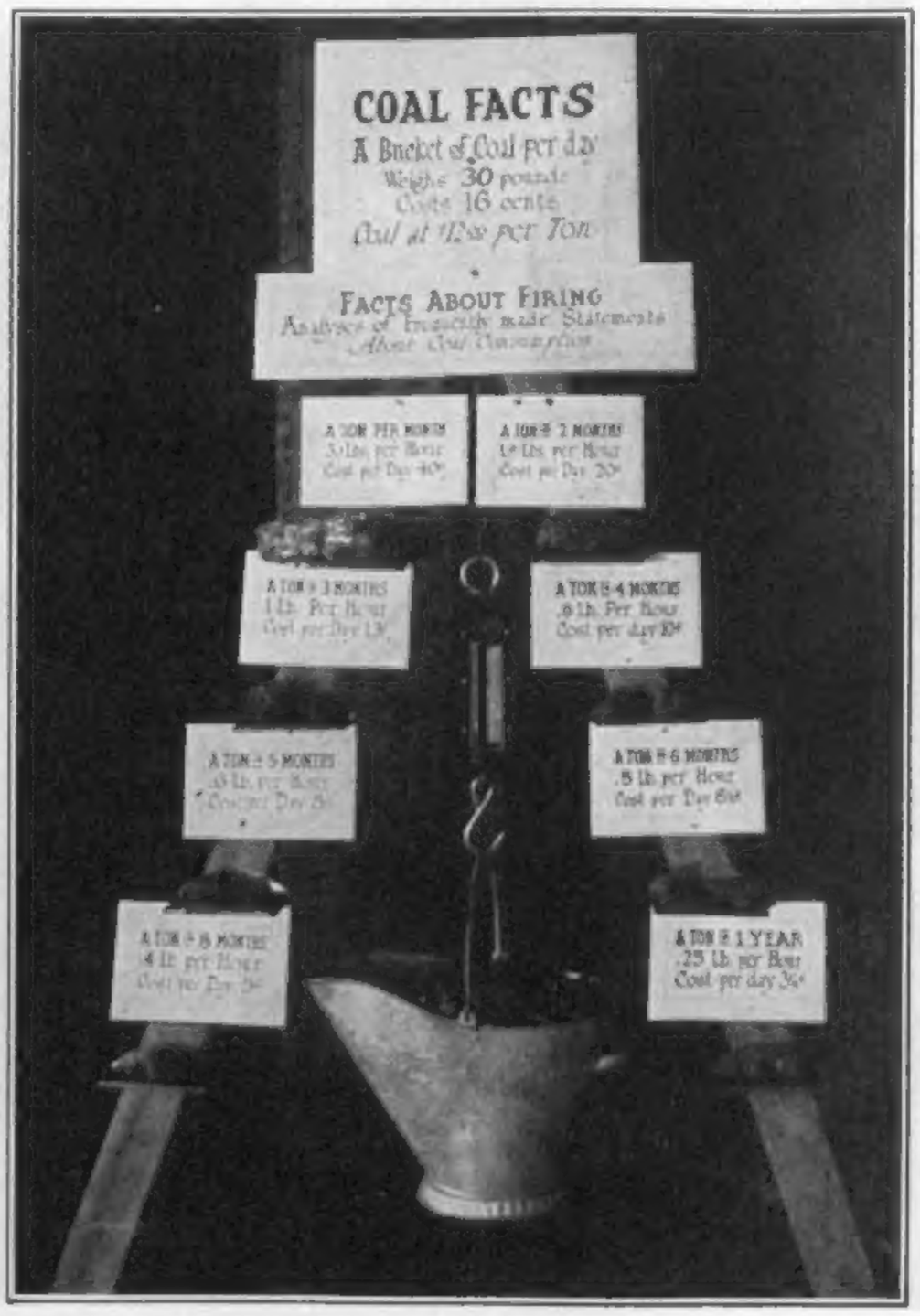
Low Reserves This Winter

IN THE matter of bituminous coal, on which the nation's industry depends, the capacity of the mines is far beyond our maximum requirements, so that the entire hope of the country must be placed in our transportation system, and not in our mine capacity. If our railroads should haul 10,000,000 tons each week for seventeen weeks the year's production of bituminous coal will total about 402,000,000 tons, or slightly less than last year's low output. If a miracle should happen and the country's carriers were to prove their worth and transport 12,000,000 tons of soft coal weekly, the year's output would run about 436,000,000 tons, or considerably more than 100,000,000 tons below the country's production of bituminous in any one of the four years preceding 1921. If each year's coal output here in America is an accurate barometer of the nation's business activity we have here an index that should show what we may expect in the way of production in our industrial life in the months that lie just ahead of us.

It is safe to figure that our consumption of soft coal for the next six months will be at the rate of no less than 10,000,000 tons weekly. It would seem, therefore, that with all our mines at work industry should be able to resume its upward trend and the nation's business gradually get back on a safe and satisfactory foundation. Right here let us not overlook the fact that the country will be compelled to go through this winter with a smaller reserve of coal on hand than has ever been the case before. When the coal strike commenced in April our total bituminous coal in storage amounted to about 66,000,000 tons. In addition to this we must add at least 10,000,000 tons to cover coal in transit. In 1919, with conditions quite similar to present ones, a government survey made just before the strike of miners that year showed 10,000,000 tons of coal in transit. Therefore at the commencement of the strike we probably had no less than 76,000,000 tons of soft coal in reserve.

Now as to consumption, we may estimate conservatively that this summer coal was used at the rate of 8,000,000 tons a week. Therefore in twenty-two weeks we burned 176,000,000 tons of bituminous. During this same time we produced about 103,000,000 tons, which indicates that approximately 73,000,000 tons were withdrawn from storage. According to this calculation the nation's soft-coal supplies have dwindled to 3,000,000 tons, or less than half of a week's supply. Of course this is not true, for we certainly have more coal than that on hand; so the only answer is that our stored coal and perhaps our tonnage in transit on April first amounted to considerable more than government estimates indicated. However, there can be no doubt but that we are entering the third and last lap of the year with our coal reserves reduced to no more than a ten days' supply on an average for the country as a whole.

(Continued on Page 102)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A TON IN 6 MONTHS
A TON IN 8 MONTHS
A TON IN 1 YEAR

THE LAND OF BUNK

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

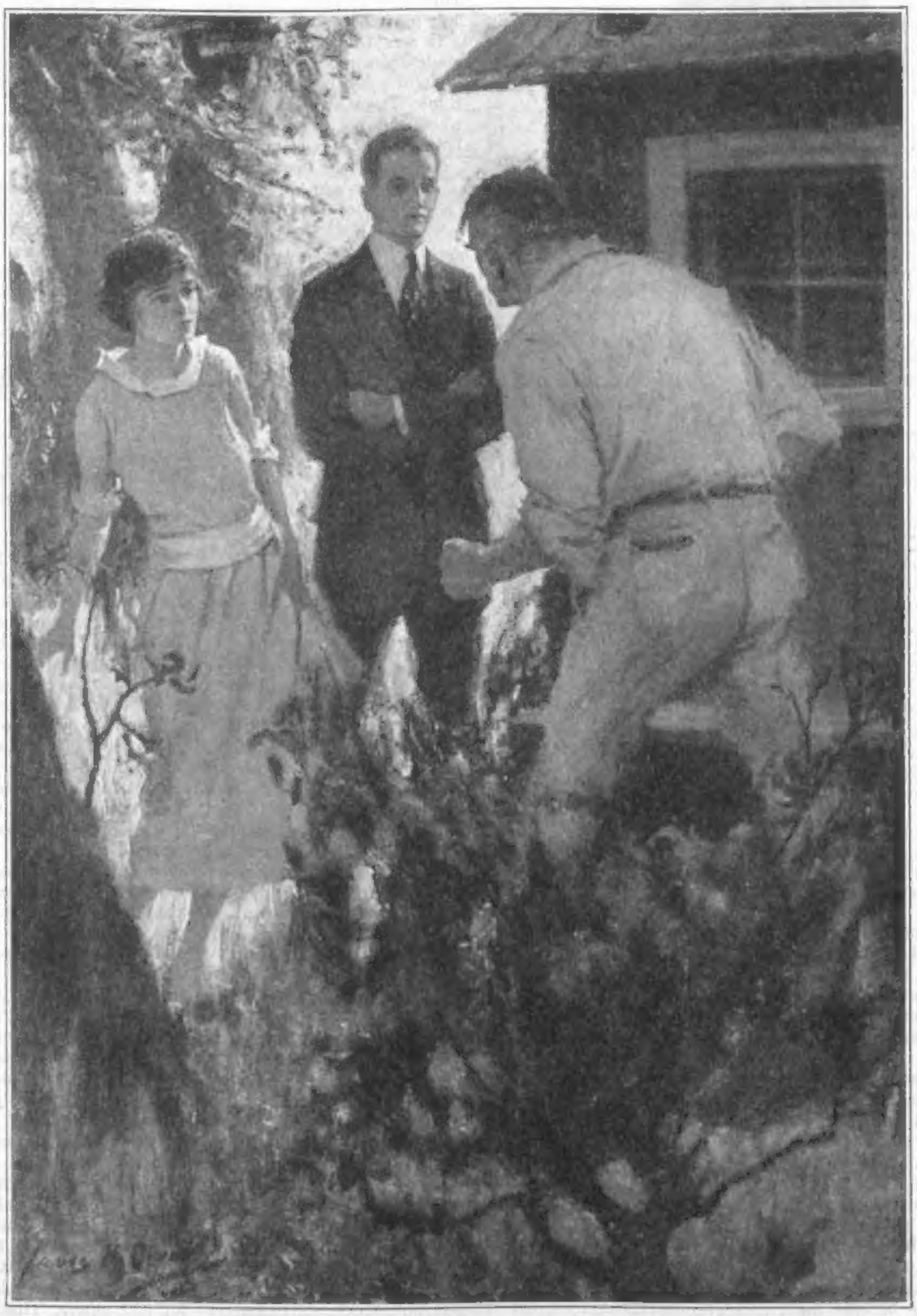
And lo! When he thought upon her beauty, all that was about him seemed of gold and emeralds and the very wind was passing merry. And he girt on his armor with a right good will, and gat him into the saddle with much joyance and rode forthwith into a strange country where the day was like the night and the night like day.

—From an ancient but as yet undiscovered manuscript.

YOU recollect those stories about knights and dragons and enchanted countries. As we read we feel a certain wistful sadness and sigh for that young and beautifully obvious time, which countenanced such goings on. We sigh for the time when food had vitamines, and one did not have to eat a cake of yeast to make a balanced meal, and when people believed in pixies without writing Pixy Books.

We sigh, and yet, after all, is there any need? Sometimes even now surroundings can take on a certain aureate hue if circumstances are right or local enforcement is wrong. And as for the land through which the young man in the manuscript rode, is it not, after all, only the good old Land of Bunk and the Paradise of Fools? And when it comes to bunk, surely we still know and love the magician's kindly touch.

If this were not true Launcelot Pindler would have been obliged to work in a button factory, and he didn't have to. For of all the knights who ever rode in that peculiar land or ever set lance in rest in those enchanted glades, there never was a cagier knight than Launcelot. If he wished he could make you laugh at the joke ring that squirted water in your eye. He could convince you that you needed a gold-washed stickpin and an adjustable gold tooth to make the necessary hit with your lady friends. For Launcelot had inherited the silver tongue of the ages; and not only that, but the pixies had brought many gifts to his cradle. His flaxen hair mounted from his forehead like a shining plume in some ancient lists. His face, bronzed by exposure to the suns of festive summers, was keen and pleasing, if slightly worn by the exigencies of existence, and his eyes were wide open with candid frankness. All of which is probably why everything about him eventually became like gold and emeralds, and why even the wind seemed passing merry.



"Yes," Said Launcelot Without Rancor, "You're Just About the Size I Like Best, Mister"

This change in local color came quite suddenly to Launcelot, and he wasn't wearing a washed stickpin or an adjustable gold tooth either. You didn't need them in Sweeney's Two-Ring Circus and Old-Fashioned Minstrel Show, where Launcelot was working just then. It came as most things come, in a sudden flight from nowhere, flashing, brilliant, pervading. It struck him cleanly and hard, and made him understand that all he dealt in was dross and all his ideals were illusion; and for Launcelot it was very hard, because he loved the things he strove for, and he loved Kill Pain Soap above them all.

It had been a normal pleasant day for Launcelot, one of a succession of normal pleasant days. Above him was the generous sun of an Indiana farmland rousing him to life and action. Stretching past him was a street of tents of wonder, brilliant with pictures and pennons—dozens of tents, each the entrance to some promised land. Opposite where he had taken his stand was the tent where the wild man was on show. You knew it was the wild man, because his picture stood at the door, a full-length canvas of an abysmal shaggy monster. Pictures! There were pictures everywhere lining that magic street. Pictures! But you know them all—the lady in the evening dress and the snakes, and the lady with the beard, and the gentleman in the pink knit union suit swallowing knives. Not one of them but was as gay and splendid as only a picture can be when imagination runs riot and reality runs away. There in the calm of the rural sunlight they became intangible and passing fair, bright with promise and fulfillment.

About him also was that curious shuffling of feet, an eager constant noise, such as one hears only on a circus midway. And mingling with the sound were gay voices, murmurs of anticipation, the squealing of deflating balloons, the whistling of imitation canaries. There was that smell, unforgetable and more poignant than memory of peanuts and sawdust—the smell peculiar to that land alone. And in that laden air was an ozone, an elixir that stirred thoughts like heady wine and made all things passing merry. You know the way it feels, the elixir of the Land of Bunk. Gently and unnoticed it engulfs cynicism and prejudice, until the palpably impossible becomes oddly real and bears all the splendor of fantasy. And you know that everyone there with you feels it—that the old are seeing visions and the young are dreaming dreams.

Launcelot, too, was breathing the elixir. His hair was waving above the dingy bright-eyed crowd. His voice was raised in a series of startling whoops. He was dressed in a cowboy costume, battered and picturesque from hard usage—in chaps of white angora-goat skin and a blue shirt and a bandanna. He was standing beside a mud-bespattered automobile that looked like a grocer's delivery cart, except that it, too, was covered with pictures, inspiring pictures of coiled rattlesnakes and cactus plants on a pathless saffron desert. Behind him, tacked on two poles, was a white banner bearing in red type its bold device. "Kill Pain Soap," it read. "It does it."

But what was it Launcelot was doing? That was what everyone was wondering.

"That's what it's made of," Launcelot was saying. "Don't scream, ladies! Just listen, folks, and you'll understand. It's the big wonder secret of the pathless desert, the magic secret of the Indians, and here it is now for you. A soap, friends, a wonder soap, made out of the poison of that most deadly of reptiles, and yet so harmless that it will not hurt a babe, so harmless that I eat it! See me eat it! It tastes so good I like to eat it!"

The compelling music of his speech was doing its work. A fast-growing tide of humanity was gathering about him, swayed by the conviction of his words and by the sight of the lather upon his rapidly moving lips. He had eaten a cake of that soap, a whole cake—picked it up in his fingers and eaten it just like that! And what was he doing now? By gum, what was he doing?

He had drawn a small cage from the automobile. He was leaning over it. He was opening the door of the cage. Was it possible? Yes, it was! There was a snake inside, a big one, the same kind that soap was made of!

"Look at him for yourselves if you don't believe it, friends," Launcelot was saying. "Deadly as death itself, and yet a boon to humanity. You want to see him? You want to look at him close to? All right. I'll show you he's real."

Launcelot was crouching beside the door. In the breathless silence one could hear a rustling noise inside the cage, almost like dried leaves. Then out of the cage door—yes, right out of the door—wearily and slowly came the square leatherlike head of a rattlesnake, a genuine rattlesnake. Launcelot heard a faint scream behind him.

"Be calm, lady," said Launcelot. "It's me he's trying to bite."

He looked fixedly at the cage before him, and his voice sank to the faintest pleading whisper.

"Hey, Bill," he hissed. "Cantcher speed it up?"

But Bill seemed to feel none of the exhilaration about him. He seemed tired and somewhat travel-worn, and his topaz eyes looked out upon the crowd with a weary melancholy look.

"Look at him, friends," said Launcelot. "You see before you the terror of the sagebush, waiting to bite the hand that feeds him. Ha! You would, would you?"

Bill had moved another six inches of his neck into space, and looked Launcelot affectionately in the eye. Launcelot's hand descended resolutely and yet gently. Was he going to touch him? Yes, he was! He sprang to his feet. There was a gasp of admiration. In Launcelot's right hand was a writhing serpentine body.

"Look at him!" cried Launcelot. "Now that his attempt is foiled he struggles for another chance. Look at his evil face! Look at his deadly eye! Would you reckon there was any good to him? No, you wouldn't! But there is! In that very poison that kills, there lies the greatest healing wonder fluid of the centuries. When it is brewed with nuts, roots, herbs and berries, the poison of the rattlesnake becomes so harmless that a child can drink it by the quart—so healing that it brings immediate relief to any sore upon the skin, any wound, any complaint. Do you feel tired? A touch of this wonder compound that's in this here soap applied to the skin will rest you. Do you feel sick? Wash in it, and you'll feel better. It cures and cleans. It ——" Launcelot lowered his voice to a pleasant confidential note. "I know what you're thinking. Oh, yes, I know. You think it's a fake. You think there isn't no one who can make a deadly poison into a healing balm." With a sudden impulsive gesture he bundled Bill back into his cage. "Listen, folks! Gather round, now, and I'll tell you. It's the secret of the old Yahoo Indian tribe. It was old Yahoo Indian Pete who told me. Good old Yahoo Pete!"

He looked solemnly at the sky above him. They were all listening now. Every second the ring of faces around him was growing larger. Had he not cast the magician's spell? Over opposite, the tent of the wild man was a deserted place. Even shrieks and roars from within its canvas walls struck no responsive chord without. Had Launcelot not waved his wand, and did he not know the magic touch which was old when the world was young but which never palls with age? Had he not accomplished what only the gifted few can manage—given reality to the Land of Bunk, so that the unbelieving believed, though they knew they should not? It was colossal in its way. It was a triumph, subtle and inexplicable. There was a majesty about him as he stood there, a majesty unhallowed and illegitimate. His very glance was commanding. His words rang true and strong.

"Good old Yahoo Pete! The whitest Indian I ever knew out there in the desert! That was where I found him—out in the desert—dying. And I brought him water, and I took the saddle off my pinto pony and put it behind his head, and I did what I could to make him easy. And he was grateful for it. Yes, he was, good old Yahoo Pete. Before he went to the happy hunting grounds where good Indians go he told me his secret. And now that I know it, friends, I'm handing it on to you. Here it is—right in every cake of soap."

He paused again, as though awaiting a benediction from the clouds, until suddenly his voice became brisk and businesslike.

"Yes, in every cake of this soap is this soothing wonder secret, rattlesnake balm. It is yours now, the greatest secret of skin medicine! Though I can eat the soap, though you can eat it, it cures every skin complaint—toothache, that tired-out feeling, festering wounds, eczema, bruises, sprains and dandruff. Try it once. Try it now! Here it is! Try it. That's all I want. It's not your money—oh, no. That's why it only costs a dime, and not a dollar, just the cost of packing and freight. Try it, and if you don't feel immediate relief, come back and you'll get your money.

"Now then—who'll step up? Only a tenth of a dollar to be relieved of agony. Only a tenth of a dollar to get back health, to feel your skin soft and young like it used to. Now—what do you say? Ten cents while they last! Ten cents! Ten cents! Ten cents before the show!"

Had he rung the bell? Had he? Oh, yes, he had! It was a wonderful moment, the drama of it, the sure crash of the climax. At a time like this the drudgery of wasted years and the tribulations of the present seemed only little things. Though Launcelot was but a simple knight he, too, could taste the joys of achievement; and after all it wasn't everybody who could do it—no, not everybody. He would have liked to see anyone else put it across the plate the way he had. They were gathering closer. They were pressing about him from every side. About him was falling a hail of dimes, the harvest of honest toil. His hands were moving with lightning speed, tossing out soap, and gathering in dimes and dollars, and his tongue was moving also.

"Now—how about it, folks? Ten little pennies to relieve pain and bring back beauty. While they last! Step right up! Three cakes, madam? Another lady made happy."

It was the big show that made them stop at last, and brought a lull to the Land of Bunk. It was always that way when the big show started. Ever since he had run away from the farm twenty years ago to join that tinseled universe, Launcelot had loved and welcomed the silence. The clamor of voices was curiously stilled. The shouts of the wild man died away. The man who sold the cold tonic sank down behind his counter. The banners and pictures flapped idly in the hot midsummer breeze, lulling the Land of Bunk to brief repose.

"Gosh!" Whispered Launcelot. "What'd Your Old Man Say If He Saw Us Now?"

II

LAUNCELOT drew a handkerchief from his hip pocket, a handsome red bandanna handkerchief, and mopped his brow. Then he looked at the tent of the wild man, smiled sardonically, and rolled a cigarette. Launcelot had his own reasons for looking at the tent of the wild man. He felt a faint dread within him as he looked, but he remained perfectly self-possessed. With a lithe, unconscious ease he seated himself on a soap box and lighted a match on his thumbnail. Deftly and quickly he applied the match to his cigarette, but his eyes still rested on the door of the tent opposite. Launcelot removed the cigarette from between his lips and flicked it gently with his little finger. Someone was coming out of the door of the wild man's tent. It was the wild man himself. He didn't look like his picture. He was broad shouldered, with a flabby waistline. Unlike the denizens of the jungle, he was clad in an undershirt, trousers and a pair of carpet slippers, but Launcelot knew he was the wild man. His gray hair was ruffled. His gray, clean-shaven face was rocky and ominous, and his heavy eyebrows were knit in a frown. His voice alone was reminiscent of the wild man's. It was a harsh and grating voice. He bore down on Launcelot with a rolling stride, with his heavy arms swinging back and forth.

"Hey, you!" he said.

In the days of yore many a knight had quailed before that voice, but though Launcelot might have done a hundred and thirty-two at the ringside against the wild man's two hundred, Launcelot sat quietly on his soap box. He felt a dry taste in his mouth, and his lips twitched nervously, but his voice was perfectly firm.

"Hey, yourself," said Launcelot.

The wild man's brows drew still closer together.

"Buddy," he said softly, "I guess you're pretty green around this show. I guess the boys haven't told you yet I'm a particular sort of bird."

Launcelot always had pleasant manners, and instinctively he felt that the present was a time for diplomacy. He sprang rapidly from his soap box and smiled an engaging smile.

"Why, no," he said; "I guess they didn't, sir. I guess maybe I don't know the ropes just yet. I've been with lots of outfits, but this is my first time with this. Might I ask what you're particular about?"

"Say," said the wild man, "you guys always have nice manners, don't you? Yes, you may ask, and that's what I'm here to tell you. I'm particular not to have any fake medicine sellers opposite my tent—see? I'm particular not to have smart little guys who make too much noise. Now listen!"

The wild man paused, and shook a grimy forefinger in front of Launcelot's right eye, and his manner became politely solemn.

"For the past week," said the wild man, "you've been hollering too loud. You've been pulling off so much hot air that it spoils my trade and makes me sick. There's lots of other places for fake yahoo boys besides near my tent. I don't want any fake stuff—see?"

Still wishful to make friends, Launcelot continued to smile, and made a placating gesture.

"Yes, sir," he responded cordially. "Oh, yes, of course I see. Don't you want to sit down and be comfortable?" And he pointed invitingly toward the soap box.

"No," said the wild man, "I don't."

"Oh, all right," said Launcelot easily. "But maybe you wouldn't mind if I asked you a question, would you?"

The wild man moved nearer Launcelot, and his voice became like the noise of a distant landslide.

"Say," he inquired, "what are you tryin' to do—kid me?"

"Kid you?" cried Launcelot. "Oh, no, sir! But you were talking about fakes, and I was just curious. Say, now, would you mind telling me what you call yourself?"

"Young man," the wild man responded, "you're just a little guy, and maybe you'd better be careful. It doesn't do for little guys to be fresh. But just this once, because you're green, I'll tell you what I call myself. I call myself an artist—see?"

"Oh," said Launcelot.

The wild man's voice grew louder.

"An artist," he said, "and don't you forget it! It takes art to do what I do—put on monkey fur, and make believe I'm wild. Yes, it does. And what's more, I've always been an artist. When you was cuttin' your teeth I was an artist. I was doin' the trapeze stunt then, and now that I'm too heavy for that, why, I'm still an artist—see? And that's why I don't like fakes around fooling the public. That's why I don't like smart little willie-boys like you, and that's why I'm tellin' you to move somewhere else. Do you get me?"

But Launcelot seemed politely puzzled.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I get you, but maybe you wouldn't mind telling me, if you're an artist, why do they rather buy my soap? That's what I don't get."

The wild man's voice grew louder still.

"Say," he said, "say, it doesn't do little birds like you any good to talk too much. I guess I've heard about enough—see? Now you crank up that flivver and move off somewhere else."

Launcelot's manner was still perfectly polite, but he said something which seemed pathetically obtuse just then.

"What if I don't move off?" Launcelot inquired.

The wild man's voice seemed hoarse with wonder.

"What if you don't?" he inquired. "Why, buddy, if you don't, and if all that soap you have was real and did everything you said it did, and if you just lathered yourself all over with the whole business, you'd still be just screaming with agony. That's what would happen if you didn't."

Launcelot looked at the wild man critically, as his namesake might have regarded some giant of the Cornish hills.

"You mean you'd beat me up?" inquired Launcelot.

"That's what," said the wild man.

"You mean you might try to beat me up," said Launcelot.

The wild man moved a step nearer Launcelot.

"Are you still tryin' to be funny?" he demanded.

But Launcelot had become very brave.

"Nope," he said. "Just telling you the truth. Now you listen to me, and maybe I can tell you a thing or two. Before you try to beat me up maybe you'd better inquire what I do in the winters—what?" Launcelot ran his fingers through his flaxen hair with a quick swelling gesture. "Maybe you didn't know that I teach jujitsu down in New York. Well, I do; and I guess you'd better not try anything on me, you old windbag. All I need do is look at you to get your number. You're old, and you're fat, and you drink too much. Why, I could twist the neck off of two like you. Why, I could make you look like thirty cents!" Launcelot's eye flashed, and he made a warlike movement. "I could do it now. D'you want to try? Yeah! I didn't think you would. You wouldn't tackle anything you couldn't finish, would you?"

"Say," said the wild man. "Who d'you think I am, anyway, huh? D'you think I believe all that guff? Why, you poor little simp ——"

"I'm just telling you—that's all," said Launcelot. "Any time you want to try to polish me off, just step around. Any time at all. Why, what I need is exercise."

The wild man glanced critically at Launcelot's slight wiry figure with the trained eye of an ancient gymnast. He looked at Launcelot's eyes, and the set of his jaws and shoulders. It seemed as though he were balancing a number of problematical factors, weighing the chances of truth and ability.

"Yes, you poor old has-been," said Launcelot, "I'll be right here opposite your tent right at every show just as long as you keep your tent there, and you can find me any time. I'm always polite to the old gents. You think maybe I'm stringing you, do you? Well, all you need is to try and find out. Why, maybe I might twist your neck right now."

Involuntarily the wild man moved a step backward, and Launcelot grinned.

"You make me sick!" said the wild man. "I'll fix you all right."

"I'll be waiting, brother," said Launcelot. "And now wouldn't you like a cake of this soap, this wonder soap? Good for stiff joints, toothache, gray hair ——"

But the wild man was walking away, and it seemed to Launcelot that the wild man's step was heavier and that his head was hanging farther forward.

As Launcelot stood looking at the wild man's back and at his sagging shoulders he smiled again, more sardonically than before. At some other time a touch of the ancient chivalry which was always latent within him might have forbidden that smile and might have made him understand that there was tragedy in that grim old figure, and pathos; but at the present he was engrossed in other thoughts. A slur had been cast on his professional reputation. He had been called a fake. That was the thing that was hard to stomach. He had been called a fake by the most arrant faker in the show. Launcelot drew a deep indignant breath, but his smile grew more pleasant.

"Gosh!" he murmured to himself gently in a voice of wonder. "Can you beat it?"

Was everyone in the world a sucker? Did they all bite, sometimes? Launcelot's cigarette had gone out. He rolled another one adroitly with his left hand, the way they did in the movies, and again lighted a match upon his thumb nail. Again he seated himself upon the soap box and blew a cloud of smoke into the sunshine.

At length, moving his head surreptitiously, he glanced at the tent of the wild man. He seemed to descry a figure in its dark recesses, and languidly rose from his soap box. Lifting the box with his right hand he tossed it in the air, turned a somersault and caught the descending box by the corner. Next he replaced the box on the ground, yawned and walked about it on his hands. Then he looked at the tent opposite again. This time the tent was empty.

III

"CAN you beat it?" murmured Launcelot. "Can you beat it?" He passed his fingers through his strawlike locks and yawned again, as a good knight should whose work is done. How far he was from suspecting then that it would be long before he would yawn again in such a carefree manner! In that hour of triumph matters had never seemed so comfortable and secure. He had never been so sure of his silver tongue. He turned to the little cage by his side. There was Bill, coiled up and looking at him. He turned to the mud-spattered automobile, and thought pleasantly of the coming night's journey over the bumpy roads to his new triumphs of the morrow. His thoughts of his life and prospects began to put him in a merry mood, and the repression and care natural to one whose professional career is engrossing were beginning to leave him. He reached into the basket that contained the soap, drew forth a heavy canvas bag in which he kept his daily profits, shook it, and sighed benevolently.

"Poor folks!" he murmured half to himself and half to the sapphire sky. "I reckon they don't get much pleasure."

Evidently the soft music emanating from the bag pleased Launcelot, for he shook it again; but suddenly he stopped halfway in the shaking. Launcelot had heard a footstep behind him. He sprang to his feet. Perhaps—it seemed hardly credible—but perhaps someone had tried to eat the soap already. Undismayed and ready, Launcelot spun about. Others of yore had eaten Kill Pain Soap, and Launcelot knew what to do, but this time he did not, and instead of silver words a slight wrinkle appeared on his sunburned brow.

He knew only too well that almost anything might happen in a circus midway. He had faced the wild man with hardly a quiver, but never before had his eyes, even in that land of wonder, met a sight such as the one that confronted him then. Before him was standing a girl wrapped in a blanket. Her hair was bobbed and frizzy and done up in a large blue bow, and though little else than a banket was draped about her bare shoulders she was coolly, imperiously self-possessed. Her wide dark eyes looked upon him steadily from beneath her penciled brows. Her carmine lips were pleasantly set. For a fraction of a second Launcelot met her glance, and then his eyes traveled hastily down the blanket to her feet.

She had on a pair of slippers carefully laced about her ankles, and stockings embroidered with silver spangles. It wouldn't have been strange if she was the lady with the snakes, but she wasn't; and she wasn't even the lady with the beard. She was young and slender and beautiful. Yes, she was very beautiful out there in the sun.

Launcelot pushed his hair farther back from his forehead, and a sort of panic seized him—a delightful panic. For he knew instinctively that she shouldn't be there at all. Such a girl as she never worked in a mere side show. The ones who wore tights with spangles were far beyond doing things like that. She was one of those as far removed from him as the stars, shut from the circus midway by unbreakable barriers of caste and tradition. He was too old a follower of the circus not to be frightened. It was wrong for her to be there and wrong for him to dare even to address her. Yet there she was! Yes, there she was, all in spangles, with henna in her hair—a real legitimate performer of the ring, come like a vision to a poor artist of bunk.

Launcelot stood in his cowboy trappings as immobile as a statue of a pioneer. For just an instant there was something genuine in his wonder, so genuine that his canvas bag fell unnoticed to his feet, and his loyalty to a great institution made him seem very young and abashed.

"Hey, miss," said Launcelot hoarsely, with hardly a trace of his old knightly courtesy, "hey, miss, you hadn't ought to be out here like this."

She still regarded him without moving, calm and slender, and slowly her lips curved into a faint dry smile.

"Well," she asked, "why shouldn't I?"

"Huh!" gasped Launcelot. "Out here talking to a side-show salesman? Because it isn't allowed, that's all. Because you ought to be in getting ready for your act. Because you'll get bounced."

Still smiling faintly she shook her head.

"Bounce me!" she exclaimed. "Me! Say, I guess you haven't been here long! I thought I hadn't seen you."

He felt his thoughts moving in a numb, uncontrollable succession. A lady from the show, a real performer, out talking to him in the midway! What did she want? What could she want? He was still staring at her. She had slipped a bare white arm from under her blanket and was pointing at the sign behind him.

"That soap," she was saying. "Don't try to kid me now. Is it a fake—or isn't it?"

As though by magic Launcelot's embarrassment had left him. A bugle call had rung out, summoning his wandering faculties. A fake! Launcelot made a gesture of righteous indignation. Who was she to doubt him and challenge his professional pride? His words of injured innocence sped forth, making him forget all barriers and tradition.

"A fake!" he cried. "I suppose you think that in the cage there's a fake, do you? Well, look at him! He's real, all right, real and savage; and I suppose the soap made out of him's a fake?"

He paused eloquently, forgetful of himself, forgetful of everything but the sincerity of his words.

"Oh!" she gasped, giving a little dancing skip to one side. "Is it made out of that? Is it—honest?"

The sun was shining very bright and still, and from the big canvas tent came the notes of the band in joyous syncopation. An errant breeze was blowing against their cheeks, redolent and sweet with the land's elixir. Was it any wonder that he forgot consequences and honor and forged ahead on his new conquest?

Her look was one that he had often seen before, a look of wonder and of hope.

"Is it—honest?" she repeated.

"Miss," said Launcelot soothingly, "you may not know it, but you have struck upon the great wonder secret of the age. I learned it after days of blood and sweat out in the Yahoo desert. Today you can learn it for nothing. It was old Yahoo Pete who told it to me. Good old Yahoo Pete!"

"Honest?" she said pleadingly. "You're not kidding me, are you?"

"Do I look it?" Launcelot inquired proudly.

And he didn't look it. The sun was in his hair, and he was standing before her, straight, stern and majestic.

(Continued on Page 38)

"Oh, I Never Used to Believe There Were Folks Like You!" "There are Piles of 'em Out There in the Big Open Spaces Where a Man's a Man"

THE ABIDING GIFT

By Lucy Stone Terrill

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

HARRY WORTHINGTON sat on the high stool in the telephone booth and nursed his chagrin against his father with a healing inventory of his parent's faults, failings and sins. It was a method of consolation inherited and copied from his mother.

". . . old lazy thing, that's all my father is; lazy and selfish; perfectly satisfied to sit around the office and waste time and smoke; didn't care if his family had to go without things that everybody else had, just so long as he had money enough for tobacco; no ambition; no pride; perfectly satisfied to wear old worn clothes and ride in an old, cheap, rattly automobile. . . ."

The old, cheap, rattly automobile happening to be the direct cause of his chagrin, its recollection spurred Harry from consoling to remedial cogitations. Should he use his last nickel to telephone for his mother's cooperation, or should he go up to the office and argue his father into acquiescence?

"I'm afraid you'll have to make other arrangements to get to your party. I've got to have the car tonight, Harry," his father had astonishingly persisted.

Why! Why, the idea! With all his other failings, was his father going to begin to get nasty about the few poor little things he could do for the pleasure of his family? Dog-gone it all!

He elevated the last nickel toward mother's intervention, but inherent discretion slowed his fingers and he slumped back on the stool for further deliberation. If he drew mother into the controversy and got dad into one of his sullen streaks, worse than nothing would be gained; and there were other considerations. He not only had to have the automobile—old and cheap and rattly though it was—but five dollars had to be seduced from dad's thin pocketbook. Mother had no money left to give him, for she had already exhausted her modest monthly income from the rent of two small store buildings she owned on his wireless apparatus and Suzanne's new organdie dress.

And five dollars had to be had. A fellow couldn't take a girl, a banker's daughter, to a fraternity dance without at least five dollars. It was the very minimum. No telling what exigencies might arise—such as the gasoline tank leaking, or Margery taking a notion to go elsewhere than the party for refreshments. Margery was full of jolly notions, and Margery loved well to eat.

Now, if he telephoned mother, he would have no nickel left with which to let Margery know the final outcome. Darn such a father as his anyhow! All the other fellows in his crowd got regular allowances from their fathers. Of course he could go up to his father's office and telephone to Margery without charge; but it was pleasant to say to such a girl as Margery:

"Hello there! I'm down at the Grant Hotel and just thought I'd phone you before I went home."

Well, having only one nickel, it couldn't be done. Before telephoning his mother, however, he went out of the booth and sauntered round the hotel lobby, a fair-skinned, brown-eyed youth in a cheap, fashionably cut brown suit.

It was worth temporary bankruptcy to telephone from a hotel and thus have an excuse to saunter idly about in your best suit so that the onlookers probably thought you were some rich young capitalist from New York.

Having sunned himself in the eyes of the loungers, he strolled back to the telephone booths just in time to walk into a booth beside the Countess Colonna. He had never been so close to her before. Margery, though, actually knew her. She had once sold tickets under the countess' supervision for a starving-war-baby benefit.

Ye-es, it's All That and More—to Me, Beloved. This Barren, Brown Old Hill

"She just thrills you, Harry! Just thrills you!" Margery had told him, and Harry recognized that thrilling quality as the countess now hurried softly by him. Her gray hair, under the lavender sport hat, gave her an elusive, sylphlike charm; surely it wasn't altogether normal to be so old and still so beautiful. As she turned to close the booth door he saw that her eyes were lavender too.

Gosh-h! Lavender eyes! No wonder she could marry counts and get decorations from the King of Italy! Her eyes weren't really lavender, though; but they made you think of it. They were like the wild lilac—the blue-lavender lilac that grows in graceful glory on the mountain sides in April.

"Just an ordinary woman, with nice eyes," his father had said about her.

But of course his father wouldn't get any of the fine points. Two years before, when the countess had first come to Southern California, she had employed his father to make some small change in the house she bought in Coronado—just a stairway and some windows. But she had been so pleased with his work that she had sent him one of her tree pictures as a mark of especial appreciation. His mother had regretted that she did not send an extra hundred dollars instead, because the veranda roof needed shingling.

"She must be as old as mother," Harry thought surprisedly.

Well, if his mother could afford clothes like that, and wasn't worn with housework, she, too, might seem as young. Again, dad's fault. Now, Margery's mother had something the manner of this woman—more than his mother had; though of course she was not so thrilling, since she was neither a countess nor a famous artist.

There came the sound of the voice of the Countess Colonna.

"Main 73911," it said—sweet, distinct, quick words. "Yes, please."

Harry's heels involuntarily tightened on the rung of the stool, because, mentally, he tumbled off it. Main 73911 was his father's number. Oh, wonderful works! Perhaps she was going to give his father some more work. Maybe there would be money enough for him to visit his Uncle Bob in Chicago.

There came the jingle of the nickel of the Countess Colonna. Then more words, softer words ——

"Hello! . . . Hello, Harry. Yes, I knew you would be. . . . I suppose you have that blessed lock of hair most pulled off your head. . . . Well, I got away the very first minute I could and slipped in here, old dear. . . . No-o, I'm afraid I won't be able to meet you until about 8:30. . . . Oh, Harry de-ar, if you knew how hard it is to evade everyone! . . . At the pier then. . . . I'll come over in my own car and send it on down to be shipped, and you can drive me back by the Strand. . . . Pl-ease, Harry, do buck up! Let's make our last time together a happy memory. . . . Yes, yes, dear. . . . Good-by."

There came a sigh from the throat of the Countess Colonna. Harry distinctly heard the small sound—as cool, as soft, as tangible as the touch of a tear. It did something queer to him. It was like the swift lifting of a latch that opened, for a breathless instant, the great door to maturity. He heard her going and saw her, unseeingly. Finally, with a jerk, he pitched himself off the stool and bolted out the booth, catching just a last glimpse of her through the long lobby as she went out the doors, her scarf and skirt winging backward as the breeze embraced her.

Then with a long emptying of his breath he crawled back on the high stool and closed the booth door tightly. The wonder of this thing, the incredible reality of it, left him exhausted—dejected. It was the first time in his seventeen years that any matter had been bigger than himself—beyond his capacity for swift judgment.

A countess—a woman beautiful and rich and renowned, had called his father, "Harry"! That she had also called him "dear" was less poignantly significant, for occasionally Harry's mother called his father "dear"—at times when his father's finances and conduct simultaneously permitted.

But to call him Harry! It was past natural credence. His father was as essentially Henry as he was naturally tall and slow to sullenness, and shabby, and stoop-shouldered. Though it really was not Henry Worthington's shoulders, but only his head which stooped, as if weighed down by the weariness of its thoughts.

What could this beautiful woman, and rich, have found in him which gave to her voice when she said Harry that same mysterious, unmistakable relativity which is so remotely but so surely in new green trembling leaves and

the first faint flush of dawn and the fragrance of pussy willows and spring buttercups and the sound of brook waters escaping winter ice, and the true tenderness of a human heart?

And the same voice that had called him Harry had spoken with intimate laughing tenderness of his father's untidy lock of hair which so irritated his mother; that thin drab lock of hair which survived his baldness and straggled down his forehead like some surprising delicate fern growing tenaciously down the wall of a ruin

Suddenly a tremendous eagerness to see this new man into whom the voice of a countess had turned his father sent Harry hurrying to his father's office. But when he opened the door, lettered with

HENRY WORTHINGTON
ARCHITECT

he saw only Henry Worthington in the large north-windowed room. Harry was not there.

His father, tall and head heavy, was leaning over a tipped drafting table. His shirt sleeves were rolled above his elbows and a brown pencil was stuck behind his ear, but he was not working. He was leaning on the board with folded arms, gazing out the window over the city roofs and eucalyptus-tree tops above which the sunset threw an arch of amethyst as definite in outline as a great gossamer parasol. He turned slowly as the door opened.

"Hello," he said. "Time to go home, is it?"

No, there was no difference in him—no difference at all. There was the same questioning half smile of welcome in his freckled brown eyes that was always in them for this son, who was so often and so frankly his enemy. Harry stared at him from the doorway, feeling much the same let-down sensation that had gripped him beyond forgetting when, as a youngster waiting breathless for the circus clown to appear, an ordinary man devoid of make-up had come out and wearily walked a rope.

"Mother just phoned that we're to get potatoes when we go to the market for meat," his father was saying.

The mention of these prosaic essentials freed Harry from the mesmerism with which the countess had bewitched him. She devolved in a clean quick instant into "that woman," and his father into an old woman chaser.

A woman chaser was something of which Harry had only a fascinatingly vague conception. The boys of his set occasionally tiptoed into conversations on woman chasing and its kindred arts, but they seldom ventured far lest their little veneer of worldliness betray to some wiser one their humiliating innocence. The Worthingtons' neighbor, Mr. Barnes, was a woman chaser. He lunched with his stenographer and always said pretty things to women, even to homely ones. Harry's mother pronounced him disgusting.

"So suppose you run on and get the potatoes and meet me in front of the market," his father was continuing, sorting through a handful of change with his long index finger. "Mother wants an early dinner; she's not so well again tonight."

"Oh, yes! It's a whole lot you care how mother ——"

Harry bit off his impulsive words with an audible snap of his teeth as the new and poignant aspect of his mother's interest in all this thrust itself upon him. A weapon for her championing had been delivered into his hands and he must not blunt it by hasty irritation; he must gird it to him, and treasure it, and use it finally in a magnificent retaliation for all their grievances against his father.

"Never mind, now, never mind!" his father spoke with unusual asperity. "There's no use in your going on a general rampage because you can't have the car tonight. You know you can make arrangements to go in Billy Jackson's car."

"I haven't said anything about the old car, have I?" Harry retorted, dropping his voice and features from rancor to the sullenness which was his accustomed outlet for displeasure.

He took the half dollar for potatoes which his father extended and crossed to the telephone, where he summoned a pleasant, manly young voice to speak to Margery's mother

"Hello, Mrs. Manners. . . . This is Harry Worthington speaking. . . . Mrs. Manners, I'm terribly sorry, but something has come up so that I can't take Margery to the dance tonight. . . . No, no; it's—it's my father, and I can't do anything about it. . . . And, say, Mrs. Manners, will you square me with Margery as much as you can? . . . Yes, you know. . . . I'm awfully obliged. . . . Good-by."

He was taken aback at his hasty, even eager, carrying out of his impulse. But he enjoyed having his father hear him speak companionably to Mrs. Manners—having his father see how he, Harry, could outstrip him socially and know familiarly the leading families of the city. It came in so pleasantly just at this time that it blunted the possible loss of Margery's favor.

While the impressive conversation went on his father got slowly into his gray coat and hat and slowly lowered his desk top.

"You could have asked Billy just as well as not," he repeated with mildly apologetic reproof.

Harry replied with a long look that emptied all his hot young rebellion and scorn into his father's eyes, and they lowered before it, though from no probable apprehension of the knowledge that lay behind the contemptuous gaze. This contempt of his son was a frequent punishment he accepted—for being a failure.

"You don't need to wait for me," Harry mumbled as he shoved past him. "I'll go home on the street car—I'd rather."

But, once away from his father, there came the same fascinated urge to see him again. Surely there was some difference he had overlooked. The charm of the countess took on its power immediately he was well away from his father's familiarity. And, as if fate framed, her soft-singing limousine filled with gay women flashed past him while he was waiting, potato laden, for his street car.

His father was home before him. The shabby car, with its curtains tightly down, stood on the driveway beside the brown-shingled, two-storied house. His mother met him in the front doorway, her arms outstretched impatiently for the sack of potatoes. She wore a ready-made pink house dress that had been designed for bosoms which were not hers and for hips which were less than hers. Her graying blond hair, marked unevenly from a curling iron, was loosening a little from a brown hair net. A hair net always meant some social activity; this must have been her club afternoon; that was probably why she was not so well again tonight. There was weariness in her flushed cheeks and in her thin, slightly parted lips—weariness and irritation; but in her round gray eyes was beauty—the beauty of a mother's love and welcoming.

"Do hurry, dear! Of course if I wanted an early dinner it would be later than usual."

Harry stared at her with seeking eyes as he hurried up the narrow walk. Never before had he looked upon her for other graces than maternal. She was his mother, his

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Harry Saw Only His Father's Hands, White-Knuckled, Fastened to the Back of the Shiny Mahogany Chair. They Seemed Struggling to Loosen Themselves

THE MAGNETIC WEST

The Battle of Chicago

A POST OF TRADE

By Joseph Hergesheimer

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR D. FULLER

AS A CITY, Chicago, reached in the morning, began imperceptibly with scattered wooden houses, small inclosed plots of prairie; there was an absence of paint, of animation, curiously melancholy, as though the inhabitants had all been drawn elsewhere. Yet there were great factories, multiplications of tracks, along the railroad. Sagging fences held fragments of old faded posters, dejected bedding hung from dark windows, at the intersections of bare streets stood cast-iron lamp-posts of a forgotten pattern. This went on and on, unchanged but for the fact that the wooden houses eventually grew together; they formed rows; the prairie was gradually absorbed, blotted out. Brick appeared, brick in three stories, roofed with tin; at the corners empty saloons still had in their dust-coated windows the pictorial announcements of bock beer. The quicksilver had scaled from their beveled mirrors and desolation lurked behind the mahogany panels of their screens.

It was not visibly different from the approaches of other large, immense cities, yet—perhaps because of the sheer space involved—none other was suggested. The buildings joined in common walls, the streets now were paved, sidewalks had appeared; but the pervading monotony, the world of wood, was unbroken. The cause of this, certainly, was the lack of height; the whole expanse sweeping away on either side to a haze that might have been a frozen mist was without the variety of differently lifted roofs; the land was utterly flat.

When that, in itself, became impressive, suddenly and without warning it was dropped behind; in its place was a fantastic crowding of strangely shaped mills, eccentric chimneys, chimneys short and swollen or ranged in fine steel files, elevated tanks like captive balloons, poised bridges counterbalanced by huge blocks of concrete, straddling gantries and furnaces in pyramids of brick. It seemed more like the huddle of an odd park of mechanical thrills and pleasures than a region of industry, with the chutes of high trestles dropping to black pools and flags of smoke, copper-colored streamers and vaporous yellow, fans of violet worked in glowing sparks and sibilant white steam.

A Thicket of Steel

THAT drew out, continued amazingly among dull heaps of slag and gleaming mountains of coal; and then it, too, stopped. Chicago mounted tier on tier as though the pressure everywhere about it were forcing the girders and brick and stone into the pale winter sky. Different, for example, from New York, the highest buildings were held in the heart of the city; they rose from profound shadow into the wind and sun, out of the flatness of the prairie, the houses and of the lake. They kept, surprisingly, the illusion that they were bound together by the elevated railway, the Loop, laid in a constricting and loud girdle at their base. The clamor in the streets was deafening, an incessant crash, an endless harsh uproar, thrown back upon itself, intensified by the confining and unbroken walls.

But, however rending it became, the noise was always dominated, controlled by the shrill whistle of policemen, a whistle like that of a metallic bird inhabiting a thicket of steel. It was not, I soon discovered, the clamor alone that was menacing; there was a surcharged raw vitality, a generated destructive force, which electrified the darkened and thick air. The city was like a towering machinery that, lost to control, was shattering its foundations in the earth and rocking its stacks among the clouds. I had the feeling that at any moment a bolt might be buried in my head or that I might be crushed by a ponderous cast wheel. I passed confined, spoiled water and entered a world of brown stone, of massive blocks, built into the similitude of fortifications. Jackson Boulevard was grim, its hurrying throng was wholly masculine, as though the purpose of its movement was too desperate, too dangerous for women to stem.

In that space, at La Salle Street, Chicago remarkably resembled Florence, in Italy, the Florence of somberly flung shadows, of palaces built in brown piers against the tides of factions and assaults; there was an identical ruthless air, an odor almost of cruelty. That vanished immediately; I was on Michigan Avenue, between the glittering windows of luxury-filled shops and a blank whiteness, a fog shrill with locomotives, that hid the lake. It was amazing—the city marched solidly to the line of the boulevard and then went to nothing, disappeared in formless mist. Its power and sound melted into uncertain blurs, distressed and smothered hoots, wails prolonged only to end in vacuity.

Up to a given point Chicago, the entire modern world, was visibly triumphant, and then it broke, dissolved in termless elements.

Women wrapped in furs, in limousines or at the shop doors appeared; the windows were filled with orchids and silks and spun candies, with delicate English mezzotints and mock pastoral French engravings—one side of the boulevard, it seemed, opposing all its choicest rewards to the emptiness of the other. It was still early, the sunlight was pallid, and a wind from the north turned the glass of the taxicab cold as a sheet of ice. There was palpably no pleasure to be had from shopping; skirts were viciously

whipped flat in the frigid blasts of cross streets; the pavement was black with a treachery of ice. However, or it might be because of this, it was evident that Michigan Boulevard was a dramatic and memorable way, a street with an immense dignity. No other city boulevard in the world was so open, so set with flowers against the North Pole; it had more than a suggestion of the freedom, the exposure of the prairie.

That air, the cold, was lost in the dark woodwork, the velvet and carpets and gilded decorations of the Blackstone Hotel. The lobby—but it was a salon really crowning the stairs was full, and the desk impossible of immediate approach. The dining room was a replica of a French monarch's taste. There was an irony in that, for I remembered how the French, escaping from the formality of a royalist Paris, had, in the near past, made the portage here south and west. The French and their blood brothers, the Indians, had gone; a country, a new civilization had taken their place, all for this return to an old form of intricate living and decoration.

Chicago Aborigines

THROUGH a great window framed in ferns the blankness of the fog on the water was impenetrable; the swift opposed streams of motors on Michigan Boulevard continued without an interruption, a pause; the air of the dining room, rich as the sauces of the food, was fretted by an orchestra. The menace of the city, subdued but not obliterated, lay back of the music, commenting sardonically on its affectation of safety and ease. This wasn't Paris but America; it was Chicago, charged with the variable passions of gigantic youth.

The facts of Chicago, too simultaneous for the term "history," were most astounding to regard. It was only eight years after the establishment of Fort Dearborn in 1804 that its garrison moved out to be massacred, with the fifes and drums playing a death march! William Wells, who had arrived with fifteen friendly Indians, Miamis, from Fort Wayne, covered his face with ashes in the Indian symbol of what was to come. It wasn't Wells, however, but Billy Caldwell who perfectly expressed the headlong course of Chicago events. He was born at Detroit, the child of a Pottawottomi girl and an Irish colonel, about 1780, and educated by the Jesuits. He fought for the English in the War of 1812; he was secretary to Tecumseh and later a chief of the Pottawottomi; long a resident of Chicago, with a grant of sixteen hundred acres on the North Branch, he was a justice of the peace in 1826; and ten years later helping to move his tribe to Council Bluffs, there he died.

Another aboriginal citizen, Robinson, grievously outlasting his time, watched the Chicago fire of 1871 from the Lake Street Bridge, and it is recorded of him that he indulged himself in a prodigious war whoop. In the earlier, the notable days, his dwelling had been on the west side, between Lake and Randolph streets; and about his porch, with the city closing around them, there had been some rare Indian parties with drunken shouts and capering dances.

It was in 1834 that the first annuity was paid the Indians. They sat in a circle, with their squaws behind them, the goods to be distributed in the center; and when the half-breeds and traders began to throw out the parcels there was a rush upon the heap of treasure so dense that only large stones dropped into the middle of the struggle could open it. This, too, took place on Randolph Street, near Canal; and it was in the same year that the Illinois, the first vessel to enter the harbor, made her way into the Chicago River.

It was impossible to tabulate events except in a chronology of days, even hours; at one moment, seemingly, there were but two white families present, the next there were dances at the house of Mark Beaubien, and religious meetings held in the fort by the family of Mark Noble. In 1832, at the rear of his building at Dearborn and South Water streets, G. W. Dole slaughtered the first lot of cattle, two hundred head, packed in Chicago. He had brought them from the Wabash Valley and they cost him two dollars and seventy-five cents a hundredweight. And Mark Beaubien, whose tavern was familiar to the fiddle, ran the ferry, by order, continuously from dawn till dark, since he owned two race horses and was known to slip away for sporting events with the Indian chiefs.

Every two weeks a half-breed went to Niles, in Michigan, for news; and Governor Cass, in a birch canoe with thirteen paddlers, went by, trailing the songs of old French voyageurs. James Galloway arrived, to escape the ague of Ohio, with a gun and ammunition, a tomahawk, some steel traps, blankets and a sack of corn meal. For him the principal highway of Chicago, a wagon track, led from the fort west by Heacock's log building to the commission house of Dole & Newberry, at what would become the intersection of Clark and Water streets; then it passed a frame structure, at La Salle and Water, built for a dry-goods store by the Pecks, continued to Hogan's general store, and arrived at the Eagle Hotel.

Finances in the '30's

THE first public building, an estray pen, was constructed in 1832; it was to cost twenty dollars, but the contract was not filled, and the expense was but twelve. The city tax on real and personal property for that year was a hundred and forty-eight dollars and twenty-nine cents; there was a nonresident delinquent list of ten dollars and fifty cents; the total receipts of all taxes were three hundred and fifty-seven dollars and seventy-eight cents. The first water works—a well dug and stoned—cost ninety-five dollars and a half; and when the city treasurer was authorized to borrow two thousand dollars at not more than ten per cent, payable within a year, he resigned rather than attempt the impossible. At the sale of wharfing leases in 1835 South Water Street property fetched twenty-five cents a front foot; and in 1836 the whole of Chicago went to Bridgeport on a very small steamer, the George W. Dole, to witness the first sod turned for the canal.

This, obviously, was not history but an extravaganza with music. It was the habit then to leave Chicago in large parties for the log hotels of the still simpler country, and there have supper, and breakfast after dancing all night. The cooking and sitting rooms and the bar were on the ground floor, above was the single large space of the festivity, and over that again, reached by a ladder, was the dressing room. The difficulties of the ladder, regarded with indifference by the local girls, were viewed with confusion by the more delicate creatures of the city.

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I Recalled the Jamborees, the Pottawottomi, in Robinson's House at Wolf's Point

POLYSYNTHETIC FOOTBALL

"What Does This Mean, Norwood?" He Wheezed. "What Does This Mean?"

By Ralph E. Mooney

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

DON'T bother me, boy, I'm feeling old. I'm reminiscing. I'm saying the saddest words of tongue or pen: "If only it could be again." Ten years ago I wasn't sitting in an office waiting for business at this time of year. Not so. I was out hustling, doing creative work. I was wearing a white sweater and a pair of ice-cream pants and was rehearsing a chorus of about nine hundred collegians in the Locomotive Yell and the Siren and in Osky-wow-wow! I was able to do sixty-nine different movements of what is commonly known as physical culture, and I could jump three feet into the air as I finished.

What set me going? What's eating me? Look in the morning paper. The Brownell Indians played Jacksonville on Saturday and lost, 0 to 21. Lost, mind you, and I can remember the day when, if Jacksonville had held the Indians to a tie, nine-tenths of the college world would have fainted and the other tenth would have died in its tracks. Ten years ago, boy, Brownell had the wonder team of the country. History is strewn with the wrecks of good scoring machines that tried to wallop it. A team wasn't rated by whether it defeated the Indians; no, sir, they calculated its standing by the score the Indians didn't make.

Those were the days when Edge College was climbing from a little interstate conference to the fringes of the Big Ten. We weren't operating a football team exactly; it was more like a battle squadron or a tank battalion. Our coach had orders to build a winning team and not be too careful how he did it. Our faculty had orders to support the coach and see that our players got high marks in their studies. A man of the right build and the right prep-school record could matriculate as a freshman, under date of one year, complete nine courses, pass his spring examinations and return to us a sophomore, all within twenty-four hours.

The reason for this was Frank G. Everard. That tells a story in a mouthful, doesn't it? Yes, sure. That's who I mean. The Frank G. Everard who packed away fifteen million half dollars during the war and then got the Government to appropriate two or three million more to protect his losses during the months of November and December, 1918, when the armistice interrupted his contract. Ten years ago, however, Frank G. Everard was nothing more than a rising multimillionaire, and he had discovered that a man who was practically unknown except where he was unpopular could do a great deal for himself by financing a college. He had looked around for an institution that would appreciate him, had discovered Edge, had established the Everard Foundation Fund, and had wired to the plant treasurer to advance a million or so and charge it to advertising.

He showed a copy of the wire to old Dean Norwood, who was stately and gray-haired and one of the finest men ever made. A real teacher, too, who had given so much of his life to taming the Latin language that half the time he didn't know whether he was in the United States or ancient Rome.

"See this," said Everard—or, at least, that's what everyone told me he said—"see this telegram?" He winked and shifted his cigar around in his mouth. "Charge it to advertising. That's all a college is, for a man like me. Advertising. So much good publicity. And the bigger the school is, the better it is known, the better I'll like it and you. So be on your toes and keep that in mind."

Old Norwood bowed, they told me, with his face as blank as one of my checks. Completely and entirely, he did not get the idea.

"Very well, sir," he replied.

Everard was short and broad-shouldered. His neck tried to be sixteen and a half along with his collar, but stood a point above par, so that it bulged a little. He reached up and pulled Norwood down close to him. Not that he pitched his voice low; far from it. Generally speaking, a man half a block away could hear him without straining, but it was his habit to make men stoop over and listen to him.

"It's a pretty rotten little plant here," he explained, "and a man like me will do it good. A college gets its main income from endowments, don't it? Well, take it from Frank G. Everard that Edge College is going out of the piker class from now on. Before I get through with it we'll be earning 14 per cent a year on endowments from rich graduates. We'll make Harvard and Yale look like little red schoolhouses. That's my way of doing things."

Poor old Norwood said "Yes, sir," but he said it so sadly that Everard asked if something hurt him.

Thereafter Edge College ceased nestling in the blue grass of a highly respected Southern state. A statue of Frank G. Everard was put up on the campus and workmen began to build new buildings on every vacant piece of ground. Then our football team lost its first practice game, and Everard descended on Norwood, the faculty and the coach, spouting fire and hot ashes. He was known, by the way, for the effective way in which he staged these eruptions. The only anecdote told about him was how he bawled out the last man, and anybody who had ever been within broadcasting range of one of those bawl-outs would turn pale when such a story was told. That was his way of controlling men and affairs—by fury and abuse.

"The thing is," said Everard, while the professors shivered, "there wasn't a man here who was on the job. What value to me is a college that loses 35 to 0 to a state university that never even has a picture of its team in the annual guide? Now I'll give you men one more chance. Get busy and get me a team that wins. Do you all hear? I want results for my money, not excuses. Why, I lost six thousand in stock-exchange bets on that game!"

This was definite and certain, and as soon as the faculty and coach could shake themselves out of the daze he left them in, they began to

follow orders. The football field was turned over to a wrecking crew, and before the end of October that year we had beaten Oklahoma, the Missouri Miners and the Carolina Cavalry Institute, and had played Andersonville to a tie. Then came a game with the Brownell Indians. Of course we had to play them. You couldn't take a team out into the open in those days without sending Brownell a challenge, and you couldn't send a challenge without getting an acceptance by return mail. They would fit in a game on a Friday afternoon to accommodate you.

On the morning of the game we got a wire from Everard: "Have looked up records and find Indians strongest team in country. Imperative we win. Instruct players this effect."

Derkes, our coach, wired back: "Will win."

"Fine," came the answer; "am betting fifty thousand on you."

Our team went out and played as it had never played before—and better than any other team had ever played before. Through the first half it was neck and neck. Then something seemed to go wrong. I heard the Indian quarterback shout something, and our team became unsteady and went up in the air a little. The Indians got a touchdown on a forward pass and then smashed their way to another. And that was all. The final score was 14 to 0, favor Brownell.

Next day a wan and pallid faculty gathered in the administration building in answer to an urgent summons. It found Frank G. Everard waiting to greet it, with his teeth set and a green light in his eyes. Beside him was a bullet-headed man who wore a black mustache and a check suit.

The Players Gave Him Three Cheers and Then Carried Him to the Sidelines

"Well," growled Everard, scowling at the faculty and giving Norwood and Derkes particularly cold sneers, "this is a pretty outfit, I must say. Here I spend half a million on you and just when I get a chance to win some of it back on a five-to-one bet you cave in and lose a game for me. I pay you men to do nothing but run a little six-by-nine school, and you fall down like a lot of tin soldiers." Old Norwood rose indignantly, pain and grief in his expression.

"Sir," he announced, "I think you will find this school has been carefully run, as you put it. You must understand that the mere winning or losing of a football game does not figure as important in the eyes of educators. We devote our attention to ——"

"Bosh!" snapped Everard. "Rot! Mere winning or losing does not figure, hey? Blast you, I told you to make it figure! I told you to get me a winning team. And when I'm running an institution my orders come first."

He brought forward the bullet-headed man with the black mustache.

"Norwood," he proclaimed, "you are superseded. You're a fizzle. Oh, you can go on and be dean and teach the tango artists reading and writing, but you're relieved of all duties of management hereafter. Not that you ever had any idea of what those duties were, but you're relieved anyhow. Gentlemen, I introduce Mr. Malling, who is to be chancellor of this university. Mr. Malling has been superintendent of my sheet-metal plant and knows how to carry out orders. He will take charge here and will show you what modern business methods mean. It'll be a good education for you all. You need it."

Poor old Norwood was almost in tears.

"Relieved?" he groaned. "Sir, I can't believe this. The profession of teaching and the business of conducting a university are both highly specialized, Mr. Everard, and Edge College will be ruined if operated on your plan. We shall lose our standing entirely, and our professors will no longer be looked on as authorities in their subjects. You can't mean it."

"I can and do!" barked Everard. "Please do not attempt to advise me as to my business." He turned away from Norwood and glared at Derkes. "Now, young man, let's talk about that game," he proposed. "What's the matter with you and with the team?"

This time he wasn't dealing with a man who had spent half his life in ancient Rome.

"Nothing," snapped Derkes. "The team's all right and I'm all right. We held Brownell to the lowest score of the season and the lowest in two years. No other organization has made near as good a showing against them."

"Losing isn't winning," replied Everard.

"There are plenty who will tell you the Indians can't be beaten," answered Derkes. "I'm about ready to admit it."

"Can't be beaten?" yelped Everard. "Confound you, there's no such word as 'can't' in my dictionary. I hate a man who says can't. Edge College can beat them. Edge College will beat them! Get that in your head for all time. Now, what was the trouble yesterday? Why did they win—or rather, why do they win? Why have they got every school in the country bluffed?"

Derkes shook his head gravely.

"There are two reasons," he explained. "First, they've got no eligibility rules at Brownell. Some of those Indians have played with the team six years. They've been together so long that their teamwork is perfect. Still, that's not so important. Our play was perfect too. Which leaves just one reason, I suppose, but that—that's an insuperable difficulty."

"Insuperable!" sniffed Everard. "Can't! Listen here, I'm paying you for football, no alibis. What is this insuperable difficulty?"

"The Indian language," answered Derkes.

"The language? Are you ——"

"No, I'm not," flashed Derkes. "I mean what I say. Sir, when two good teams get together on a field and play a whole half with no scores the chances are that the game can't be won except by a fluke play of some sort. Why? Because after that length of time each team begins to have a fair idea of the other's signals. They can anticipate most of the plays and the possibility of scoring is reduced to a minimum. But, on the other hand, when such a game is going on the tension is terrific. Every man's nerves are on edge. And when one of those teams is Indian—why, signals don't count. Because nobody understands their language and the minute an opponent begins to anticipate the play their quarterback opens up on dialect and simply tells his men what to do. Can't you see the effect of that? The advantage of it? Just when a team is congratulating itself that it knows the Indian game, a council of war is held right before its face and something unforeseen happens. Naturally the defending team blows up a little. Time after time it's happened, and it'll happen time after time again."

Which was all quite true, as you know well enough if you were at school in those days.

Football signals had to be simple and teams did pick them up while in action. I understand they've got a system now of adding or subtracting to get the play number that is undecipherable, but it was not known then. The Indian language was Brownell's big asset, but this didn't impress Everard.

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It Takes Something to Make an Old-Style Indian Smile

The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

AT HIS house one night Lawrence Livingston took up the narrative of his career where he had left off:

"Not long after I closed my July cotton deal more successfully than I had expected I received by mail a request for an interview. The letter was signed by Percy Thomas. Of course I immediately answered that I'd be glad to see him at my office at any time he cared to call. The next day he came. Since you know him there is no need to tell you what an interesting man he is.

"Thomas, I always thought, went about his business scientifically. He was a true speculator, a thinker with the vision of a dreamer and the courage of a fighting man—an unusually well-informed man, who knew both the theory and the practice of trading in cotton. He loved to hear and to express ideas and theories and abstractions, and at the same time there was mighty little about the practical side of the cotton market or the psychology of cotton traders that he did not know, for he had been trading for years and had made and lost vast sums.

"Within a few years after the failure of his old Stock Exchange firm of Sheldon & Thomas he came back, almost spectacularly. I remember reading in the Sun that the first thing he did when he got on his feet financially was to pay off his old creditors in full, and the next was to hire an expert to study and determine for him how he had best invest a million dollars. This expert examined the properties and analyzed the reports of several companies and then recommended the purchase of Delaware & Hudson stock.

"Well, after having failed for millions and having come back with more millions, Thomas was cleaned out as the result of his deal in March cotton. There wasn't much time wasted after he came in. He proposed that we form a working alliance. He explained that he had developed a marvelous organization for the collection of cotton-crop information and statistics, and also—and this he emphasized—for the dissemination of market news and views. He had a large number of correspondents who grew cotton or dealt with the staple in its raw condition; also he was in close touch with the cotton mills and the exporters. He believed his crop reports to be more accurate than the Government's, and he kept tabs on the world's consumption as well as on this country's production."

A Lone Hand in Wall Street

"HE SUGGESTED that he should continue to collect information bearing on the cotton crop as well as send out his opinions, estimates and predictions. Whatever information he got he would immediately turn over to me before passing it on to the public. My part would be to do the actual trading, for which he saw I had a special genius and he hadn't. His information and the influence of his market letters, he thought, would be immensely valuable to me in my trading.

"That did not appeal to me for a number of reasons. I told him frankly that I did not think I could run in double harness and wasn't keen about trying to learn. But he insisted that it would be an ideal combination until I said flatly that I did not want to have anything to do with influencing other people to trade.

"'If I fool myself,' I told him, 'I alone suffer and I pay the bill at once. There are no drawn-out payments or unexpected annoyances. I play a lone hand by choice and also because it is the wisest and cheapest way to trade. I get my pleasure out of matching my brains against the brains of other traders—men whom I have never seen and never talked to and never advised to buy or sell and never expect to meet or know. When I make money I make it backing my own opinions. I don't sell them or capitalize them. If I made money in any other way I would imagine I had not earned it. Your proposition does not interest me because I am interested in the game only as I play it for myself and in my own way.'

"He said he was sorry I felt the way I did, and tried to convince me that I was wrong in rejecting a plan that was no more or less than the average merchant follows when he advertises his wares. But I stuck to my views. The rest was a pleasant talk. I told him I knew he would come back and that I would consider it a privilege if he would allow me to be of financial assistance to him. But he said he could not accept any loans from me. Then he asked me about my July deal and I told him all about it; how I had gone into it and how much cotton I bought and the price and other details. We chatted a little more and then he left.

"When I said to you some time ago that a speculator has a host of enemies, many of whom successfully bore from within, I had in mind my many mistakes. I have learned that a man may possess an original mind and a lifelong habit of independent thinking and withal be vulnerable to attacks by a persuasive personality. I am fairly immune from the commoner speculative ailments, such as fear and hope. But being an ordinary man I find I can err with great ease.

"I ought to have been on my guard at this particular time, because not long before that I had had an experience that proved how easily a man may be talked into doing something against his judgment and even against his wishes. It happened in Harding's office. I had a sort of private office—a room that they let me occupy by myself—and nobody was supposed to get to me during market hours without my consent. I didn't wish to be bothered, and as I was trading on a large scale and my account was profitable I was well guarded.

"One day just after the market closed I heard somebody say, 'Good afternoon, Mr. Livingston.'

"I turned and saw an utter stranger—a chap of about thirty or thirty-five. I could not understand how he'd got in, but there he was. I concluded his business with me had passed him. But I didn't say anything. I just looked at him and pretty soon he said, 'I came to see you about that Walter Scott,' and he was off.

"He was a book agent. Now, he was not particularly pleasing of manner or skillful of speech. Neither was he especially attractive to look at. But he certainly had personality. He talked and I thought I listened. But I do not know what he said. I don't think I ever knew, not even at the time. When he finished his monologue he handed me first his fountain pen and then a blank form, which I signed. It was a contract to take a set of Scott's works for five hundred dollars.

"The moment I signed I came to. But he had the contract safe in his pocket. I did not want the books. I had no place for them. They weren't of any use whatever to me. I had nobody to give them to. Yet I had agreed to buy them for five hundred dollars."

Capitalizing Mistakes

"I AM so accustomed to losing money that I never think first of that phase of my mistakes. It is always the play itself, the reason why. In the first place I wish to know my own limitations and habits of thought. Another reason is that I do not wish to make the same mistake a second time. A man can excuse his mistakes only by capitalizing them to his subsequent profit.

"Well, having made a five-hundred-dollar mistake but not yet having localized the trouble, I just looked at the fellow to size him up as a first step. I'll be hanged if he didn't actually smile at me—an understanding little smile! He seemed to read my thoughts. I somehow knew that I did not have to explain anything to him; he knew it without my telling him. So I skipped the explanations and the preliminaries and asked him, 'How much commission will you get on that five-hundred-dollar order?'

"He promptly shook his head and said, 'I can't do it! Sorry!'

"'How much do you get?' I persisted.

"'A third. But I can't do it!' he said.

"'A third of five hundred dollars is one hundred and

sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents. I'll give you two hundred dollars cash if you give me back that signed contract.' And to prove it I took the money out of my pocket.

"'I told you I couldn't do it,' he said.

"'Do all your customers make the same offer to you?' I asked.

"'No,' he answered

"'Then why were you so sure that I was going to make it?'

"'It is what your type of sport would do. You are a first-class loser, and that makes you a first-class business man. I am much obliged to you, but all the same I can't do it.'

"'Now tell me why you do not wish to make more than your commission?'"

Signing on the Dotted Line

"'IT ISN'T that, exactly,' he said. 'I am not working just for the commission.'

"'What are you working for then?'

"'For the commission and the record,' he answered.

"'What record?'

"'Mine.'

"'What are you driving at?'

"'Do you work for money alone?' he asked me.

"'Yes,' I said.

"'No.' And he shook his head. 'No, you don't. You wouldn't get enough fun out of it. You certainly do not work merely to add a few more dollars to your bank account, and you are not in Wall Street because you like easy money. You get your fun some other way. Well, same here.'

"I did not argue but asked, 'How do you get your fun?'

"'Well,' he confessed, 'we've all got a weak spot.'

"'And what's yours?'

"'Vanity,' he said.

"'Well,' I told him, 'you succeeded in getting me to sign on. Now I want to sign off, and I am paying you two hundred dollars for ten minutes' work. Isn't that enough for your pride?'

"'No,' he answered. 'You see, all the rest of the bunch have been working Wall Street for months and failed to make expenses. They said it was the fault of the goods and the territory. So the office sent for me to prove that the fault was with their salesmanship and not with the books or the place. They were working on a twenty-five per cent commission. I was in Cleveland, where I sold eighty-two sets in two weeks. I am here to sell a certain number of sets not only to people who did not buy from the other agents but to people they couldn't even get to see That's why they give me thirty-three and a third per cent.'

"'I can't quite figure out how you sold me that set.'

"'Why,' he said consolingly, 'I sold J. P. Morgan a set.'

"'No, you didn't,' I said.

"He wasn't angry. He simply said, 'Honest, I did!'

"'A set of Walter Scott to J. P. Morgan, who not only has some fine editions but probably the original manuscripts of some of the novels as well?'

"'Well, here's his John Hancock.' And he promptly flashed on me a contract signed by J. P. Morgan himself. It might not have been Mr. Morgan's signature, but it did not occur to me to doubt it at the time. Didn't he have mine in his pocket? All I felt was curiosity. So I asked him, 'How did you get past the librarian?'

"'I didn't see any librarian. I saw the old man himself. In his office'

"'That's too much!' I said. Everybody knew that it was much harder to get into Mr. Morgan's private office empty handed than into the White House with a parcel that ticked like an alarm clock

"But he declared, 'I did.'

"'But how did you get into his office?'

"'How did I get into yours?'

"'I don't know. You tell me,' I said.

"'Well, the way I got into Morgan's office and the way I got into yours are the same. I just talked to the fellow at the door whose business it was not to let me in. And the way I got Morgan to sign was the same way I got you to sign. You weren't signing a contract for a set of books. You just took the fountain pen I gave you and did what I asked you to do with it. No difference. Same as you.'

"'And is that really Morgan's signature?' I asked him, about three minutes late with my skepticism.

"'Sure! He learned how to write his name when he was a boy.'

"'And that's all there's to it?'

"'That's all,' he answered, rising to leave. 'I know exactly what I am doing. That's all the secret there is. I am much obliged to you. Good day, Mr. Livingston.' And he picked up his hat and started for the door.

"'Hold on,' I said. 'I'm bound to have you make an even two hundred dollars out of me.' And I handed him thirty-five dollars.

"He shook his head. Then: 'No,' he said. 'I can't do that. But I can do this!' And he took the contract from his pocket, tore it in two and gave me the pieces.

"I counted two hundred dollars and held the money before him, but he again shook his head.

"'Isn't that what you meant?' I said.

"'No.'

"'Then why did you tear up the contract?'

"'Because you did not whine, but took it as I would have taken it in your place.'

"'But I offered you the two hundred dollars of my own accord,' I said.

"'I know; but money isn't everything.'

"Something in his voice made me say, 'You're right; it isn't. And now what do you want me to do for you?'

"'You're quick, aren't you?' he said. 'Do you really want to do something for me?'

"'Yes,' I told him, 'I do. But whether I will or not depends upon what it is you have in mind.'

"'Take me with you into Mr. Ed Harding's office and tell him to let me talk to him three minutes by the clock. Then leave me alone with him.'

"I shook my head and said, 'He is a good friend of mine.'

"'He's fifty years old and a stock broker,' said the book agent.

"That was perfectly true, so I took him into Ed's office. I did not hear anything more from or about that book agent. But one evening some weeks later when I was going uptown I ran across him in a Sixth Avenue L train. He raised his hat very politely and I nodded back. He came over and asked me, 'How do you do, Mr. Livingston? And how is Mr. Harding?'"

The High Cost of Personality

"'HE'S well. Why do you ask?' I felt he was holding back a story

"'I sold him two thousand dollars' worth of books that day you took me in to see him.'

"'He never said a word to me about it,' I said.

"'No; that kind doesn't talk about it.'

"'What kind doesn't talk?'

"'The kind that never makes mistakes on account of its being bad business to make them. That kind always knows what he wants and nobody can tell him different. That is the kind that's educating my children and keeps my wife in good humor. You did me a good turn, Mr. Livingston. I expected it when I gave up the two hundred dollars you were so anxious to present to me.'

"'And if Mr. Harding hadn't given you an order?'

"'Oh, but I knew he would. I had found out what kind of man he was. He was a cinch.'

"'Yes. But if he hadn't bought any books?' I persisted.

"'I'd have come back to you and sold you something Good day, Mr. Livingston. I am going to see the mayor.' And he got up.

"'I hope you sell him ten sets.' His Honor was a Tammany man.

"'I'm a Republican too,' he said, and went out, not hastily but leisurely, confident that the train would wait And it did

"I have told you this story in such detail because it concerned a remarkable man who made me buy what I did not wish to buy. He was the first man who did that to me There never should have been a second, but there was. You can never bank on there being but one remarkable personality in the world or on complete immunization from the influence of personality.

"When Percy Thomas left my office, after I had pleasantly but definitely declined to enter into a working alliance with him, I would have sworn that our business paths

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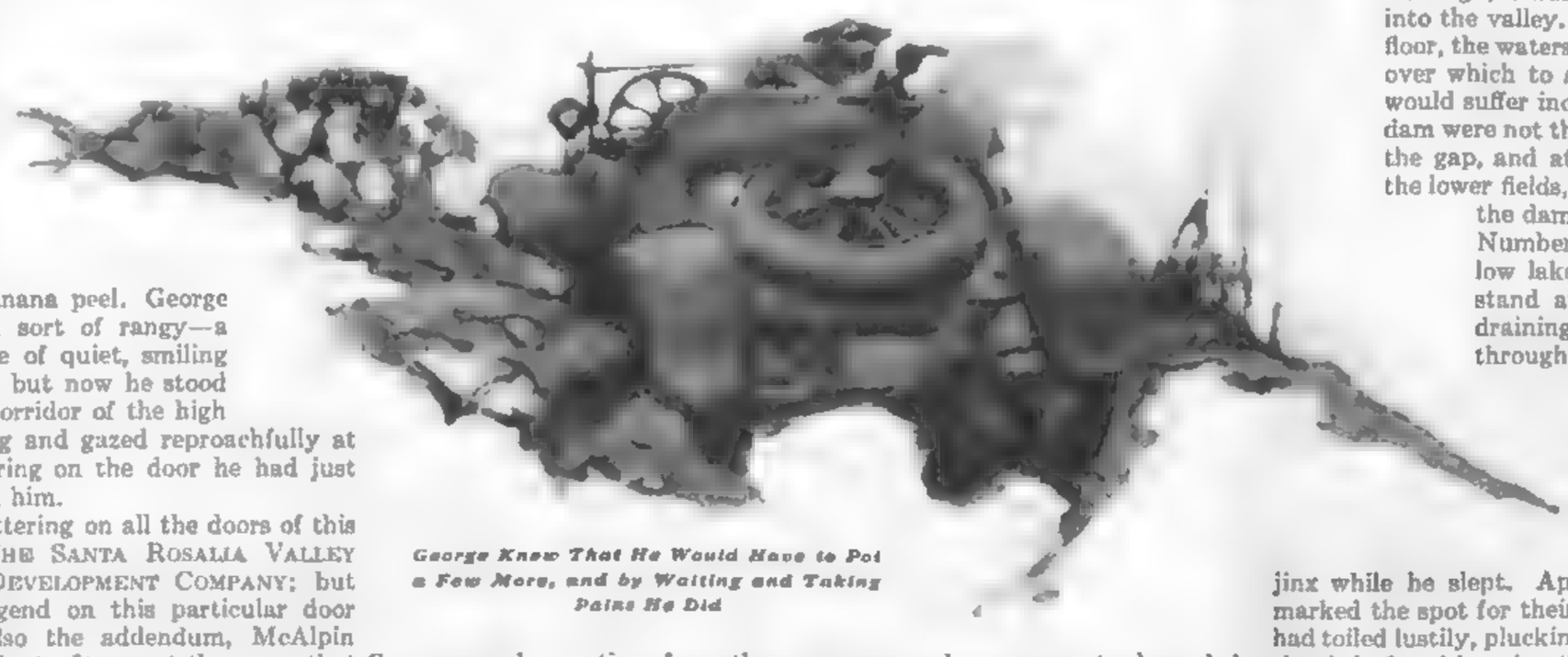
VELVET GLOVE STUFF

By Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK FAY

GEORGE'S usually happy countenance was not the same when he emerged from the office of the president as when he went in there. It had a rueful twist, blending half-humorous bewilderment and a trace of hurt. It was the countenance of one who has inadvertently sat down hard after skidding on a banana peel. George was big and sort of rangy—a large package of quiet, smiling good nature; but now he stood in the tiled corridor of the high office building and gazed reproachfully at the gilt lettering on the door he had just closed behind him.



George Knew That He Would Have to Pot a Few More, and by Waiting and Taking Pains He Did

The gilt lettering on all the doors of this floor said THE SANTA ROSALIA VALLEY LAND AND DEVELOPMENT COMPANY; but under the legend on this particular door there was also the addendum, McAlpin Alpers, President. It was at the name that George gazed reproachfully. His own surname, as a matter of fact, was Alpers.

"Uncle, uncle," George sorrowfully addressed the addendum, "and you did this to me, the pet of the family!"

Still in a helpless daze, he shouted "Down!" at the elevator. In the street below he climbed aboard his battleship-gray roadster that obliquely nosed the curb. The powerful desert-going craft was like its young master in that it refused to be smart or dapper. A golden film of dust overlay what once, in the storeroom, had been a multi-ply polish. Similarly in vain had multiplied polishes been laid on George. Man and machine alike took on their own congenial coating from whatever the planet's care-free zephyrs wafted over them. Tailored negligence the most *recherché* was only prissy affectation beside any toggery's outfit that George had been in half a day, and no film-hero's minutely labored nonchalance could match George's unstudied, irresponsible ease.

Soon he had left the city and its suburban villas behind, and was breezing along a surfaced stretch laid like a ribbon of gold across a purple-brown world. The month was May, and the chaparral was burned and dry and brittle. After a hundred miles of yuccas and sage and greasewood, he passed among the foothills, his course in rounding them describing many a letter S. Here was a higher and more verdant region. Scrub oaks were promise, the pines realization. Abruptly, with the last sweep of a final S, there were no more foothills, except those mellowed in a bluish haze across a wide valley. The valley lay between the ranges like an emerald carpet, and a river's dried bed meandered midway like a careless sprinkling of sand. This was the valley of the Santa Rosalia.

The road curved down the valley until it paralleled the sandy river bed. The valley was very flat, and the banks of the river were low and scarcely distinguishable. Any considerable flow would, if obstructed lower down, inundate the land for miles on either side. George moodily pondered this obvious fact as he drove. Gradually the two ranges of hills drew nearer until, in the vague distance, they seemed to merge. The distance to the meeting point was no longer vague when, instead of wild flowers on each side, there were cultivated fields and trim new farm buildings farther back, each little group in its clump of young cottonwoods or patch of orchard. The fields were mostly beans, well up. Beans, beans, beans! George was now passing through Unit Number 1—thus far the only unit—of his uncle's land and development company.

"Good-by, poor beans!" George addressed the beans.

He was moved as by a personal acquaintanceship with every bean, and he did not wish to see them drowned out. Yet at the moment nothing seemed less imminent than a rush of waters. The river, by courtesy calling it that, was the driest thing on the landscape. Nevertheless, far away up in the mountains, a long winter's fall of snow was melting, which must presently come rampaging down the valley. The freshet was an annual affair, like the vernal equinox or George's uncle's hay fever, and you could almost set a date for it. Almost any day now would be the day.

George sorrowed for the beans. He knew the hopeful grower of each one, and each grower's family and his mortgage and his dog and his flivver, even to the cows and chickens. There were several hundred of these bean farmers in Unit Number 1, each with his forty acres bought on time from the company, and as payments depended on crops, George's uncle naturally wished the beans well also.

George's job was to look after the collections, but more largely and altruistically—as you would know without the telling if you knew George—he was a kind of liaison officer, and a sympathetic one, between the colonists and the company.

Accordingly, being on the spot, he had reported by telephone to his uncle in the city that the freshet this year meant flooded crops—ruined crops. Ordinarily it would mean nothing of the kind; but, as George explained, a peculiar and desperate situation had unexpectedly arisen. George's uncle had listened, had ejaculated and had promptly sent out another man to take charge, ignoring George. And although George had but just now been to the city to inquire why this should be, not a bit of good had it done him.

"Jehoshaphat, got to have a man there, don't I?" uncle had exploded. "So I sent young Bobbs. He might need you around, so you'd better scoot on back. Do whatever he says."

The gray roadster was making rougher weather of it now, and cruising at slackened speed. The road hugged the river bed, and there were loose sand and gravel and occasional bowlders in it. The valley had narrowed. On either side the hills were closing in, and not a mile farther on they did close in, choking the valley down to a narrow gap hardly wider than the river bed itself. Here George had to make a detour around a hill for the reason that across the gap, and therefore across the road as well, a dam had been built.

The thing stretched like a low sea wall between two headlands. Although not more than four feet high, it was ample for backing up the freshet into the valley. Since the valley was as flat as a floor, the waters would have an immense acreage over which to spread. The highest lying farm would suffer inches of blighting overflow. If the dam were not there the waters could pass through the gap, and at the worst soak only a fringe of the lower fields, and not that for long. But with the dam banking up the flood, all of Unit Number 1 was doomed to become a shallow lake; and the lake would probably stand and ruinously stagnate for days, draining by slow seepage into the soil or through the dam.

This matter of the dam was a totally unforeseen complication in the affairs of the development company. Only the morning before George had found it there, like some incubus of impish magic wished on him by his jinx while he slept. Apparently a band of gnomes had marked the spot for their activities, and during the night had toiled lustily, plucking water-worn bowlders out of the river's bed and heaping them cairnlike in a line across the gap until they had closed the river's narrow corridor. The goblins in the case, however, were human folks. They were the villagers of Santa Rosalia, men and women and probably most of the children. The night's arduous labor had evidently been by unanimous impulse, with something weirdly obstinate in the motive.

Completing the detour around the hill, George brought his gray roadster into the main street of the village itself, a spick-and-span modern little bungalow town pocketed among the wooded foothills; and a pleasant place, too, where not even man was vile, or not so very vile, the apparently damning evidence of George's incubus to the contrary notwithstanding. Acacia trees trimmed to look like green sugar loaves set up on pegs lined the parking of the main street. Blocks of one-story shops pretending with their stucco arches to be old cloistered missions were mostly all plate-glass front. An old-mission refilling station, bright blue and terra cotta, occupied a graveled corner. Cottages with roses rambling all over them filled the other streets until they filled not only the pocket on this side of the river but spilled part way up the hillsides. Farther up, even to the crests, larger and more rustic bungalows nestled among the pines, with the cozily quaint effect of Swiss chalets. The whole prospect, in miniature or from afar, was like nothing so much as a child's toy landscape, and you would expect dolls to inhabit it. They weren't dolls, however. They might be children in a way, or in the ways that the adult of the species never ceases to be a child; but not dolls.

They Scattered Right and Left, Each Man for Himself, and Took Cover Behind Rocks. From There They Opened Fire Again

The scattered Swiss chalets, high up, commanding the view, the breeze, the sunset, the fragrance of the pines, and aught else that money might have a whim to buy, were mostly summer homes—rookeries for downy birds of passage who incidentally and perforce shed green-backed plumage for the feathering of the villagers' nests. But the villagers' chief support was Unit Number 1—the forty-acre proprietors who came for the movies, for gasoline and repairs, for bacon and sugar and hoes and fertilizer and shoes and hats and church, and bills of lading when they shipped their beans. Yet despite this dependence on the sod busters of Unit Number 1, the villagers of Santa Rosalia had raised a dam in the dark of the moon to swamp them under, and the reason——

George Alpers had a view of the reason as he looked down the main street. Beyond the foot of the street, from the dried bed of the river, an oil-well derrick tapered skyward in the sordid ugliness of rough grease-smeared timbers. Yet to the villagers this uncouth pollution of their fair domain was as the rainbow—symbol and promise of liquid riches.

At sixteen hundred feet they had struck the oil sand. You could drop it on glowing coals and it would sizzle. The villagers were crazed with anticipation. Nearly all of them owned stock in the well; but now, when they might expect to bring in a gusher any hour, the June freshet was coming due. The waters sweeping down the dried river course would flood the casing, kill the engine, isolate the derrick like a lighthouse—they didn't know what all. But it would certainly stop the drilling, while only a few feet deeper—they just knew it—they would tap a subterranean lake of the precious fluid. Postponement of that consummation was a thought intolerable. And in the night, two nights before, they had reared the dam across the gap to block the freshet.

The morning after, when George had gone down for a look, a hundred or more of the mound builders were still busy, shoveling earth over the long cairn, tamping it in between the bowlders and facing the upper side of the dam with puddled clay. A bovinely interested spectator was the town marshal. George was a deputy town marshal himself, though the distinction was purely ornamental, which the village had pinned on him as it might a bouquet. The idea of George Alpers jailing anybody! But George was troubled now, picturing what the dam would do to his colonists, and he spoke to the town marshal.

"That's an unlawful thing! They can't do that!" he protested.

The marshal came out of his bovine contemplation. He was a stolid man, in that phase of transformation when brawn is softening to fat. He removed his corncob pipe from his mouth and waved it at the dam.

"But it looks like it's done did, don't it?"

The marshal should worry. The river bed was out of his jurisdiction.

George talked to others. He made friendly appeals to their sense of fairness. They knew the damage they would be doing to good neighbors. Yes, but they would pay all damages out of the oil. George saw that they were wild, crazy. What about the damage if they didn't strike oil? he asked. They pitied his ignorance. Not strike oil? Let him rub his fingers in this nice brown, sandy shale. And look at them colors—gas-and-oil colors. If the old hole didn't come in for eight-ten thousand barrels a day ——

It was then that George had gone back to his office in the village and telephoned McAlpin Alpers.

That big man in big projects had become instantaneously active, of course. He went to the promoters of the new oil field, to their offices in the same street, but they declined to interfere. He went to his lawyers, but the dam being a thing accomplished it was too late for an injunction. And a court order to demolish the dam, before that could issue, had to be argued and cause shown. Nor could you show cause right away. The other side wasn't ready, although ready enough to show cause why they needed time to get ready.

Thus every move for relief was admittedly checkmated, and in the meantime the June freshet wouldn't wait. It would come right on down from the mountains and back up against the dam and swamp a hundred farms, while the oil company sweetly kept on drilling.

One fact stood out: The oil company itself was back of the dam. Those villagers hadn't done that night's job on their own happy thought. Somebody higher up had done the thinking, and craftily the inspiration had percolated down to them. The somebody was on the scene, too, right there in Santa Rosalia—an unknown adversary; an intelligence, a spider, weaving mischief. This thing called for a man of action. Wherefore McAlpin Alpers had sent his livest wired go-getter to Santa Rosalia to get results—get 'em!

"You leave it to Bobbs," Mr. Alpers had said to his nephew George. "This is too vital a matter for gentlemanly messing around. You leave it to Aleck Bobbs. I have."

George was still in his bemused state when the gray roadster shaved the curb before his gilt-lettered, plate-glass office in Santa Rosalia's main street. The office was closed; no one was there. He realized then that the sun was sinking behind the western hills, and he went on to his hotel, which was the most old-mission structure in town. Here he had a plunge in the courtyard pool, dressed and had supper. He didn't see his substitute, the Bobbs go-getter, but he was just as well pleased. He reflected that Aleck Bobbs had likely eaten and was out and about, stringing his live wires.

"Oh, well," thought George, "I ought to be glad. Aleck needs a chance like this, and I don't. He's got his way to make. Why, come to think of it, I am glad!"

Immensely cheered, he fancied himself in a proper frame of mind to call on Prosperine. Prosperine was the cool, lovely creature who had consented to marry George, perhaps. Disdaining these hot days in the city, she lived with her rich old great-aunt in their summer home on Bungalow Hill, which was the most aristocratic and best groomed of Santa Rosalia's various heights. Their villa, appropriately named the Aerie, was on the very crest, and when George had ascended to it his headlights revealed a waspish little Chinese-red runabout blocking the way under the porte-cochère.

"Aleck, this is of a piece!" said George to himself, not without admiration.

He even experienced a soothing sense of relief. The vibratory Mr. Bobbs would draw and focus attention from himself. Prosperine was not always a cozy-corner naiad herself, but Prosperine's great-aunt—whew! The great-aunt was surely a terrible old woman, and she did not approve of George. She distilled a contemptuous hostility, in which George mutely stewed.

As he alighted from his car he stumbled over a heap of rubblestone and into a heap of sand. How the old lady did love those smooth water-worn stones! So she was having her driveway cobbled over with them. The bungalow was already nearly half stone—the foundation, the wide chimney, the porch balustrade and the two pillars of the porte-cochère. The stones had been all hand-picked from the dry river bed. There would be a big black round one, like a cannon ball, incrusted in the mortar as a centerpiece, and around it bright, white egg-shaped ones, and auntie considered the *ensemble* as impressively ornamental. The harassed masons declared that she personally selected each individual stone herself, like a jeweler matching gems for a necklace.

"Ye stones!" George apostrophized them. "Ye hard hearts!" and pressed the doorbell button.

It was a miserable evening. Mr. Bobbs had evidently been telling how he meant to swing George's job and George felt like somebody who had been let in by mistake. Not one of his hearty, well-meant sallies got him a kind word, unless it was too kind, oversugared as for a stepchild when company is present.

Mr. Bobbs was wearing his fawn-colored whipcord breeches with pigskin puttees, his fawn-colored gaberdine belted jacket, his soft shirt and flowing tie, all immaculate, while on the phonograph lay his indented peaked hat with its band of braided leather. Aleck never rode ten miles into the country without them. They were the garb of action. A crisp business suit for city throngs, of course; but now he was on a mission, roughing it. He clipped his speech like his mustache. He had a good, aggressive jaw, but there were reservations in his brusque manner—something guileful and secretive. Though galvanic, Mr. Bobbs was smooth. You were made to feel this. He was outguessing you all the time, he let you know.

"Stumped by the villagers, eh?" he rallied George in a kindly manner. Besides, he was feeling at home here; he had been asked up for dinner, and he had enjoyed the dinner. "But cheer up. I'll protect your colonists for you. Fact is I have already inspired a bit of—ah—direct action. It'll solve everything, like that!"

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"Never, George Alpers, Never Have I Been So—Perfectly—Disgusted!"

THE CHANGING EAST

Japan's Financial Families

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

THERE is a widespread impression among American readers that Viscount Shibusawa is the J. P. Morgan of Japan, as he is often called, and the accredited power behind the financial throne. This is the result of superficial observation and also because the Grand Old Man, as he is also termed, is so amiable and accessible. Nothing is more remote from the truth, and Shibusawa himself would be the first to refute it. He has been retired from active business for many years and devotes his time and money to the development of friendly international relations.

The real power in Japanese financial and industrial life is largely wielded by a group of families who have perpetuated themselves by birth and adoption, and who form an interlocking machine almost unmatched in teamwork and authority. The only institution comparable with it is, or rather was, the famous Rothschild family of Europe. This remarkable hierarchy maintained itself for generations through an intermarriage which extended to first cousins, and which apparently did not impair virility or capacity.

The Japanese not only do this, but when a male heir is lacking the father of the family can formally take on a desirable young man who in time becomes head of the clan. If the adopted one fails of issue he can do likewise.

Some of the best-known names in the empire have been kept alive by the same procedure. Hence Japan is the land of opportunity in more ways than one.

The story of these feudal financial families, for such they are in scope and purpose, provides one of the most fascinating as well as little-known romances of the East. In a part of the world where blood counts for so much, and where family pride is a fetish, it presents a curious paradox. But everything is possible in Japan, especially in the matter of human relationship.

Nor is this business of adoption confined to the families who bear titles and whose names are emblazoned on ships, banks and factories. When the stork fails to leave a male child at the little wood-and-paper house of Mr. Ito anywhere in Nippon, that gentleman can adopt a boy and then die in peace, knowing that his name and whatever glory attaches to it will go marching on.

We Americans know adoption in a mild and restricted sort of way and usually employ it when we are in altruistic mood. It is a casual performance that usually engages only the rich or the philanthropically inclined. In Japan it is indulged in by the whole population and is almost as common as the fascinating dwarf pines whose eternal verdure relieves the landscape everywhere.

The practice of adoption has existed in Japan from the earliest times. In the year 710 A. D. a statute was passed prohibiting the adoption of a child by any person except from among that person's relatives. This provision was modified in 1630, and the adopter, as it were, is now free to choose anybody who appeals to him.

Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui

The Popular Practice of Adoption

UNDER the present system anyone over twenty years of age can adopt an individual of less age, provided that the person adopted is not an ascendant of the one who does the adopting. This means that a nephew cannot adopt an uncle. There are some exceptions to the freedom of adoption. The head of a family cannot adopt a male in case there is already a male heir in the family. It sometimes happens that after the heir is adopted an heir of the blood is born. In such cases, and they are not infrequent, the adopted son keeps the title and usually a large portion of the fortune. A guardian cannot adopt his ward until the estate of the ward is finally administered. If a married person is adopted it can be accomplished only by the adoption of both husband and wife. Thus the family immediately takes two strides instead of one.

The purposes of adoption in Japan are varied. One of the most common is to continue the family name. There are many conspicuous examples. Perhaps the most notable was that of the late Prince Yamagata, who was dean of the Genro—the Elder Statesmen—and the master shaper of the destiny of modern Japan. He was childless, so he adopted the son of his sister, who has succeeded to the titles of his eminent foster father. Practically the same thing was true of many-sided Marquis Okuma, one of the greatest of Japanese statesmen, who died in January of this year.

In connection with the passing of Marquis Okuma occurred a curious and characteristic Japanese event. In Japan a notable can become canonized if fifty thousand of his fellow countrymen pay a yen apiece and make a pilgrimage to his grave. I use the word "canonize" because it seems to be the best Western way of expressing what the Japanese would regard as sainthood. These pilgrimages and payments were going on during my first visit to Japan, in February. When I returned in June the proper quota had been rolled up, and henceforth Okuma will be enshrined among the immortals.

The second most common provocation for adoption is when the father wants to retain his daughter in the immediate family after her marriage. To do this he formally adopts his son-in-law as son. A well-known illustration is provided by Hajime Motoda, who is Minister of Communications. His daughter, Kiku Motoda, married a Mr. Inomota, but before the marriage took place the groom was adopted by his prospective father-in-law, who thereupon became his father. The groom at once assumed the name of Motoda.

Seiichiro Asano (Right) and His Son and Heir, Ryozo Asano

A third reason is to acquire social position for the purpose of marriage. If a peer, for example, desires to marry a woman of humble birth he can get another peer to adopt the girl, which immediately makes her a member of the socially elect and therefore eligible to assume a title. The peer of the first part thus loses no face by the transaction.

This practice of adoption is not without its abuses. The chief offenses have been committed in connection with the geisha traffic. Formerly some of these unhappy girls were sold or contracted for in bondage like so many chattels. Now the employer adopts the girl, and thereby exercises absolute control over her. Some of these nefarious adoptions have been declared void.

So much for the purposes of adoption. The method is exceedingly simple. For every family in Japan there is a record called the *Koseki*. This is registered at what we would call the city or village hall, wherever the family happens to have its domicile. No person whose name does not appear on this *Koseki* is officially a member of the household. In adoption the name of the person adopted is taken off the *Koseki* of the family he is leaving and is put on the *Koseki* of the brood he is joining. In this way the adoption is legally effected. There are no other legalities. Perhaps this is one reason why the practice has become so common.

When a Japanese wants a divorce he simply takes his wife's name off his *Koseki* and he is freed of marital bonds. Nothing could be easier or more simple. This process probably accounts for the casualness with which so many Japanese regard marriage and the lightness with which they enter it. It is hard on the wife, to be sure, but for the fickle and frolicsome husband it is a godsend.

As a result of the lightning divorce law of Japan there once occurred an amusing incident in which an American girl figured. She married a Japanese at Atlantic City. So far as America was concerned the ceremony was valid. She failed, however, to register at the Japanese consulate, and from the Nipponese standpoint the performance was not legal. The consulate registry abroad corresponded with the *Koseki* at home.

The pair went to Japan to live, but the wife was unhappy and wanted to return to America. When she went to the Foreign Office to get a passport she was told that she was not legally married, according to the Japanese, because she had failed to register at the consulate. At the American Embassy, which she next sought, she was informed that she was a Japanese subject because she had married a Japanese national. For the moment the lady found herself without a country.

Family Pride

IN DESPERATION she enlisted the aid of an American lawyer in Yokohama, who was an expert in international law. He extricated her in ingenious fashion. First, he had the woman enrolled on the husband's *Koseki*, which married her according to the Japanese law, and two hours later he got her a divorce by canceling her name on her liege lord's *Koseki*. She was now an American citizen, and upon applying at the American Embassy she received a passport without any delay. She had been married and divorced within the space of two hours!

Having got these technicalities of adoption out of our system we can now go on to the stories of the great families. Before doing so it is necessary to make one further explanation. You cannot grasp the significance of these closely knit groups without first knowing something about the family system in general.

As in China, the family idea is at the very root of Japanese life. The emperor is a symbol of the paternity of the nation, and the people are proud and glad to call him father. Despite laxity, immorality, and the ease with which the matrimonial bonds are sundered, what we would figuratively designate as the hearthstone—in Japan it is merely a charcoal brazier—is a revered thing. Family pride is not only strong but it implies a sacred obligation. One must take care of his own. This is why you seldom see a beggar on the streets in Japan, why there are no almshouses, why there is so little unemployment in normal times. The Nipponese do not know the meaning of the bread line. If a man loses his job he goes to one of his relatives and is provided for until he can secure work

again. In other words, the weak cling to the strong. It makes a dent in the economic structure, because the moment the head of a family rises to affluence he becomes a sort of mark for the needy dependents of his line. He is in honor bound to succor them.

What is known as the family council becomes an unofficial domestic supreme court. Among rich and poor every step of importance—be it marriage, the building of a house, or a journey—is first discussed in one of these communal meetings, and its verdict is rigidly respected. Once the decision is made there is never a reversal. Here you have a survival of the feudal idea which extends to every Japanese activity.

I could cite what would appear to the westerner to be many amusing examples of this iron-fisted family-council rule. A member of the Tokugawa family, which is descended from the last of the Shoguns, built a handsome residence in a fashionable quarter of Tokio. It was erected during the absence of the head of the line. When he returned he discovered that the son's house was larger than his own. This was contrary to the rule promulgated in the family council. As a result the scion had to alter his establishment completely so as to conform to the mandate. If a son happens to pile up a fortune larger than that of his father he must surrender a share of it to his parent. Headship of a family in Japan implies seniority in every detail.

Now you can see why these financial families have been able to build up their fortunes and why their rule is so strong. Like the storied clans of Venice that flourished in the era of her grandeur, each family engaged in commerce has a crest which is used on the house flags where a merchant marine is operated. It is also stamped upon the kimonos of the servants and the jackets of the coolies. These devices are used in all the advertisements of their various companies. The insigne of the far-flung Mitsubishi Company, for instance, is three diamonds, while that of the equally powerful Mitsui interests is four crossed lines with three smaller lines in the center. Practically every Japanese concern of consequence employs a crest. The Yokohama Specie Bank uses a variation of the chrysanthemum, while Suzuki & Co., one of the largest concerns in the country, employs an eight-pointed star. The emblem of the powerful South Manchuria Railway is a cross section of a rail laid on the letter M.

The Vertical Trust in Japan

THE fact that so many rich families are involved in trade is a direct reversal of the old Japanese caste idea. In the feudal times the warrior held the highest social position, while the merchant was looked upon as a lowbrow. This was the exact opposite of China, where the merchant has always had the premier place. After him came the scholar. In Japan today the man of money has almost supplanted the successor to the daimio, as the feudal lord was known. Mars has given way to Mammon!

One of the most enlightening evidences is the fact that the Imperial Household, like that vanished Hohenzollern régime in Germany, is strongly intrenched in trade. The practice of investing in companies was inaugurated by the Emperor Meiji, who was a shrewd and farseeing person. He acquired an immense tract of land in the heart of Tokio and it has risen immensely in value. The original Imperial Hotel stood on a part of it. The Imperial Household has supplied practically all the funds for the new hostelry of the same name, erected near the old site. The royal family is also interested in the Mitsubishi Company and in various large spinning factories.

One more preliminary detail concerning the financial families must be disposed of before the curtain rises on the narrative. It is not surprising to discover that such powerfully intrenched wealth with all its social leverage should be intimately involved in politics. Every big family—and this means the group of commercial or banking interests under its control—usually has friends at court. They honeycomb the government institutions and are on the lookout for special privilege. More than one government has been known by the name of one of the great houses. Some of the men who represent these institutions in high places are termed geisha politicians. The reason is obvious. In this illuminating detail the Japanese have only taken another leaf out of the book of western civilization. The model for the official aids and comforts to Japanese big business was undoubtedly the American legislative group which represented the so-called special interests back in that good old day when might was right in our corporate life. In America pitiless publicity singed the unholy alliance between business and politics. In Japan the game goes on merrily.

First and foremost among the financial families is the Mitsui Clan. One need not go to Japan to touch their far-flung interests. Wherever the trade winds blow, there you will find some representative of this hierarchy, whose

Marquis Matsukata, Last of the Genro. Above—Baron Koyata Iwasaki

Baron Okura

origin and development contribute the most romantic chapter to the story of Japanese business. For four centuries it has dominated the commerce of the nation. Collectively it is both the richest and the most powerful group in the Far East.

Here you have an almost ideal example of the consolidation of family authority. The Mitsuis today comprise an aggregation of many persons of kindred lineage branching off into eleven families. Each bears the name of Mitsui, although not all of them are born to the blood. By process of adoption the cohesion has been maintained. The titular head, so to speak, is Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui. His is the ranking group. Radiating from this major stem are the *Honke*—or five principal families, as they are known—and the *Renke*, or five collateral families. This assemblage of persons is known in Japan as the Mitsui family. Through the agency of a holding company called the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha—a *Gomei Kaisha* is an unlimited partnership—with a working capital of 200,000,000 yen—$100,000,000, it controls and operates a variety of enterprises, including banks, mines, smelters, trading and forwarding companies, steamship lines, warehouses, refineries, engineering works, steel mills and manufacturing plants. For all practical purposes it represents the vertical trust, brought to such high development in Germany by Hugo Stinnes, for it is self-contained. Moreover, it reclaims immense areas and has afforestation undertakings in all the Japanese colonies. To round out its almost unparalleled operations it conducts a welfare work that not only reconstructs the bodies of its employes but trains their minds as well for the work of the world.

In the organization of the Mitsui family you have Japanese skill and organization at their best. Despite its feudal conception it has afforded opportunities for advancement to men of humble birth who have become the leading factors in the economic life of the empire. Conspicuous among them is Dr. Takuma Dan, Japan's foremost business man, who is chairman of the board of the holding company.

To understand this colossal enterprise it is necessary to get the complete historical approach, which will also unfold the whole development of modern business in Japan. It links the real feudal era with the present day, and shows how the old war lords who scorned trade turned to it with surprising energy and originality.

Pioneers in Trade

THE ancestors of the Mitsuis originally belonged to the Fujiwaras—the family qualified for regency, as it was called—which meant that it ranked next to the reigning house. In the latter part of the fifteenth century Takahisa, of the Sasaki clan, and daimio of Omi, was adopted by Norisada Mitsui into his family. His son, who became head of the Mitsuis, was one of the seven chieftains of the Sasakis. With the collapse of the Sasakis a descendant named Takayasu, who held the title of Lord of Echigo, retired to the province of Ise. Here he lived the simple life and kept himself aloof from the internecine wars that raged in Japan in those days.

Takayasu's eldest son, Sokubei, went to live at Matsuzaka, in Ise, where he took up the business of brewing sake, the rice wine which is the national drink of Japan. This modest venture was the first business inaugurated by the Mitsuis. Sokubei died in 1643, leaving four children, the eldest of whom opened a silk shop in Yedo, which was the original name of Tokio. This shop existed until the middle of the eighteenth century.

In Hachirobei, the youngest son of Sokubei, you behold the pioneer among the Mitsui captains of trade. At fourteen he came to Yedo and worked in his brother's shop for fourteen years. Returning to Ise he engaged in money transactions until he was forty-eight, all the time preparing himself for a larger commercial career. In 1673 he began to buy brocades and other textiles at Kioto, and established a store for selling them in Yedo. As one of his ancestors had held the title of Lord of Echigo he called his shops Echigoya.

With the Yedo establishment he laid the corner stone of modern merchandising in Japan, because he tried a method of business absolutely new to the country. He put up a sign bearing the words, "Cash Down at Fixed Prices." Up to that time customers in Japanese shops had paid for their wares at stated intervals or whenever they felt like doing so. As a result, in quoting a selling price the merchant had to make allowance for bad debts and charge interest on long-standing accounts. The new method changed all this and made it possible to sell goods at a much lower scale.

Hachirobei made another innovation. Formerly cloth goods had been sold in certain fixed lengths, generally wide enough for the kimono of an adult person. Hachirobei abolished this custom, enabling customers to buy just what they wanted. With such novel and practical experiments as these the business boomed and soon there were two shops in Yedo, three in Kioto, and one in Osaka. In 1687 the Mitsuis were made purveyors to the Shogun.

When you realize that Hachirobei Mitsui was having quick sales at knockdown prices in Japan back in the

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PARASITES OF THE THEATER

By a House Treasurer

DECORATION BY RAY ROHN

EARLY in the season the head of our show—the producer—called me into his office. "I want you to make some close observations around the ticket office," he said, "and make some suggestion as to what we can do about this speculation business. It's getting on my nerves." I took this for just what it was worth. It happens once or twice every year.

I have been a theater treasurer for nearly forty years and have made enough observations of this kind to have settled the matter before my present boss wore long pants. Still, I am working for a salary. I used the same straight face as on previous occasions. I don't even get a laugh out of it now.

Among the first customers to appear at my window the next morning was a smartly dressed young woman. She wanted two seats in the fifth row. The play running at the time was one of the hits of the season.

This was on Monday and the young lady wanted the tickets for Friday night. For them she paid two dollars and seventy-five cents each, including the tax.

I noted the numbers on these tickets on a card and slipped it into the drawer. I had no particular reason for picking out that young woman, but she was early and I knew that one customer was just as good as another for making observations.

I was simply going through the formula.

A Specimen Transaction

ON FRIDAY night I checked up my ticket rack and saw that these seats were occupied. Looking inside I found that two men held the tickets. At intermission I talked to one of them.

"Would you mind telling me where you got those tickets and how much you paid for them?" I asked.

"Why I got them at the club, from the doorman," he told me, naming one of the best-known college clubs in New York. "They cost me sixteen dollars and a half."

That was pretty strong, even to an old hardshell like myself. He saw my look of surprise.

"Pretty raw, eh?" he said. "But we wanted to see this show and it was the only way we could do it. Isn't there some way you folks can stop this sort of thing? After this I'm through."

I explained that we were trying; that I had questioned him for just that reason.

I got the name of the man who had finally sold the tickets and started tracing them. The young woman had bought them for what we know in theatrical lingo as one of the buzzards—a man with no standing at the box office who gets tickets by hook or crook and sells them for all the traffic will stand.

This scalper in turn had sold them to a fellow down the street who makes a specialty of catering to rich customers. Next they had gone to the butler of a wealthy family. Evidently unable to use them the family had given them back to the butler, and he had sold them to the doorman at the club.

In this process the tickets had increased in value eleven dollars! By coming to the box office on Monday this clubman could have saved that much money.

That happened to be true in this particular case, but it is not always true. There are times when the tickets could not have been bought at the window if the man had come six weeks ahead of time.

Nine times out of ten the ticket brokers would have had the whole lower floor, or most of it, a month in advance. Brokers, in our classification, are distinguished from the scalpers—the buzzards—in that they buy tickets and sell them at an advance of fifty cents only—a service charge, they call it.

Anyway, I had made my first observation for the benefit of the boss, and made a report.

"And what do you make of it—what is your conclusion?" he asked.

"It means," I said, "that eleven dollars has been wasted somewhere, and, in the long run, the theater will lose the greater part of it."

My present boss is rather young in show business. He looked at me inquiringly.

"I mean," I explained, "that while these hustlers were picking up a little profit here and there the best you get out of it is to lose a customer. After being soaked sixteen dollars and a half for two tickets you don't think that man is going to pick out this theater the next time he wants to see a show, do you?"

"Well, how can we stop it?"

I looked at him and laughed. I had to.

"Stop it? Say, you remember, don't you, how many tickets we allotted to the ticket agencies for the first week?"

"Four hundred a night, wasn't it?"

"Yes, more than three-fourths of the good seats."

"But brokers are different. They are really a convenience to the theater-going public. We couldn't get along without them. They only charge a fee of fifty cents."

"You mean they are a convenience to you, not the public. We can't get at this thing—if you really want to—by kidding ourselves. Don't you know that a broker can do a little scalping if he wants to?"

"Of course he can sell tickets to whom he pleases, just the same as anybody else can. We can't stop that."

Are the Managers Sincere?

I TUCKED my little slip in my pocket and went on back to my ticket window. Being an employe I could express myself only so far. My boss was actually trying to hand me the same bunk that he had given out to newspaper reporters. I've listened to it for fully twenty years, though, and ought to be used to it by now. I really had had a fleeting hope, when he asked me to make suggestions, that he might do something. But he was just like the others. That house owner and producer had no more thought of stopping ticket speculation than he had of raising my salary to a thousand dollars a week.

Managers and producers try to make a big problem of this thing. It's nothing of the kind. Any five theatrical managers of importance could get together tomorrow and stop the whole practice in less than a week if they wanted to. But they are not going to do it. They haven't the nerve.

"How are they going to stop it?" you ask.

"Why, as I told my boss, you folks can stop it by simply not selling to the brokers, scalpers or anybody else but regular house customers."

"But we have no way of knowing who they are," a producer had the nerve to tell me once. That was a rather broad insult to my intelligence.

That very producer had made arrangements to sell four hundred tickets to the brokers a week before the house had opened. Moreover, he had collected the money in advance, had used it to put the show on its feet. He had started in on a shoestring, and I knew it.

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PARIS MAGIC—By Kathleen Howard

LIFE for woman is one long struggle to keep a shine on her finger nails and off her nose; and just now if you want to look like a Parisian your face powder is ochre or of brownish tinge; marshmallow noses are out and coffee-caramel noses are in, and it is very hard not to be streaky.

Therefore that is one more thing you may do to your poor husband in Paris: lug him round till you find the right face powder for your skin. It is so difficult to get John to realize that it is not safe for a beautiful woman like yourself to shop alone in Paris. You say brightly over the chocolate and *brioche* in your hotel sitting room at nine A.M.:

"John dear, I thought you'd like to go to M——'s with me this morning; I hear their clothes collection is too sweet."

"Not for me," says John in his most American accent; not the one he cultivated when the Russian countess on the boat conversed with him or the one behind which he smiled when Lord P. asked him to drop in for a week-end at his country place in England. "It'd be too sweet for me; I'd catch the tone of the thing too well and just be one great sticky hulk myself, sitting on one of those hawrrible little sofas and watching those Janes prance round as though the ship was rolling under them and they had to balance their arms and legs at every step."

"But, John, the girls are famous for their beauty at M——'s; one of them is thought by some to rival Dolores herself, and another is a dark beauty no less famous. Those two wear most of the evening gowns." Your voice dies away dreamily and you watch him narrowly. "Don't you like to see beautiful girls in evening dress, dear?"

"Like it? I adore it! Lead me to it!" bellows John, a changed man. You sigh and pat your back hair; it seems almost a shame, it is so easy.

These are two of woman's chief amusements in Paris, amusing John and buying herself clothes. If she can get John to go off with his cronies to some café where he may make up for lost time with one or two devastating glasses of beer, then she is free to window-shop, that delight of the female mind. She may gaze at the Rue de la Paix's fabulous spread of tumbling jewels, or mentally try on all the hats displayed in little shops, or try to live up to the inspiring lingerie dangling to right and left of her. Or she may peer into the dusty depths of the real and fake antique dealers' shops; pretentious ones on the right bank, little, adorable, imagination-stirring ones on the left bank. Old wood engravings in really worm-eaten frames stand mutely beside piles of monsieur's discarded watch fobs; some with gorgeous crests engraved on their carnelian faces; some with dark moss agates mounted in rare gold tracery. Faded miniatures lie beside them and chains of all nations dangle from strings strung across the window's face; crystal, seed pearl, gold, glass and silver; German iron jewelry, made during the First Empire to replace the sacrificed jewels of fairest women.

The Swan Hunt

ONE redoubtable female poisoned the summer of her friends by hunting continuously for two carved wooden swans of her imagination. They must not be painted or varnished; they must be of natural wood. Getting her into a shop, poking up the detached salesman, explaining in laborious French the impossible thing she wanted, getting her out of the shop when it was all over and the proprietor had grasped just how idiotic she and her quest were—all this was repeated almost daily by her perspiring relations until Cherbourg and the ship's tender mercifully claimed her for their own.

But everyone searches for something in Paris, be it food, handkerchiefs, a love affair, a pair of carved wooden swans, a collapsible opera hat or cobweb stockings; and, take it from me, you will find what you want if you know where to look. For Paris is inexhaustible. Think of the types that seek and find their Mecca here!

You see them in the morning in the Latin Quarter, evidently geniuses in their familiar disguises of sandals, flowing ties, odd hats for the men, none for the women. The girls are, of course, corsetless, and perhaps a bit dusty; but full, obviously, of secret purpose and giving yelling expression to their banal personalities. The men are of all nations: Chinese and Japanese in large numbers, French or American. They emerge, however, at four o'clock in this new after-the-war Paris from their moldering and shabby *chambres meublées* or their studios of dubious cleanliness, and go all slicked up to tea at the Ritz or the Claridge.

The Paris Americans of before the war were largely of a different class from those you see nowadays. They used to be women of exceptional elegance, men of large affairs, with a goodly supply of lace-collared, flat-heeled schoolteachers doing a summer in Europe for five hundred dollars, without smiling. Now you see obsolete hump-toed shoes on men from goodness knows where, padded shoulders we never see in America; people—masses of them. Elegance has gone, people have come. Perhaps it is as it should be, but it isn't pretty.

Of course we are all expected to start drinking as soon as the ship pulls out of New York Harbor, and keep up one happy mood of booze until we face the stern customs men on our return trip. As a matter of fact, we don't at all, because we never were a particularly drinkish nation; we left all that to a small number who did it pretty thoroughly for us, and still do.

But there are so many amusements open to you in Paris. Bribe a bushy taxi driver to take you out to Longchamp to the races some Sunday. You can have a wonderful time, really. You go in, the gateman remarking casually to the world at large, in a loud voice, "Two men and two women!" as you pass through, and you wonder at his quick observation. You then buy a printed slip of the races to be run, giving the horses, owners, jockeys, finishing up with the colors the boys will wear as they ride. You may choose Seasick or Cocotte, or you may use any one of the innumerable newspaper tips as a betting guide. You walk into the ravishingly flowering gardens back of the great pale green grand stand and read the latest list of jockeys and their numbers.

One girl remarks, "I've bet on O'Neill all season and he has brought in so many horses that I am six thousand francs ahead. I adore the *petit* O'Neill."

Some bet on hunches entirely; some follow number systems; one of our friends, a particularly mad Frenchman, swings a pin on a string about the racing sheet in his morning paper, and mentally bets on the one where the pin jabs. He says he is thousands ahead.

So you back the horses for place or winner and flock out as the gong rings to see them canter to the starting point in the huge green oval spread before you. In the center of this ring stand thousands of men spectators, real fans. You wonder where they all come from, and whether they really have nothing to do. Sometimes they have large hot families with them, and bulky newspaper packages of dry lunches, which they munch standing in the glaring sun all the long afternoon and apparently taking it all terrifically seriously.

A Day at the Races

YOU may go up in the tribune with royalty or stay down on the marble steps or gravel, climbing up on your rush-bottomed chair when you begin to hear the thud of hoofs which tells you that the horses have turned the bend and are tearing for their goal. Crouching, brilliant dabs of boys, glistening brown and bay flanks, twinkling, brittle legs, extended heads and glorious drumming of hoofs, to the ever-increasing roar of the crowd, and they dash past you to the winning post.

The poor have a share in all your winnings, and this must first be deducted before the odds are announced. I made a great record on my first day this season, losing one franc fifty centimes. I don't know just how I did it, but it was the outcome of the complicated place backing I indulged in and the fractional odds that fell to my lot. Anyway, I was undoubtedly the cheapest sport in the place.

You may repeat this operation six times or so, then hunt your car in the mob outside, or have it hunted for you by some derelict to whom you think you are a god but to whom you are really a hated capitalist; and so down the Champs Elysées to some charming tea place. Perhaps you go to the ever adorable Ritz garden, sun dappled, cool, flower banked, where lovely women, all Paris' best, are to be seen this year. A woman friend of mine once found a small diamond among the rose petals in that same garden, and now she peers and peers as we sip coffee or orangeade with a dash of Cointreau in it, obsessed with the idea that the Ritz garden is a diamond mine.

Let's dine tonight at Larue's and go and see Sascha Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, at the Théâtre Edouard Sept. We dine delectably, finishing with strawberries rolled in thick cream, coffee and liqueurs, and we gaze on the woman near us, who is that rare French thing, a blonde, and who evidently believes in making someone say it with jewels, as her forearm is one mass of diamonds and sapphires and her third finger reduced to a mere nail point, the rest being entirely hidden behind two locomotive headlights. She has a horrible little brown dog with her, which yaps as it breathes and over which she is sickeningly sloppy.

"*Viens, mon petit choux, mon cheri!*" she coos, holding his scraggy little evil face close to hers. The gentleman with the inflamed eyes opposite her is properly playing his rôle of envying the pup and paying for the dinner.

Then we go on to watch Sascha flirt with his audience, and wonder that some powerful critic does not rebuke him for this inartistic habit of his, which banishes the personality of the play's hero and brings Guitry in person to your eyes and brain as though he were suddenly

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Settling the Question of the Skirt's Length

TUMBLEWEEDS

By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE one business block of Wharton, a little town twenty miles north of the Cherokee-Kansas line, seemed almost deserted. Four men sat on the edge of a raised board sidewalk midway of the block. Two others leaned against the support posts of a wooden shelter which roofed the sidewalk before a hardware store. Four horsemen clattered round the corner, their black masks furnishing a sinister contrast to the quiet village scene, and the few citizens of Wharton who chanced to be abroad witnessed the advent of the modern bandit, come to replace the road agent, whose day had passed when railroad transportation superseded stagecoach travel on the overland trails.

Three of the men dropped from their saddles before the Wharton bank, two of them entering while the third stood guard before the door and the mounted man held the horses of the other three.

The man in the saddle addressed the startled spectators, and his voice, although not raised above a conversational tone, carried the length of the silent street.

"Take it easy," he advised. "No one's going to get hurt unless you start acting up."

He spoke with quiet assurance, but the man on the door was of a more blustering type.

"All you cattle stand dead quiet!" he threatened. "Not a sound there! You!" he bawled as a man shifted his position. "What did I tell you about keeping quiet?"

"Keep quiet yourself," the man on the horse advised. "You'll stampede the lot of them with your gab."

Those within the bank reported later that one of the inside men was silent throughout the affair, never speaking a word but instead making his wishes known by motions of his hand. His companion seemed nervous and excited.

"Take It Easy," He Advised. "No One's Going to Get Hurt Unless You Start Acting Up"

The pair emerged from the bank and the three dismounted men swung to their saddles. As the quartet jumped their horses down the street the door of the hardware store opened; the reports of a rifle rolled forth in swift succession. The man who had held the horses lurched dizzily, sprawling forward over the saddle horn, then fell to the street as his mount jumped sidewise. The silent man set his own horse back on its haunches, seized the reins of the loose animal and leaned from the saddle to help the fallen man to remount. The blustering party whirled his horse and emptied his gun at the front of the store from which the concealed rifleman operated. Spectators, galvanized into action by the splintering glass of store windows, ducked hurriedly for cover. As the fallen man regained his saddle the three men rounded the corner and followed after the fourth, who had held on without slackening his speed.

Near noon of the following day Carver was well on his way toward Hinman's range to bring back the hundred head of yearlings he had purchased in the spring. The news of the Wharton raid had been carried to the bunk house by a grub-liner the night before, and Carver turned it over in his mind as he rode.

"The blustering man on the door was Noll Lassiter," he mused, "and the silent man inside was Milt. The nervous party—I can't place him. I'm wondering about the casual individual who held the horses. It certainly does look as if they'd canceled the family feud."

For Bart Lassiter's two-day trip to Caldwell had lengthened into a week and he had not yet returned. The name of Lassiter had been whispered in connection with recent misdeeds, but the raids had been frequent and at widely separate points. It was certain that Milt and Noll Lassiter had not participated in some of these, their whereabouts at the time having been definitely established, and there was no proof that they had been connected with any one of the numerous affairs.

Carver angled slightly westward as he reached the sand-hill country near the line. This was the poorest land in all the Strip, yet in common with better stuff it had been staked solidly on the day of the run. The majority of these sand-hill claims were destined to change hands many times before prove-up work would be completed and patents issued for the land. Carver found this country unfenced, and the few homestead cabins were mainly deserted. The surface was rough and choppy, a veritable maze of dunes, some covered with tufts of tall red grass and studded with clumps of dwarfed brush and needle-leaved yucca plants. There were ridges and domes of white blow-sand, worn by the action of the wind. These stretches of sand had retarded the progress of the fire which had swept the country in late summer, and the most of it was covered with grass. There were occasional flats carpeted with short, wiry salt grass. As Carver neared the edge of one of these basins he suddenly pulled up his horse and peered through the fringe of tall grass that graced the crest of an intermediate ridge.

"Here comes the casual party now," he commented. "Wounded as stated in the reports, and with a posse right at his heels."

Two hundred yards out in the flat a rider was pounding down toward the possible cover afforded by the rough country which Carver had just traversed. His left arm hung stiffly at his side and he turned in his saddle with an effort as he gazed back at a group of horsemen, some eight or ten of them, that were surging out into the far edge of the depression a mile or more behind.

As Bart crossed the low ridge he started to whirl his horse at the sight of the man posted in his line of flight, then recognized Carver and held straight on. Carver turned and rode with him, noting that Bart's horse was almost spent.

"I'd trade mounts and let them pick me up instead; I could furnish a perfect alibi," Carver said. "But that wouldn't do. They'd trace the ownership of your horse."

"Don't let that point deter you," Bart returned easily. "This is no horse of mine. I wouldn't own him. I borrowed him, sort of, on the spur of the moment."

"But the saddle," Carver insisted.

"Goes with the horse," said Bart. "You're not up to yourself or you'd recognize that it isn't my outfit."

"All right. Let's switch. Quick!" Carver ordered. "Duck up that coulee to the left and keep on the grass where it won't leave any tracks," he advised when the change had been effected. "Push him hard and hold to the bottoms."

Carver veered off to the right. He had covered something over half a mile when the posse sighted him as he crossed a low ridge. For another three miles he maintained a lead, then rode out onto a high point of ground and halted his weary mount. The posse had fanned out over a half-mile front to guard against their quarry's doubling back through the choppy breaks.

One after another of the man hunters sighted the solitary figure on the ridge and headed for the spot. Carver turned and regarded the first two that approached. They pulled their horses to a walk, allowing time for another pair of riders to draw in from the right.

"Sit tight there!" one man called. "No queer stuff now!"

"Where did all this delegation spring from?" Carver demanded.

The sheriff reached the spot and assumed command.

"You, Ben, get his gun," he ordered, and one of the four crowded his horse closer to Carver's and reached to remove his gun from its holster.

The sheriff reigned over a Kansas county and his jurisdiction did not extend to the Strip, a fact which had not deterred him from crossing the line with his posse when hot after his man. The men were regarding their catch with some doubt.

"Was that buzzard wearing chaps?" one man asked of the others.

Carver grinned and answered the query as if it had been directed at him.

"I couldn't say as to the style of his pants," he returned. "But his headgear was black."

"It was for a fact," one of the posse testified, eying Carver's battered gray hat.

"What's all this?" the sheriff demanded. "What about a black hat?"

He, too, was studying Carver's apparel.

"This fellow's not dressed the same," he admitted. "But the horse looks like the one he was up on."

"It's the selfsame horse he was straddling," said Carver. "He's got a better one under him now."

"Did you trade?" the sheriff demanded.

"No; he did," said Carver.

"Speak up! Get it out quick!" the officer ordered.

"I was off prospecting around on foot," Carver explained. "As I sauntered back I observed this crow bait standing where my horse had been. I caught one brief glimpse of a black hat through the grass on a ridge and knew that the party under it was making off with my horse. I crawled this old wreck and took in behind him. Never did see him again—which isn't surprising in view of the fact that he's up in the middle of the best horse in three states. That was one good horse of mine. I'll back him against any mount in these parts. That miscreant made a good trade. One time during round-up last summer that pony packed me seventy miles in one day and wasn't even breathing hard."

"Oh, damn your horse and its virtues!" the sheriff interrupted. "We'll take you along anyway. How do I know you wasn't planted out here to help him make a get-away?"

"You don't," Carver admitted. "For all you know, why he might have sent me word about whatever misdeed he was planning, stating the exact spot where your posse would jump him and outlining his route of escape from there on, so's I could be posted just where his horse would play out and he'd be needing a fresh one."

The officer frowned at this absurd line of deduction and Carver grinned at his discomfiture. The three additional members of the posse, having ridden well off toward the left, had now sighted the group on the ridge and were approaching the spot.

"If you want me for Exhibit A in the evidence I don't mind going along," Carver added.

The three additional members of the posse rode up and two of them greeted Carver by name.

"Whenever did you elect to turn outlaw?" one man asked. "Sho! We've snarled things up," he added. "Carver wasn't into this mess."

"Do you know this party?" the sheriff inquired.

"Do I?" the man laughed. "If I had a dollar for every one I've borrowed off him I'd pay half of 'em back."

Carver's name was known to the sheriff. It was certain that he could be found if his testimony was needed later.

"No use holding you," he said to Carver. "He's made a clean get-away. I'm a little off my range—no authority here in the Strip; but I wasn't going to let the line stop me when we was right on him."

"Why were you wanting him?" Carver asked.

He raised his eyebrows in evident surprise as the officer gave the details of the Wharton hold-up and announced that the man they had hunted was the wounded one of the quartet.

"They'd holed up somewheres till dark, but we got word they'd headed down this way in the night," the officer explained. "Likely this fellow was feeling sick and had to hide out. He'd spotted us riding into the sand hills and was just climbing his horse to make a run for it when we sighted him over a mile ahead. He'd posted himself on a ridge so's he could watch all ways. He's up on your fresh horse and miles off by now. No use for us to go on. I'll send word to Oval Springs to the sheriff there that he's down in this country."

"Any idea who he might be?" Carver inquired. "Anyone along the line get a look at him?"

"Not one," the sheriff denied. "He's in the clear as far as identity is concerned. Nobody's set eyes on him from the time they rode out of Wharton till we jumped him this morning—excepting the man who reported that he'd seen four men ride this way after night. That crippled shoulder may give him away. We'll be riding on back. I'll want that horse you're on so we can trace its ownership. May get it on him that way."

"You Promise You Won't Let Him?" She Implored

"I'll nurse him along over to Engle's place on Slate Creek," Carver offered. "Engle will lend me a horse to ride home."

When Carver reached the home ranch a man waited there to inform him that Carl Mattison desired his presence in Oval Springs.

"Tell him I'll be with him between now and tomorrow noon," Carver instructed the messenger.

Bart Lassiter rode up to the house an hour before dark. Carver had expected him to wait until after nightfall before riding in, and had planned to intercept him.

"Why didn't you lay out somewhere under cover till it was dark?" he demanded. "Any of the neighbors see you straddling my horse?"

"A few of 'em, likely," Bart returned. "What if they did? I was half starved and got dead sick of waiting out there in the creek bottoms."

Carver took him into the house and dressed the wounded shoulder. It proved to be a clean hole, the ball having passed through the fleshy parts without touching a bone. Bart spoke but seldom while the wound was being dressed. He seemed gloomy and morose, his usual carefree outlook entirely lacking for the time.

"It was the devil's own luck, getting jumped just when I did," he stated at last.

"Your bad luck set in prior to that," Carver returned. "It started when you met Noll and Milt."

Bart nodded, then suddenly gazed at Carver in surprise.

"But how did you know I'd met 'them?" he asked. "I didn't have time to tell you back there where we changed mounts."

"It wasn't hard to guess," Carver said.

"Then you must know Noll better than I do, if you guessed that," said Bart. "I didn't think the poison hound would shoot me down without a word."

"What?" Carver asked. "Noll, you say? D'you mean he shot you?"

"No other," Bart affirmed. "The four of them rode up on me before I knew they were anywheres within fifty miles."

"What four?" Carver inquired.

"Milt, Noll and Freel," Bart informed. "I don't know who the fourth was. Didn't hear his voice. I was afoot and looking for my horse when they came riding along. I couldn't see who they were, but Noll was talking to Freel and I knew their voices. They were riding in front. I asked 'em to raise another horse and save me a twenty-mile walk, and they halted without a word at the sound of my voice.

"Then Noll shot. He cut down on me twice more after I hit the ground. One shot was close enough to fill my right ear full of sand. Milt jumped his horse against Noll's, cussing him meanwhile, and they was off at a run before I could pick myself up."

(Continued on Page 113)

A Tuft of Grass Over Across Had Twitched Sharply. It Jerked Again, and Carver Slid His Gun Out Before Him

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 16, 1922

Putting Teeth Into Arbitration

THE country would best think twice before it responds to the growing demand to put more teeth into labor boards. They can be made effective upon the employer because he can be haled into court and fined or imprisoned, but they cannot be forced upon labor organizations because these immediately dissolve into individuals who stand upon their constitutional rights to labor or not as they may individually elect; and if some thousands choose to take a vacation at the same time there is no power even in their own organizations, and certainly not in the courts, to drive them back to work.

Even if compulsory arbitration could be made to work it is still true that any wage scale which should be set up by authority would be a first step in fixing prices; and if one craft is to be guaranteed a legal wage, why not another and another? And if craftsmen are to be guaranteed an advantageous wage, then what shall be said to the farmer when he plants and harvests in good faith and asks a guaranteed price also? And if he is guaranteed a price, who is to see to it that somebody shall be at hand to take the crop at the legal rate? Or if that is not feasible, then who will regulate the amount that the farmer may be allowed to plant and how shall he go about the job of doing it?

No, we must deal with labor either as individuals or as organizations, one or the other, all the time; not as one or the other from time to time as leaders or followers may elect. If we are to deal with organizations, then in line with recent court decisions they must be responsible for damage done when they block enterprise necessary to the lives and welfare of the people, even if their leaders must be held under conspiracy laws when they combine in ways to coerce society to obey their mandates as the price of being provided with the necessities of life. For it would be no worse for the farmers to starve the world into submission by withholding food at the point of production than for the railroads to do it by blocking transportation or for the miners to freeze it and paralyze it.

Not even wisdom teeth can solve the labor problem by force; but whoever claims rights must accept corresponding responsibility, and that goes far toward sobering the situation. It is irresponsible power such as has existed nowhere else on earth since monarchies were abolished that is wrecking our industrial life and even threatening the authority of representative government.

A strike among the firemen of a great city is unthinkable, and yet the total damage likely to be done by fire, even if all the firemen in the country should go on strike and picket against firefighters, could not be greater than that which is bound to arise from a concerted railroad and mine strike if carried to the bitter end. Yet the firemen have as many and as sacred rights as have shopmen or the miners. The right to strike and prevent others from working in an essential industry is not an inalienable privilege in a free country, for its logical conclusion is anarchy and civil war; and we are very close to the time when the chief labor problem will be that of maintaining a government free from the dictation of a powerful but irresponsible supergovernment set up by a class and operated for its special advantage over other classes.

Power without corresponding responsibility must come to an end in labor matters and in all other human relations.

The Neglected Cause

LONG, heavy and learned articles and whole books are written for the supposed assistance and edification of investors. They tell quite properly how to analyze balance sheets and earnings statements, and also all about the assets, the security, the purpose of issue, conversion privileges, capitalization, sinking funds and many other pertinent and technical items. But rarely is anything said about management, either in the books and articles or in the actual circulars and advertisements prepared by bankers in offering specified securities for sale. Yet the vital organs of any business enterprise, such as capital, credit, character and traditions, depend mostly upon management.

It must be said, however, that there is a slow, steady improvement in these respects. Every now and then a banker's circular offering bonds or preferred stock goes into illuminating details as regards the nature of the company's business and the character of its management. Here is a recent instance under the heading of Management:

> General direction of the company is in the hands of fifteen directors, all but one of whom are actively engaged in the business and have been with the company from 7 to 52 years, the average length of service for the entire board being 29 years. Employes form an efficient, loyal force and also include many with very long records of service

Such a statement, unless proved palpably false, cannot fail to inspire confidence. The reader has an instinctive feeling that such a concern will not get into avoidable and reckless difficulties. Of course mere age and length of service do not guarantee success. But in the main, other things being equal, the presumption is in favor of the man who has grown up in the business, knows all about it, concentrates upon it and sticks to his last.

One of the half dozen most successful of the larger industrial corporations has no director who has not spent his working life in that business. In a day of much mushy, sentimental talk about industry this company has the strictest of discipline from day laborer to chairman. Yet employes of every class are loyal. Despite its vast size the company is managed like an army or family in that there is no going outside for talent. Directors meet every day and work every day. All workers are paid living wages and taken care of in their old age.

With its military discipline responsibility is decentralized in the sense that someone is definitely responsible for every department, decision, activity. Employes in the later thirties and in the forties do not kid themselves into thinking they are great captains of industry or financiers, even though they may handle operations of vast extent. Unpretentious men, who look like a hundred dollars and no more, direct operations of the first order of magnitude as a matter of course, having been trained for such work from boyhood, and will in due course of time become vice presidents and directors. In other words, there is none of the frippery, none of the front, none of the appearance of big business; only the substance and realities.

American industry suffers because in too few concerns is trained management regarded as enough of a career in itself. Business enterprises are too often the pawns of ambitious men or of financial manipulation. There can be and should be no finer career for any man than the successful conduct of a business enterprise; nor should it be a stepping-stone to other ambitions. Certainly the safety of bonds and stocks from the investor's standpoint depends upon the increasing recognition of this type of management.

Reform and Revolution

THE decision of the United States Supreme Court that labels should mean what they say will strengthen in all probability the hands of all who are trying to increase the percentage of truthtelling, honesty and fair dealing in business. But no law or court decision goes very far. We have long had hundreds of laws which if lived up to and enforced would make every community an almost ideal place in which to live and prevent worse practices than misbranding and mislabeling. There is hardly any form of unfairness, underhanded dealing, deceit, fraud and oppression against which there is a lack of ample laws.

Nor is the failure to enforce these in the main salutary prohibitions due to the shortcomings of public officials. The explanation is much more simple than that. We have a higher standard of publicly professed morals than we privately attain. We do not as individuals live up to the standards expressed by law.

Those who become discouraged at the unfairness, injustice and general all-around lack of righteousness on the part of the individual members of society often advocate some sweeping economic change or new order to overcome these evils. But human defects existed long before the present order of society came into being. They are inherent in human nature rather than in capitalism, industrialism or any other economic system. They have existed after the most drastic revolutions as well as before. There have been many changes in the way man has governed himself and earned his living, but though his nature has perhaps been slightly and gradually modified he has never been made over by social or economic innovations.

This is not to say that institutions can never be altered to advantage. Indeed, constant modifications are going on, many for the better. But those who become impatient of anything except a complete revolution in the system only delay improvement. They merely stub their toes against the granite wall of defective human nature. Reform is slow, and it often seems as if new opportunities for evil appear as fast as methods are devised to take care of those which have been longer recognized. But it is a literal fact that there is no other way than the slow one.

When the Bank is Closed

"I HAVE learned one financial lesson that is of immense value to me," said a business man of varied experience and wide acquaintanceship. "I no longer make personal loans to friends or acquaintances. I make only gifts, and it has saved me many thousands of dollars.

"I am not talking about professional crooks or panhandlers, but about that great army of friends and acquaintances, people of supposedly good standing socially and otherwise, whose checks come back marked 'No funds.' They drop in late in the afternoon or just after twelve o'clock on Saturday and explain that they must go to Boston or Philadelphia or Chicago to see their sick cousin and must have fifty or seventy-five dollars. I have learned to decide quickly how much I am willing to part with forever. It is usually five or ten dollars, now and then a little more when the man looks needy—a gift mind you, never a loan. 'I never make loans,' is my explanation, 'and besides, I have only a few dollars in the office, but I shall be delighted to give you ten dollars.' About half the time the would-be borrower is insulted and stalks out. In that case I am out of pocket nothing. About half of them take the five or ten spot, but in that case I am saved fifty or a hundred dollars which I would otherwise be out."

It is doubtful if any method of breaking friendships and making enmities has proved more fruitful or common than the failure to repay personal loans. Such transactions are always unbusinesslike, and the man who can avoid the relation of either borrower or lender in a personal loan is both wise and fortunate.

The Tribulations of the Senate

By

Kenneth L. Roberts

DECORATIONS BY GUERNSEY MOORE

THE United States Senate is made up of ninety-six senators and a major portion of the nation's acknowledged supply of dignity, courtesy, long-windedness, augustness and boring ability. It is particularly well supplied with boring ability. It is more persistent in its boring than the many small insects that eat their way into wood, and more difficult to discourage in its boring than the cotton-boll weevil.

If we take the definitions of a bore and of a bore's operations which have been evolved by the world's most prominent definers, we find that a bore is anything which by dullness taxes the patience or otherwise causes trouble or annoyance; specifically, a dull, tiresome or uncongenial person who tires or annoys by forcing his conversation on others, or who persists in uninteresting talk.

At times the United States Senate persists in uninteresting talk for days and weeks on end, tiring and annoying everybody who hears it or reads what it has to say or is told about it. Its tedious iteration is frequently so wearisome and its dullness is so insufferable that it not only gives everybody else a slow shooting pain but it even bores itself almost to extinction.

Let us take a good average day in the Senate, when a matter of national importance like the tariff is being considered with large amounts of the dignity and long-windedness on which the Senate prides itself. The tariff has its points of interest; but when it is coated over with twenty to thirty layers of mental fog it becomes several degrees duller than ditch water.

The Senate Chamber is a large, rectangular room with a glass ceiling through which comes a dull, mellow light. Around the chamber runs a gallery, into certain sections of which, day after day, crowd tourists and students and school children, who listen with blank or puzzled features to the distinguished senators below.

Occasionally, benumbed by the constant flow of dullness, a spectator drops off to sleep, only to be instantly and fiercely awakened by the alert guards who sit at all the entrances of the galleries. Sleeping is not allowed in the Senate galleries. Persons who wish to slumber within the sacred confines of the Senate Chamber must first become senators. They may then talk while others wish to sleep, or sleep while others talk.

There are a number of senators who apparently never enter the Senate Chamber except in sheer desperation, when they know of absolutely nothing else to do. Some of these senators have learned to slumber and to simulate wakefulness at the same time. They seem to be brooding over affairs of national import in their most distinguished and august manner, their noble brows resting ponderously on their hands, or their chins sunk meditatively in their senatorial cravats. Actually, however, they are asleep.

There is some speculation as to why it is that these senators don't go home and go to bed, where they can sleep comfortably, instead of wedging themselves in front of a book-covered desk and waking up with cricks in their necks. The matter should occasion no speculation, however. They are probably unable to sleep at home, whereas the drone of a senatorial bore is so hypnotically soothing that it lulls to rest even the most restlessly twitching nerves.

No Escape for Coolidge

THERE are ninety-six seats on the floor of the Senate, ranged in a semicircle in front of the great mahogany throne in which sits the Vice President of the United States. The Vice President is a small, frail, pale man, who looks as though he had been crushed by the overpowering dullness of his surroundings. He looked that way before he became Vice President; but since he became Vice President he has developed a languid, apathetic manner of leaning out of his great mahogany throne and scrutinizing the floor hopelessly when senators address him directly. He looks and acts, in short, exactly the way a man should look if he has been condemned to preside over the Senate day after day and week after week and month after month, and to listen to the distinguished senators who so frequently feel called on to talk the galleries into a coma.

Everybody can—and does—escape from the Senate except the Vice President; but he is forced to sit on his throne and listen.

As one looks out on the semicircle of seats and desks from the vice-presidential throne, all the seats on the right of the center aisle belong to Democrats, while all the seats on the left belong to Republicans. That is to say, they belong to Republicans in theory. Actually there are a few senators who are elected on the Republican ticket and sit on the Republican side of the chamber, but who aren't Republicans any more than a dogfish is a bird. They belong to the Objective Party. They object to everything except themselves, though there seems to be no reason on earth for them to exempt themselves from their general dislike of everything.

There is a pure-food law which forbids benzoate of soda to be sold as tomato catsup; and there ought to be some sort of pure-politics law that would prevent an Anti-Everything from masquerading as a Republican or a Democrat and getting away with it. It is true that a rose by any other name would smell as expensive; but it is also true that a hole in the ground has frequently wrecked many a widow and shipping clerk because it traveled for a time under the name of oil well.

Each senator has a commodious desk with various shelves and receptacles for reference books, pamphlets, documents, writing paper, ink bottles, chewing gum and other senatorial accumulations. There are enough books piled on, under and around these desks at any and all times to stock a fair-sized library. Senators enter the chamber accompanied by small boys carrying twenty to thirty dark-brown volumes smelling offensively of fish glue,

(Continued on Page 58)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

From The Salome Sun

THEY tell a story about a man appointed as a delegate to the Good Roads Convention from a place not a thousand miles from Salome, something which happened a number of years ago. Bill, as we will call him, sold a mine and insisted upon going to Phoenix on the new railroad and getting his money all in cash. Bill had not been in a real town for twenty-five years, and after getting his money he insisted upon the mining man, an Easterner, taking in the town with him. After liquoring up a little first, the usual thing done in those days, Bill wanted something to eat—the best there is and a lot of it—so the mining man had to accompany Bill to the best café in town, a place Bill had heard of and insisted upon going to. They arrived just about the time the after-theater parties began to drift in, and the printed menu and presence of so many ladies flustered Bill so that he could think of nothing to order but a double order of ham and eggs and a mince pie. The mining man, wishing to help him out and knowing that Bill's bill of fare for twenty-five years had consisted principally of ham and bacon and eggs and canned goods, suggested that he order fish, oysters or a lobster. Bill thought a minute, reached back and felt his hip pocket and called out loudly to the waiter at a near-by table: "Hey, waiter, bring me two cans of sardines."

Our frog went out to play, one day, in youthful, froglike folly; he let the sun shine on his back and the sand was hot, by golly! But he hasn't learned to swim yet. He was asleep the last time it rained, and when he woke up the water was all gone. Better luck next time.

Ed Earll has a nice green spot on his ranch between Bob Keast's and Mrs. Peck's—but he picked out a poor place to raise calves. Bob started a few years ago with a sawhorse and Mrs. Peck with a saddle horse, and it has been a race ever since to see which could raise the most calves. Both have done well—but Ed Earll will have to get a flying machine if he expects to get any now.

A little more gas, Bill; we're missing on one cylinder.

FOR SALE OR TRADE: A Good Gold Mine for almost any kind of an Automobile, or we might consider an embroidered Bathing Suit for Our Frog—if we get a Bath Tub.

It all seems strange to an Eastern man for the milk and meat to come in a can, but you see, our cows all have to practice chewing the sagebrush, greasewood and cactus—so somebody tell us how old was Ann, and how big a tongue has a Pelican?

The Salome Service Station will try to fix anything except the Democratic Party—and that is past mending.

If Lizzie gets tired out and out of sorts, fill your gas tank with some of that famous Laughing Gas at the Salome Service Station, and your tires with that soft Salome air. It will make Lizzie feel better and your car ride easier.

In the good old days when we used to shake and shiver, the doctors recommended horseback riding for the liver; but nowadays they tell us: "Go get yourself a flivver and take the trip from Phoenix to the Colorado River."

Sixty years ago the Indians chased An Old Prospector from the Colorado River to Phoenix and he took the shortest and Best Route—becuz he was In a Hurry. The Tourists are still following his trail and using some of his old tracks for chuck holes—where he beat the World's Record for Broad Jumping. He had a Hell of a Time, and so do some of the Tourists, but don't blame the Old Prospector. He knew the Indians were following him, but he never expected you to.

Don't kick at every little thing and feel peeved becuz you can't get everything in Salome that you might in New York. We are a long ways from Broadway—and chances are you've never been in New York anyway—so smile and make the best of it here. Salome is not so bad that you can't stay here one night and fill up on Lonny's Good Grub and our Laughing Gas and leave happy in the morning. You don't have to stay here—but we do—so let's all laugh and wonder who the joke is on after all.

Mark Twain said that a mine was a hole in the ground owned by a liar. There are some Big Mines around Salome if Mark was right, and they don't belong to us.

SALOME—"Where She Danced"—is the Healthiest Place on Earth—so restful and quiet that you might live here for years and never realize how dead you are—and then die and never know that you had been alive—which comes pretty near being Life Eternal.

—Dick Wick Hall, Editor and Garage Owner.

DRAWN BY W. G. REAGHTT

"Willie, What are You Doing?" "I Thought Mebbe the Goldfish 'd Rather Have Lemonade Than Plain Water"

A Flapper Alphabet

AWFULLY affable,
Brilliantly blest;
Cruelly critical,
Daringly dressed.
Eerily elegant,
Fragrantly fluffed;
Generally giggling,
Hastily huffed.
Impishly impudent,
Joyously jimp.
Kinky and kittenish,
Luringly limp.
Modishly mannered,
Naughtily nosed;
Occasionally odious,
Prankishly posed.
Quick-tempered, quarrelsome,
Radiant rig;
Smart, scant and sporty,
Trim, taut and trig.
Usually uppish,
Vain, veribest.
Wheedlesome, winning,
Xtravagantly xpressed.
Youthfully yearning,
Zealous in zest.

—Carolyn Wells.

The Grouch's Progress

CORNELIUS MCNABB was a grouch;
He growled as he rolled from his couch;
He grumped in his tub and continued to grump;
His stock in the world had a permanent slump;
His kindest reflection on matters was "Ump!"
His second-best comment was "Ouch!"

He sat at the table and wailed:
The servitors quivered and quailed.
The coffee was tepid, the linen was soiled,
His eggs should be coddled and here they were boiled!
And thus was a day irretrievably spoiled,
And somebody ought to be jailed!

He finished a bitter cigar.
He groaned as he entered a car:
The cup of his misery flooded the brim;
The populace jostled, the light was too dim;
And why must a strap-hanger hang over him?
It really was going too far!

With rancor abundantly stored,
His wrath on the office he poured:
The office boy fled with a menace grotesque,
The bookkeeper hid in a hole in the desk,
And, somewhat disheveled but still picturesque,
The typewriters wept in accord.

He went to a store for a rod
To angle for flounder and cod:
But this was too heavy and that was too light,
The price was an outrage and nothing was right;
The clerks were neglectful and most impolite;
He'd have 'em discharged in a squad!

He carried his woe to the strand,
Where, borne by the wave to the sand,
A crab of prodigious dimensions he saw,
Severe in demeanor and mighty of claw.
Cornelius, regarding the portent with awe,
Declaimed to that decapod grand:

"Ah, waif of the turbulent blue,
In happiness equaled by few,
The tempest may bellow, the billow may roll,
But far from the worrisome world and its dole,
Secure in your shell is your sensitive soul!
I would I were even as you!"

And then by a marvel as strange
As any that fate can arrange,
The crusty Cornelius was turned to a crab;
The crusty crustacean, as Mr. McNabb,
Was wafted away to his home in a cab—
And nobody noticed the change!

—Arthur Guiterman.

Popular Short Stories

"MR. GERRISH is in conference just now. Would you care to leave any message?"

"What, haven't those groceries got there yet, madam? They ought to be there any minute—the boy is on his way over there with them now."

"So sorry to keep you waiting, but there was a delay in the traffic, and I simply couldn't make it any sooner."

"I have been meaning to write to you for ever so long, but what with one thing and another, I have been so busy that I just couldn't seem to get a moment to drop you a line."

"Of course none of us expects to make much money right at the start, but we feel that we've got a big thing here, and it's just a question of a little time until we put it over."

"The line is busy."

"You don't know how disappointed I am at the thought of missing the week-end with you, but some tiresome old business affairs have unexpectedly come up, and I'm afraid I shall have to give up all hope of getting down to Shoddy Beach."

(Continued on Page 86)

For the millions who love Tomato Soup!

Right from the heart of the luscious tomato comes Campbell's Tomato Soup! Just the pure delicious, tonic juices and rich "meat" from the flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines! Every tomato is washed five times in crystal-pure running water. Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is strained out, leaving only the smooth, delightful tomato puree. This is enriched with choice butter and blended and spiced, after our own exclusive recipe, to as tempting a tomato soup as ever was placed upon a dining table! Just taste it!

12 cents a can

LAUGHTER, LTD.

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

XI

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES D. MITCHELL

With a Two Weeks' Advance in My Purse, Which I Took With All the Languid Indifference of a Starving Hyena Pouncing on a Piece of Raw Meat

THERE is a custom in moving pictures called shooting at the moon, and said custom generally gets put into action when the scenario department is going cuckoo for lack of a plot.

Well, when this happens the gang gets together and sits around the office and says here, we simply got to get a plot; they have already started making the picture, so we will now commence crocheting a few gags together, come on, boys, shoot at the moon! And then someone, maybe the camera-man, will say well Bill I think a good idea would be for this girl, see, to be stuck on this feller, see? And then the director will say, sure Joe, but he can't marry her see, because of his father's will. And that probably gives the continuity writer a hunch, and he or she will come across with say I can improve on that, his father's will provides this feller must marry a certain girl, see, and the father don't know that this girl is really the right girl, see? And by now the head of the scenario department has taken his mind out for a little exercise and it is just beginning to get warmed up and so he says, all right, but this girl knows she is the right one all the time, see, and only pretends to be a poor working girl because she don't want the boy to marry her for her money. And so by now they have a good, original plot, and this way of getting it is called shooting at the moon.

Well the morning after pop unexpectedly showing at our house and all, I was in a position of having to take a crack at the moon myself, especially when mommer says Stricky is down stairs and wants he should see you and so forth. Her words got me out of bed like they was a derrick, but as soon as I had put my feet on the floor I quit cold, and sat on the edge of the hay thinking rapidly what would I do. They had started making the drama, but I hadn't any script ready. This was not at all the way I had planned the piece to run, for I had no more idea that Gregory Strickland would dare to ever come anywheres near me again in his whole entire life, than I had of asking him to do such a thing. My first thought was I will not see him. And then on second considering I changed my mind and decided no, I will see him because after all I will probably have to, some day. And just as it is wise to get a cavity in your tooth filled before it stops hurting, and not go around with it open and liable to get something in it at a restaurant or some place and commence throbbing all over again when you least expect it, so it is a good bet to get any other painful interview over. The sooner the quicker.

So I called out "All right mommer I will come" and set out to make myself look as pretty as I possibly could so's Stricky would thoroughly appreciate what he had lost. And then I went slowly down stairs to where he was walking up and down all alone in the parlor like a wild man. At least that is what I thought as I reached the lowest step on the stairs. But I soon found out different, for Stricky's steps was not nervous anxiety, but jazz. He had put a number on the phonograph and was snapping his fingers to it as I come in the door. This was really more than I intended standing for, and I pointed at my early Spanish phonograph with a dramatic finger.

"Kill that number!" I says. "I can't stand it!"

"Sure I will!" says Stricky, obliging. "What's the matter, honey, got a bad head?"

Well, for a moment I couldn't hardly believe my ears! His manner was just like ordinary, and a person would of thought that nothing unusual had happened.

"Say listen," he went on, "I feel great this morning, considering. I found a new pick-me-up that would cure a wood-alcohol case. Let me fix you up a little, Bonnie. Some party we had, eh?"

"Greg," I says quietly, "you know I don't need any pick-me-up. If I have a head this morning, it wasn't liquor caused it. Do you remember anything you done last night?"

He got silent for a moment, then he shrugged his shoulders and give a little laugh.

"Oh, that!" he says. "You mean Anita, I suppose. Well, what of it? We was on a party, that's all! Forget it."

"No, I can't forget it," I says. "I want you to understand that. I am through, Greg."

"Say listen!" he says. "Don't begin and pull any line of bunk like that. A party is a party and any little old thing is liable to happen on it. Besides, what I do is my business."

"That's what I'm trying to tell you," says I. "Entirely your own business and none of mine, from now on."

"Oh well, if you are going to get jealous," says Stricky, "go ahead. I'm fed up, anyways. I only came around this morning because I thought we might as well kiss and make up. It's all in a lifetime if you won't!"

Well, I just stood looking at him and wondering did I really know this man? His hair, like black glass, was the same, his tie was as perfect, his whole freshly washed effect was as snappy as it had always been. Even his fine high color didn't seem to of been affected much by being so wet last night. But I didn't know him any more. He was just some stranger that had wandered in, a objectionable one which I didn't care to get any better acquainted with. Maybe you know how it is to stand that way in front of a person who you have wrapped your life around day and night for a long time, and suddenly see them clear? Sweet daddy, it's a queer sensation! The only satisfaction in it would be to have the upper hand through the other person still caring. But Stricky didn't even leave me that.

"I see," says I at length, "that we had come near to making a awful mistake. I'm not going to pretend I will ever be friends with you, Strick. As for our contract with Nicky, I don't know what to say. I could no more go on playing opposite you than—oh well, I just naturally couldn't pull it off, that's all!"

"Say listen, you needn't worry about that!" says Greg, sneering his eyebrows in a cool, unpleasant way and calmly lighting a cigarette. "Don't trouble about not playing with me, old girl, because I am going with the Divers Comedies for my next picture, anyway!"

Well, this pretty near took me off my feet, for I knew Stricky's contract run for another six months. What did he mean? Nickolls had let him out for some reason. That was of course good, and relieved me from a lot of unpleasantness, but just the same something in the way Strick pulled the line made me uneasy. It wasn't all on account of Anita now also being with the Divers Comedies, either, although I will admit that while I was finished with Strick forever, I was yet female enough for the thought to give me a little pang, and it was no good saying to myself, well all right you can have him, dearie, and may Heaven pity you! Because while of course I made that conventional remark in my brain and knew it for a mighty wise crack, still my vanity hurt under it. And if you are a woman who has lost a unworthy man, you will get me perfectly if some other woman has beaten you to it and grabbed him before you had the chance of firing him.

"Greg Strickland," I says slowly, "I am glad to hear you got another job so soon after Nicky giving you the air, which I suppose he must of done this forenoon."

"Air, nothing!" says Strick, leaning against the piano and grinning at me. "Say listen, he didn't give me any gate! I just grabbed off a job, that's all. I got to eat, you know!"

"Strick!" I says. "Whatter you mean?"

"Don't ask me, kid," says he, still smiling, and pointing with his cigarette over my shoulder towards the door. "Don't ask me, ask Nickolls!"

Well, I turned around bewildered, and there in the door was Nicky. His face was white and drawn, and he looked ten years older than when I had seen him last. All of a sudden I remembered how he hadn't been on my party the night before, nor sent me any word about why not. Something had happened to him in the meantime, something dreadful that had wiped all the pep out of him.

"Nicky!" I cried, running over to him and grabbing him by the lapels. "What is it, Nicky? Oh! You look awful!"

"Bonnie, little Bonnie!" he says, putting both his hands over mine. Then he stopped short. It didn't seem like he could go on. Across the room Strickland's voice was flung at us like a hoot.

"Ha ha! I guess you can do with a little sympathy, eh, Mister Producer Nickolls?" says he. "So you were going to let me out of my contract because you didn't care for my influence on your lot! Oh, boy!"

"So it has got around already, has it?" says Nickolls quietly, leading me into the room. "You are very quick to blow with the wind, Strickland, but it's about what I would have expected of you."

"Say listen," says Strick, his face going kind of pasty with anger, and his eyes narrowing down to little black slits—"say listen, you're through telling me what I'm to do, see? Or what you think of me. I've taken a great deal of language from you on the lot, because I had to, but now I don't. And just kindly remember that I didn't have to accept the release you offered me yesterday. That contract is sound and I could sue you for six months' salary and get it! I expect you knew what was going to happen last night, when you offered to let me go! You knew the

(Continued on Page 30)

Sydney, Australia—Harbor and Botanical Gardens. The City Across the Harbor

A Car That Is Trusted the Whole World Over

In Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia—Everywhere Abroad— the Hupmobile Holds First Favor Among American Cars

Motor cars pour forth from Europe to all quarters of the world. They pour forth from America to every land where buyers are to be found.

If any car holds a special preference among these hundreds—even thousands—it is the Hupmobile.

The foreign motor car buyer—in Europe or elsewhere—buys with a fine knowledge of what is good and sound and substantial. He buys with an eye to reliability, and long life, and economy, as well as style and beauty.

He has the world's best to compare with and choose from. Yet his demand for the Hupmobile gives us an export volume out of all proportion to our total output—a volume which would be vastly larger if our home demand could be satisfied with fewer cars.

Europe began to know the Hupmobile almost as soon as America. Our first exports were made in 1909.

The next year the whole world saw the Hupmobile on tour. Saw it penetrate where no motor car had ever ventured before.

Far lands then began to learn—as America did also—what a car of Hupmobile stamina and stability was to mean to transportation.

From that time on—barring the interruption of the war and the post-war depression—the Hupmobile export volume has kept pace with increasing volume at home.

Photographed by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y

Canton, China—The Famous Flower Pagoda

Except in Russia and some of the Balkan States, the Hupmobile is represented today in all the countries of the world.

In such out-of-the-way quarters as the Straits Settlements, it is known and trusted the way it is known and trusted here in America. India thinks as highly of it as do the British Isles.

In the Fiji Islands, the Philippines, Australia, New Zealand and South America—in lands where anything less sturdy than Hupmobile construction means a short car-life—the name Hupmobile stands for faithful endurance on mountain trails and in the bush.

The qualities which give the Hupmobile the high place it holds abroad are the qualities which make it so well thought of at home.

In America, and abroad, the Hupmobile is liked and trusted for the sterling virtues which keep it out of the repair shop, and which enable it to do continually things that seem impossible for any car.

Hupp Motor Car Corporation
Detroit, Michigan

Hupmobile

(Continued from Page 28)

distributors wouldn't take your lousy picture, and you were trying to save your skin!"

Nicky went as white as a sheet and the strong muscles of his face commenced working strangely. He looked like a Japanese war god or something and I felt terribly afraid, while all across my mind blazed the terrible words like they was written in fire. "The distributors wouldn't take your picture." It was incredible, there must be some mistake! Nicky was moving slowly towards Strickland, his face still working, his hand clenched down at his sides by a terrible effort of self-control.

"You swine!" he says in a low voice like a lion snarling. "You low swine! That's a lie and you know it. The picture is one of the finest that has ever been made and you know that! I've endured your crawling around me as long as I can, but when you accuse me of the kind of cheating which comes naturally to your own rotten mind I'm through and I'm going to beat you up! Come outside!"

"Bonnie!" says Strick at the top of his voice. "Make him lay off!"

Nicky give an ugly laugh and shot out a big hand, landing in Greg's collar and jerking him away from the piano.

"Come out of this!" he says. "Or shall I have to carry you out before I pound you to death?"

"Nicky! Don't!" I cried, flying at him. "Don't dirty your hands. Please—oh, please don't fight!"

"Well, I don't want to fight!" says Greg, still shrill and high. "Leave me alone, Nickolls!"

"Oh, don't kill him, Nicky!" I says. "Please! Only pretty near kill him!"

"I can't fight a squash pie!" says Nicky disgustedly, having by then dragged Greg as far as the door. "He won't stand up long enough for me to knock him down!"

"I'll go! I'll go!" says Greg, being shoved out into the hall. "But you needn't think I'll forget this. I'll get square with you, you big roughneck! I'll get you yet!"

"Oh, put him out!" I cried.

And Nicky did, sending his pearl-gray hat and yellow cane after him and slamming the door hard. Then he come back into the room wiping his hands on a big linen handkerchief and smiling.

"There!" he says. "That's the first thing I have enjoyed in twenty-four hours! It's been coming to me for a long time, too!"

"Nicky," I cried, "sit down and tell me everything! What has happened? Why weren't you at my party last night and what is all this about Cinderella?"

The flush of triumph and satisfaction come right off of Nicky's map at this, and he looked old and worn again. "Little Bonnie," says he, "you don't think I'm a crook?"

"Don't be a dumb-bell!" says I. "I know you, Nicky. What's all this?"

"Bonnie," says he heavily, "one thing Strickland said was true. The distributors have refused the picture!"

"But they haven't seen it!" I gasped.

"They saw it last night," says Nicky briefly. "That was why I didn't come to your party."

"Sweet daddy!" says I. "How on earth did that happen?"

"Benny Silvercrown called me up at about four yesterday," says Nicky, "and said that he had to go out of town today and that several of the board were free for the evening. Naturally I suggested showing it. Well, I did!"

"And they turned it down?" I says, stunned. "But Nicky, it don't seem possible. Why, that picture is wonderful, any way you look at it. They must be crazy!"

"Crazy like a pack of foxes!" says Nicky bitterly.

"Benny is a business man and that's a great picture. It would earn him big money."

"It will be still more profitable for him to keep it off the market," says Nicky more quietly now. "I'll explain how it is, little Bonnie. You remember, of course, that the Big Egg threatened to break me? Well, he's done it, that's all. Thank God you won't lose anything! You can go right back to him."

"I won't!" I says indignantly. "I'm going to stay right where I am. With you."

Nickolls smiled and patted my hand.

"You don't get the idea, yet," he says. "You're a thoroughbred, Bonnie, but unfortunately there will be nothing to stick to. I'm broke. I'll have to go out and look for a job myself, and you will be obliged to do the same."

"But Cinderella ——" I commenced when he stopped me by a gesture.

"Silvercrown and Jago," says he, "with Knute, constitute the best distributing agency. I could state-right my picture, of course, and that is what I shall do. But it will be a slow business, and the chances are that I won't even get back the money I have put into it. Which of course precludes my going out after new capital."

"But can't you make Benny change his mind?" I says.

"Why should he change it?" Nickolls asked. "He will buy in that film cheap at the end of six months, and reissue it. It will not have been hurt in the meanwhile because only the program houses in a few small towns will have shown it. Probably he will retitle it, and send it out as a new issue. And in the meanwhile I will crawl back asking for work."

He buried his face in his hands, his strong fingers clutching at his curly hair. But somehow he didn't look broken, even in that position—only slightly bent, maybe. I laid a hand on his shoulder and he looked up into my eyes straight and clear, so that my heart just regularly ached for him.

"Nicky," I says solemnly, "I wouldn't say I don't care about Cinderella's not getting released, because I do—horribly! But I'll tell the world I would not give up having made it, and made it with you, and what is further, made it right, like we did, for all the success in the world. It's a great picture and you know it and I know it, and nobody can take that away from us. The experience we went through together in that work is something to keep sacred in this part of the country, and to—well, to sort of live by!"

Nicky didn't say anything for a moment. And then he leaned over and kissed me gently on the cheek.

"Little Bonnie, thank you!" he says. And then he got to his feet. "Well now, I have a lot of things to attend to," says he in a different voice, "and I'll have to dust. You take my advice and go to see Silvercrown. Benny has his eye on you and he'll grab you back."

"Never!" I says fiercely. "After he's pulled a dirty trick like that? Not much, I won't!"

"I like your spirit, child," says he, smiling sadly, "but it's not good sense. Think it over."

He started for the door, then thought of something and turned back.

"By the way," he says, "that revolver of mine—would you mind letting me have it?"

"Nicky!" I screamed, a sudden coldness coming over me. He frowned slightly and shook his head.

"Bonnie, Bonnie, I thought you knew me better!" says he reproachfully. "I wouldn't do a thing of that sort. Why child, I'm not a quitter, I'm a fighter! This will be an interlude for me, that's all. I'll go back and lie low, and later, try again."

"Oh, Nicky, excuse me, please!" I says, half crying "And, Nicky, I haven't got the gun. Honest I haven't. Greg Strickland took it. I saw it on him last night. I'm awful sorry."

"Well, never mind," says Nicky. "It belonged to my dad, that's why I asked for it. Confound that skunk of a Strickland, I don't want him to have it, either. Well, so long, Bonnie, and don't you worry about my committing suicide—I'm too interested in pictures for that!"

For a long time after the outside door had closed upon Nicky I stood looking out the window, face to face with a nodding spray of heliotrope from the vine around the frame.

The soft wind brought in that everlasting smell of cedar wood burning and crude oil and dried eucalyptus leaves. And now the perfume of the heavy heliotrope clusters too. I kind of bathed my face in it, not trying to think quite yet, but feeling awful tired and let down. Far away at the other end of the house I could hear voices talking, but they didn't mean anything to me. I felt like nothing was going to mean anything to me ever again.

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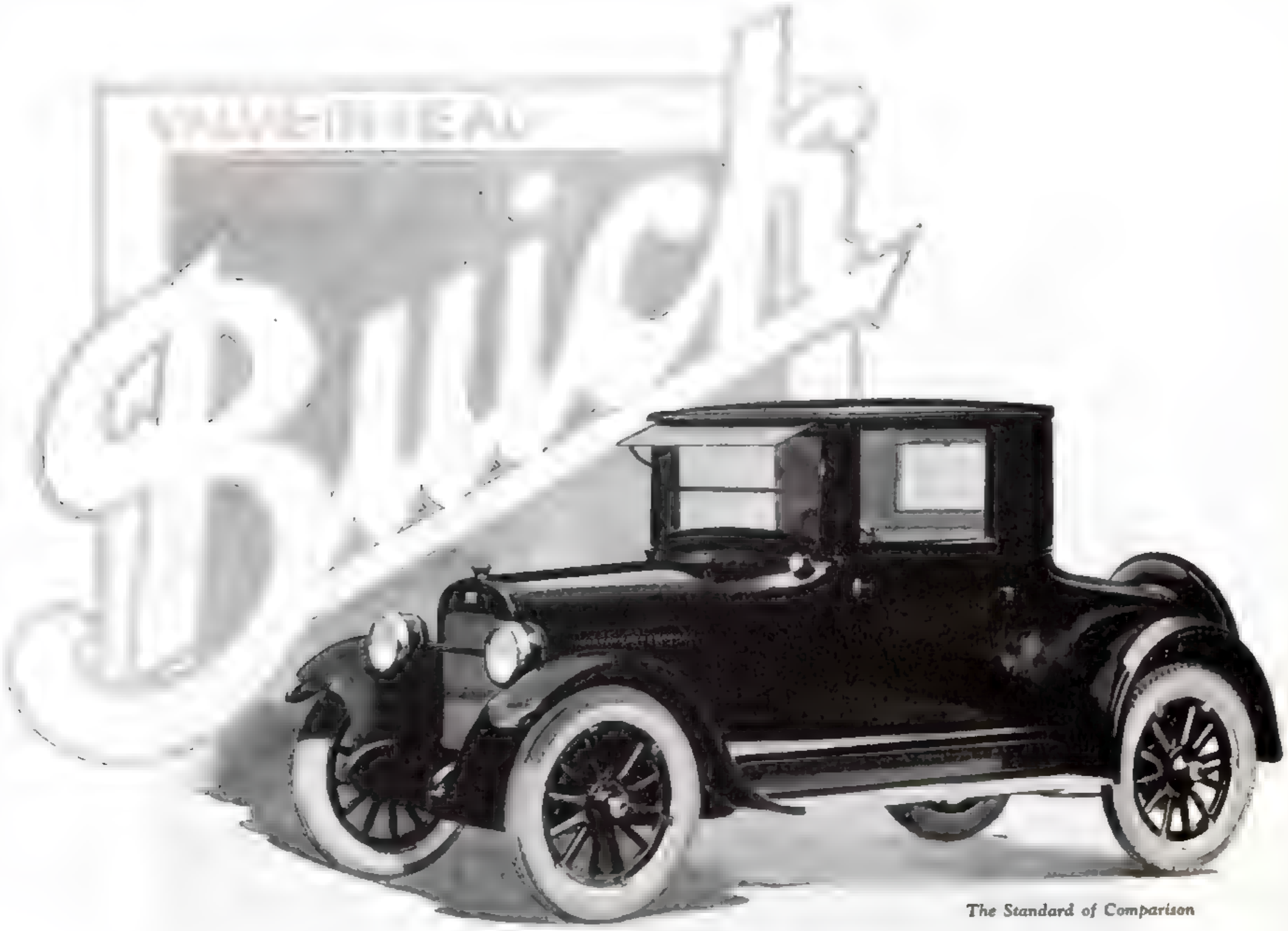
I Pointed at My Early Spanish Phonograph With a Dramatic Finger. "Kill That Number!" I Says. "I Can't Stand It?"



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A Luxurious Coupé for Three

The 1923 Buick Four

Bringing comfort and refinements heretofore found only in costly closed cars, the Buick four-cylinder three-passenger coupé meets a need which for years has gone unattended.

It is every inch a car of distinction. The low all-metal body, custom-built by Fisher, is enhanced by the high lines of the hood, the graceful sweep of the full crowned fenders and the handsome drum-type head lights and cowl lights.

The very wide doors swing open to reveal an interior finished and upholstered in fine plush, and set off by fittings of distinctive pattern. There is a heater for cold weather, and the cowl ventilator, adjustable windshield, and disappearing door windows assure complete comfort for summer driving.

In this splendid car, as in each of the other thirteen new Buick models, improvements in the famous Valve-in-Head motor, in the springs, frame, and every other important unit of the chassis, have kept pace with the more obvious body changes. Yet, in the midst of this remarkable progress, the time-proven Buick fundamentals of reliability and ruggedness remain—the new Buick Four Coupé is altogether a finer car.

Among other items of the complete equipment are: transmission lock, dome light, adjustable sun-shade, improved hood catches, flush door with lock giving access to large luggage space under rear deck, cord tires, transmission speedometer drive, aluminum steering wheel spider. Class "A" fire insurance rating. $1176 f. o. b. Flint

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BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

Branches in All Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere

THE BOOTLEGGERS

VI

By Samuel G. Blythe

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL FOSTER

I DIDN'T dast take my thugs out on any train with me in a bunch, or even start them together. The rawest cop on the force would have run in that outfit if he saw it crossin' Seventh Avenue; or the railroad bulls would pinch them before they got halfway to the train shed. So I sent them to Philadelphia on different trains with word for all of them to meet up in a certain place in Camden. When I figgered they all was there I went down to Camden myself, and took Billy, my shoffer, with me, a wise kid.

The plot was to get them out of Camden in automobiles and run them down to a place on the Jersey shore just inside Delaware Bay around from Cape May Point, and there is where we was to pick up the tug. That was The Works' plot. Ours was different. I hires a couple of automobiles from a garage man in Camden I knows to be safe, and tells the drivers and them, that we are to meet up with the tug at a cove north of where Alloway Creek runs into the Delaware, which ain't far from Salem, and pretty soon they was on their way, with me to foller. It worked fine. Them thugs went to that cove, but what they done there I ain't heard, because the drivers' orders was to dump them there, and beat it back, as they was to go off on the tug. They may be waitin' there yet for all I know.

I Was for Askin' Who They Was, But Before I Could Say Anythin' the Captain Hollers "Come Ahead!"

I gets another car and Billy drives me down to Fishin' Creek, which is a long piece south from where my pirate protectors is landed, and which is the right place where my dope is to meet the tug. Charley is there with his bunch—seven of them, and all lookin' the part so far as bein' hard-boiled is concerned.

After I looks them over I says to Charley, "They ain't a one of them birds that wouldn't drill a hole in you for a ten spot."

"Sure," says Charley, "or for nothin' if he felt like it; but cheer up. The skipper here has got them eatin' outen his hand, and he'll get a bonus over his pay if he pulls it off right. He's got a bean. He knows he can't do nothin' with the booze if he takes it, and on that account he'll shoot square."

"That's the only account, I suppose," I says.

"I guess yes," says Charley, "but it's good enough so far."

"So far?" I begins.

"Aw, quit your bellyachin'," says Charley. "You didn't think we could put this over with the Y. M. C. A., did you?"

I couldn't think of no come-back, and let it drop. We loafed around until night come, and not long after dark we see some flashes offshore. I counted them, and they was right, so I answered back with my flash, and pretty soon a small boat come in and took us off, all but Charley.

"Good luck," he says. "I'll beat it up where the trucks is to be, and meet you there."

This skipper that Charley brings along is a quiet sort of a bird, but hard. He don't say much when I talk it over with him, but lets on he understands his play, which is to lay off until the booze is aboard, and then to stick up the crew and take the tug where I tells him to. He says he ain't put his gang wise yet to the play, and that he won't until it is ready to come off because some of them might try to start somethin' previous, and besides he wants to have a look around and see what the layout is. He talked fair enough, what little he did talk, but I kept a close eye on him, because I knew I wouldn't have a Chinaman's chancet if he wanted to cross me.

The tug was standin' by out a ways, with no more lights showin' than was necessary, and the regular skipper of her says that now we are on deck he'll slip out a few miles more, steering towards where he has the word the booze ship will be, and wait for the sign, which he expects about nine o'clock or such a matter. So we sit around and don't say much until it's 9:30, and then the tug captain, who is up in the steerin' house, picks up the signal: Two long white flashes, two short whites, a red, and a long white.

He sends for me and says, "There she is."

"Where?"

"Off the port bow," he says.

That don't mean nothin' to me, so I asks again, "Where?"

"Got the signal a minute ago," he says.

"But you ain't movin', and I didn't see no answer to it."

"'Sall right," he tells me. "I ain't showin' nothin' until she comes oncet more. I ain't takin' no chancet a-tall," he says. "Gotta be sure."

So we stood lookin' off into the dark for a spell, and then she shows again. I counted the lights myself: Two long whites, two shorts, a streak of red, and a long white.

"That's her," says the captain, and he monkeys around with some kind of a switchboard, and I see some lights flashin' out in front, but I didn't get wise to just what they was.

"Now," says he, "if she shows a white and a green, that will cinch it, and we'll beat it for the booze."

Pretty soon I seen a white and a green off over the water, and the captain rings a bell and the tug begins to churn along towards where the lights showed. It wasn't what you would call a pitch-dark night, but it was dark enough, and they wasn't no moon. That had all been figgered out. The captain held her nose out to sea pretty steady for a spell, and then he began lookin' out pretty hard and flashin' a light now and then. It wasn't long until he got an answerin' flash or two, and half an hour later we was alongside the ship, which was a rusty old hooker of medium size, and when we had made fast the captain went aboard.

They wasn't much sea on, and the two ships just swung back and forth together. Not a light showed nowhere. I climbed up a sort of ladder they let down, and as I come over the side I could make out the booze all stacked up on the deck ready to shift. They had got it all out of down below by the time we was alongside.

"Stay here," says the feller who give us a hand to help us over the side, and pretty soon another feller shows up out of the dark, and I could see he was carryin' a gat in his hand that looked as big as a cannon.

"Who be you?" he asked.

"I'm the agent of The Works," I told him.

"Got your paper?"

"Yes."

"Foller me."

I follered him along the deck and down a stairway to a cabin. They was a lamp burnin'. "Show me," he says, not lettin' go of that gat for a second.

I dug up my tore piece of paper, and he backs over to the light, and digs up his piece. They fit perfect of course.

"All right," he says. "Now let's get busy."

So we went up on deck and he passed the word, and in no time the winches was workin' and the crew was stackin' the stuff in a big net that the derrick picked up and swung over the side and lowered to the tug. The tug captain had gone down to the tug, and he superintended the stowin' of the stuff. It was amazin' how quick and quiet it was. The winches must have been greased all over, and the big net took about a coupla hundred cases at a clip, so, checkin' off and all, it didn't take half a hour to shift it.

"All here," says the tug captain. The crew undid the lines and the tug backed away.

"Good luck," the ship captain hollers down. "Don't show no lights for a spell, if any. I'll be on my way in three minutes. Don't let no pirates get you. So long."

"So long," we hollers back at him, and kept on backin' and pretty soon the shape of the ship fades off into the black of the night.

Then our captain rings a few bells, and so on, and we changes course, and starts up full speed.

"We're off," he said, "to a flyin' start."

Well, ten minutes after he said it he grabs a pair of glasses that was standin' by him and looks out over the water to the left and ahead. I ain't wise to the sailor slang, so I can't put no ship twist to where it was, but it was to the left, and ahead.

"What the hell's that?" he says.

"I didn't see nothin'," I tells him, which was the truth.

"You wouldn't," he says, "but I seen a flash of light out there."

"Might be the other ship," I says.

"Yes," he comes back, kind of savage, "and it might be the Absecon Light, but it ain't. The other ship's off to starboard now. There it is again."

He rung a bell and the old tug jumped ahead into the water like somebody had stepped on all the gas she had.

(Continued on Page 34)

FISHER BODIES

When the motor car salesman points to the now familiar symbol and says: "You see the body is by Fisher," he feels sure that you will understand that he has paid the highest tribute words can convey.

We are deeply sensible of the responsibility which rests upon us by reason of the high regard in which Fisher bodies are held.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
DETROIT CLEVELAND ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT.

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"It might be the revenoos," says the captain, "or it might be booze pirates, or it might be nothin'; but whatever it is will have to go some to ketch me."

We was hittin' it up as fast as we could make it, and both of us kept lookin' back for anythin' that showed. Pretty soon the cap says, "Whatever it is is gainin'. Power boat, most likely, and can run rings around us."

"Is it pirates?" I asked him, thinkin' this was more than we figgered on and feelin' kind of sick over the idea of losin' the booze that was just as good as ours, as you might say.

"Dunno. Might be. Better git that gang of gunfighters ready to repel boarders," he says. "Lodgers, too, fur that matter," he says. "If they get to us they'll hang on, you kin make a book on that."

I got down to my gang as soon's I could and told them what the captain suspicioned. The captain come along right after me, and he says for the gunmen to scrunch down low and to shoot quick and straight if they is any attempt to get aboard us, no matter whether it is officers or pirates or what.

"They won't be thinkin' they's anybody aboard but the reg'lar crew," he says, "and we can turn twelve or fifteen guns loose on them to once, and they'll think they've hit a battleship, and quit."

Well, my men was willin' enough and they gimme a gun, and everybody but the men down in the engine room and the man at the wheel got ready, most of them with two guns apiece, one in each hand. So we stuck there, and we could hear the exhaust of a engine off on the water, and the captain says whatever it is is coming strong. We kept going as fast as we could, but pretty soon the boat shows plain, comin' like a runaway seaplane, and a guy hollers for us to lay to.

"Wait," says the captain. "Don't do nothin'."

We didn't, and not long after, somebody fired a couple of shots after us, and then the power boat run up right close.

"Slow down," come bellerin' over the water at us. "We're wantin' that booze and unless you give it up peaceful we'll get rough and come and take it."

I was for askin' who they was, but before I could say anythin' the captain hollers "Come ahead!" and he strung a lot of names along with it that would of made a parson fight.

"You're on," says the bull voice, and a flash is turned on us for a few seconds. It sort of blinded me, but the captain says they was turnin' in, and not to shoot until they gets up close.

I was pretty sore by this time, what with thinkin' I might lose out after all, and as soon as I could make out the shape of the boat in the dark I hollered "Give 'em hell!" and cut loose with my gat. Then everybody cut loose too. It sounded like a shootin' gallery gone crazy with the heat. They shot back some, but not much, and we kept pumpin' at them heavy. Nobody on our side was hit.

"Hold on," hollers the captain after a spell. "I think they've beat it."

We quit and listened, but we couldn't see nothin' or hear nothin'. "It might be we plugged one or two of them," says the captain, "or maybe they got the idea we was too many for them. Anyhow, I guess they're gone, but we'll stick around with our artillery for a spell to make sure."

All this time we was hittin' it up for the place on the Jersey shore where The Works' trucks was to be, and I was gittin' nervous. They wasn't no use of our tryin' to hold up the boat when some of the crew was there with gats in each hand. That would mean a lot of killin' maybe, and I wasn't anxious to be in on no murder on the high seas if my play could be made any other way.

I walks down the deck a piece with my skipper and asks him how about it.

"Plenty of time," says he. "The nearer we are to port the shorter time we'll have to keep them cooped up. They's no use wadin' into them now and gettin' all messed up. Be calm," he says, "and when it's ripe I'll pick it."

But all the time we was poundin' up towards the wrong landin' place—that is, the wrong one from my standpoint. There was all that booze just waitin' for me to grab it off, but there was the captain stickin' around, and some hardy lookin' birds of his crew. They didn't seem to have nothin' on their minds but just to be there instead of sleepin' or somethin'. The only ones that was workin' was the guy up steerin' the boat and the ones down in the engine room keepin' her goin'. She was goin', too—churnin' along all right so far's I could see. But she wasn't goin' where I wanted her to be.

I was gettin' nervouser and nervouser and thinkin' I'd tell my skipper to pull it off and get it over, when he edges up to me and says, "You got a gun, ain't you?"

"Yes," I tells him.

"Well," he says, "now's a good time. I hear the captain pass the word to have some coffee made, and when it comes you be over by the wheel house and as soon as we start you beat it up there and put your gun on the steersman, and keep it onto him until I get there. Don't shoot him, you know; just poke your gun into his ribs and tell him to keep on steerin'. That's all you got to do. If he shows fight you plug him, but he won't."

Them instructions didn't add none to my comfort, for I ain't no stick-up man, but they didn't seem to be no room for a kick. So I says all right, and fooled around kind of careless like until I was in a place where I could make my deebut as a gunman, and believe me I wasn't in no happy frame of mind, for that bird up there might not be reasonable, and the idea of drillin' a hole in him didn't give me no kick. But I was in it now, and I got to go through.

"You are Not Hitting on All Twelve Cylinders Today, Sophie," He Said. "I am Surprised at You"

VII

WHEN it come off it come off so slick you'd think my gang had been rehearsin' it for a week. If that crew had of been a lot of amachures they would of tried to fight, like amachures always does, but they was wiseheimers. They knew the thing to do when a gun is poked at you is to do what the gent with the gun says, and not put up no squawk about it. A hull lot of people that's dead would be alive now if they had done what they was told to do by hold-ups and such. This idea of tryin' to get back at a guy who's got a gun held onto you ain't got no nourishment to it. A lot of folks who passed out sudden because they put up a fight didn't get the right angle on it. The gun end of a play like that is the winnin' end, because it is always the gunman's move, and usin' the gun if he has to is his game. You can't beat a man at his own game, specially when it's any such desprit game as that, and the feller what's playin' it wouldn't be playin' it with a gun if he wasn't prepared to use his gun if he has to. Any man who starts anythin' in such a play starts a hundred in the hole.

Now this crew, bein' sort of in the business themselves, and off watch and drinkin' their coffee besides, didn't need to be told twicet. They stuck 'em up when they got the word, and kept 'em up. The skipper attended to the captain. He was right over beside him and had his men scattered around near the others. The captain was blowin' on his coffee to cool it when the skipper hollers "All right, boys; let's go!"

He pokes his gun into the captain's ribs and says "Put 'em up, buddy."

"What the —" hollers the captain, spillin' his coffee and reachin' for his gat.

Quicker than a flash my skipper turned his gun in his hand and fetches the captain a wallop on the head with the butt of it that I could hear the thud of over where I was. The captain kind of staggered some, threw his hands out, and then his knees sort of bent out and back, and he fell sprawlin' on the deck. My skipper frisked him quick, took his two guns and thrun them overboard.

"Get their guns," he hollers to the fellers who was holdin' the crew; and they did, and thrun them overboard too.

Well, while this was comin' off I was up into where the bird was steerin', and a lot more scared than he ever was I jabbed my gun into his back and says "Keep steerin' straight ahead, bo, or I'll blow a hole in you."

He turned his head a little, wiggled his back to make sure it was a gun that was proddin' him, and says, as cool as if he was use to havin' them sort of steerin' orders, "Straight ahead it is."

The skipper herded the crew down into their bunks and put a couple of his men standin' guard over them with orders not to let them out, first havin' gone through their stuff to see they was no more artillery around. Then he passes a few turns of rope around the captain, to hold him safe for a spell, and goes down to the engine room with a couple of his fellers. Those birds down in the engine room doesn't know anythin' has come off, for no shots was fired, and they is surprised when the skipper shows and tells them to go right ahead as they have been goin' and that his fellers will stick around and see to it that they does, and that, furthermore, one of these guys is an engineer and it won't be healthy to try no monkey business.

"Right-o," says the engineer, and things run along as usual down there.

So he sends up a feller to relieve me in my job, and I goes down on the deck, and just as I come along the tug captain, who is roped up good, begins to laugh.

"What's the joke, buddy?" asks my skipper.

"I am," says the captain. "Me. It gives me the laugh of my life to think I was so damn particular to stave off them other pirates when I had a cargo of real ones right aboard with me. Oh, boy, that's what I call bein' made a sucker of, right."

"Glad you take it that way," says my skipper. "Lemme loose them ropes and go on down to your bunk. Sorry I had to lam you, but that's better than bumpin' you off. You just lay down there quiet, and when we get through you can have your boat back and no harm done."

"Suppose I don't?" says the captain.

"There'll be a man hangin' round to see to it you do," says the skipper, "and he's got orders not to be so gentle with you as I was."

"In that case," answers the captain, giving in, "lead me to it."

So they steered him, kind of wabbly, down to his place, and a man stood guard mount over him, and then the skipper goes up and takes charge. He sets the course of the boat to where we are goin' and makes it clear to the bird who is steerin' at the time that he knows the navigatin' game.

"You keep on that course," says he to the steerer, givin' him the dope, "and if you don't I'll find it out ten minutes after you shift, and you won't do no more sailorin' for quite a spell," he says.

The feller was wise. He done what he was told. He had to.

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PACKARD
RE-DISCOVERS
AMERICA

THOSE who dedicate their lives to the fabrication of fine things are nearly always a little fearful that only the few will care to buy them. The result is restricted production. The result of this is inefficiency. And the result of that is an excessively high price. The few are penalized because the man who makes the fine things fears that they will not appeal to the many. ❦ Packard has proven that in America any such fear is baseless. Building the very best has always seemed to Packard the only thing worth while. Time was, however, when it is possible that we proceeded too cautiously as to production. ❦ Then we re-discovered America. We found out not merely how large it was, but how large and how fine were the aspirations of its people. There, we finally realized, was the much larger Packard market waiting with its arms outstretched. There was a positive eagerness for the exclusive excellence the Packard embodied. ❦ In finding that greater market we also found ourselves. We found that the millions Packard expended in attaining that exclusive excellence meant little or nothing when distributed over the larger sales area. When the burden was lifted from the few, the one-time luxury became *unprecedented* value for the many. ❦ In re-discovering America we hope and think we are making industrial history. The same discriminating people in every city and town throughout the length and breadth of the land who have overwhelmed us with an eager clamor for the Packard Single-Six are waiting, we believe, for other manufacturers of other fine things to re-discover America and find themselves. We offer to them the encouragement of our experience and our good wishes; and to the public our appreciation.

Alvan Macauley

President
Packard Motor Car Company

AMERICA
RE-DISCOVERS
PACKARD

(Continued from Page 34)

Well, the hull play was over in fifteen minutes, slick and clean, and nobody killed and not nobody hurt except the captain had a bump on the conk. They jammed that old tug through the water like she was racin' with the Olympic. After a while my skipper says he thinks he will go up and steer some himself, bein' as he ain't had no exercise for a while and likes the feel of the spokes in his hand, and so on, and he has the other steerer stuck down with the rest of the crew, and takes holt.

He figgers, he tells me, that we ought to be makin' our destination in about a couple of hours, or maybe three, which will give us time to get the stuff off before it gets too light in the mornin'. I watches him close, but can't see nothin' suspicious. He looks like he is shootin' square, but anyhow I can't help myself none if he ain't. I figger that Charley Semmler knew him to be right, and that he prob'ly is.

I never was so wrong in my life. I might of knowed that a bird like that, so workmanlike and with so good a bean, wouldn't be sucker enough to be square in a deal like this, and he wasn't. After a while it kind of thickened up off to one side, and he says to me, "That's land." He was takin' a spell offen the wheel at the time.

"What land?" I asks him.

"Where we're goin', provided ——" he says.

"Provided what?"

"Provided I get a right split on this."

"Split? Where do you get that stuff?" I asks him, hard as I could make it, but feelin' a sinkin' inside, just the same. "You got yours."

"I got a advance," he says, "but not full pay. What kind of a boob do you think I am to pull this for you crooks, and let you get away with it for only wages? How many ways does this split?"

"Three ways," I tells him.

"Well, make it four, and I'll take one."

"That's robbery," I says; and I says a lot of other things too. He listens all quiet enough, and when I get out of breath and cuss words he says, "Sure, it's robbery," he says, "but what's what you're doin', may I ask? Ain't that robbery too? And us robbers has got to stick together."

"It can't be done," I says very firm, but knowin' I am on a losin' card as the deal lays.

"Oh, yes, it can," he says. "This here booze won't be docked nowhere where you want it to be unless I'm in on the split," he says.

We jawed back and forth for a spell, but I couldn't make a dent in him. He had the edge on me. So I finally says all right, and begins to stiffen myself up for the holler Sophie and Charley would make. He had me dead.

So, a while later, we run up to a place where they'd been a fishin' camp, which was our place, and the tug slipped alongside a rickety old dock where they was posts to tie to, and made fast. He was a slick sailor, that boy. We got in there without no more noise than as if we was rubber-tired. Sophie and Charley was waitin' on the dock. This was about four o'clock in the mornin'. I see that Sophie is carryin' a small black suitcase, and figger it is some sort of woman's fixin's she brings along, because Sophie don't never let herself get sloppy no matter where she is.

VIII

"HELLO," pipes Sophie. "Glad to meet you. How's every little thing?"

"Rotten," I says.

"Didn't you get it?" squawks both Sophie and Charley in one squawk.

"Sure I got it."

"Well, the trucks is ready. What's the matter?"

"This bird here," says I, pointing to the skipper, "won't let go without we declare him in, same as we are."

The skipper stood alongside me, and nodded that that was right when Charley and Sophie threw the eye onto him. I could see Charley swellin' up and gettin' ready to blow off, but Sophie smiled and was as pleasant as a cup of tea.

"Fair enough," she says. "He deserves it. He took the big share of the risk."

"What the ——" I sputters, and Charley looks at her as if she is gone nuts all of a sudden. Sophie stands there, smilin' like she was tickled pink to split with this crook, and Charley and me both falls that they's a hen on, because Sophie wouldn't give up no such split as that with nobody without it was over her dead body. I don't know what's comin' off, but Sophie gives us the high sign not to horn in, and we stands quiet and waits for the play.

"Fair enough," she says, sweeter than molasses. "I think it is perfectly right. He took a great risk. Don't you think so, Charley?"

"Seems kind of high," says Charley, "lookin' at it one way and bein' as we paid him for the job, but I kin see they is a good ground for his holler lookin' at it another," he says.

I was still hot under the collar and puts in, "It's robbery! I ——" But the skipper stops me with "We've had our talk, Mr. Dunn, and you've agreed already"; and Sophie gives me a look that says as plain as words: "Lay off, you boob, and let me handle this." So I quit.

"What's the plot?" asks the skipper.

"Put it on the dock," says Sophie, very pointed. "You ain't takin' any risk. If we don't come across you can put it back on the boat, can't you? We can't stop you, not with them thugs you've got back of you."

"That's right too," says the skipper, and they begun shiftin' the stuff to the dock. What with the regular crew workin' under his orders and them of his men that wasn't needed to keep the crew goin' and prevent accidents like the tug captain bustin' out, and so on, they was men enough to shift the stuff in jig time. Sophie and Charley and me checks it up, and finds it right. So, when it's all landed the skipper says, keepin' four of his men on guard over it, and all of them with guns, "There it is, and I won't stand for nothin' less than eighty bucks a case for it. That's forty grand for me."

"Wait a minute," says Sophie, calm as a summer mornin'. "You said you want a four-way split on this, didn't you?"

"That's what I said."

"Well, a four-way split don't give you no forty grand. You're flyin' too high. We ain't gettin' no eighty bucks a case for this. That's about all the party we're sellin' it to can get. We ain't fixed to store it and handle it no more than you are. We had to turn it over to some bird that is regular in the business in the big town."

"What are you gettin'?" asks the skipper, very suspicious

"Fifty a case," she says.

"Nix," says he. "Don't believe it."

"All right," she says. "I ain't goin' to argue with you. That's what we're gettin'—fifty a case. If you think I'm stringin' you you've got your come-back. Put it on the boat again and beat it, and see what you can do with it without no organization to handle it. You'll be in jail forty minutes after you try to sell the first case. You don't think them birds up there that's got their money tied up in this game is goin' to let a outsider like you bust in on them, do you? They'll tip you off to the prohibitioners and the cops the minute you show with a bottle of it, and you know it."

Sophie's talk got under this crook's skin, because they wasn't nothin' to it but what she said. They'd land him so quick it would make his head swim if he tried to bull into their market with any such big bunch of booze as that. He was no fool about them things, that skipper, and he see that she was talkin' sense.

"All right," he says. "Gimme twenty-five, then. And hurry up. It'll be day pretty soon."

"Furthermore," says Sophie, "we didn't get cash money, because The Works and Condorelli is the only two parties that could dig up a hundred grand in cash, and we couldn't go to neither of them."

"What did you get?" asks the skipper, very savage. "I O U's?"

"No," says Sophie sweetly. "We got gold bonds that is better'n money, because they got interest attached."

"Bonds?" asks the skipper. "What kind of bonds?"

"This kind," says Sophie, openin' the suitcase she had, and diggin' out a bale of bonds that looks like a million dollars. "Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad gold-certificate bonds, bearin' 4 per cent interest. Look 'em over."

She stripped off a few and handed them to the skipper, and as he was lookin' at them she goes on: "These here bonds is a thousand-dollar bonds and they is backed by one of the biggest railroad companies in the country. Owin' to the depression in all securities they are now sellin' for eighty-one. Here," she says, handin' out a coupla New York newspapers. "You can see for yourself."

She turns the papers open to the financial pages, and I hold a small flash on them and she points out, in the bond transactions: "Chic R I & P gen 4's 81-82½."

"Look at both papers," she says, "so you'll see what I'm tellin' you is true."

The other paper had it the same.

"Now," says Sophie, "we're gettin' a hundred grand for this stuff—fifty a case—and as the bonds is less than par we made the deal at eighty to save figgerin'. So that gives us a hundred and twenty grand in bonds to make up the hundred grand in cash."

"What'll I do with them?" says the skipper, who was gettin' anxious to break away, and who didn't want the booze and did want a cut in on it.

"Why," says she, "you can sell them at any time in any broker's office. They're just the same as cash for the market price, and you're gettin' them a shade under. You can feed 'em out as you want the money, or can sell 'em in a bunch. Any broker will handle them. They're just the same as cash."

All this time Charley and me was standin' around playin' up to Sophie as well's we could. I didn't get it, and I could see Charley didn't get it, neither. It was all Yid to us, but we has faith in Sophie and stands in to make her play as good as we can.

"Take it or leave it," says Sophie. "We're satisfied with this sort of pay, and you can see that because we've took the bonds for ours and here they are; and if we're satisfied you've got no call to be holdin' out for cash when bonds is good enough for us," she says. "Do you want thirty of these babies," she says, "or don't you? Talk quick if you want to deal, or if you don't. We can't be standin' here until daylight either way."

I could see she had him out on a limb. He wasn't use to bonds, and didn't savvy them very good, but Sophie sort of made it stick we was takin' them, and riffled her hull stack before him so's he could see that her claim they was full pay would stick. And he knew well enough he'd be a lobster tryin' to handle that booze himself, and he didn't see nobody there he could sell it to, the trucks bein' held back on the road a piece until it was sure the stuff was landed. I made a bluff about not givin' a hoot which way it broke, bein' sick of the hull game, and not havin' no desire to land in the hoosegow because of bein' found there with a lot of booze and a boneheaded crook who didn't know gold certificates when he saw them.

He hesitated, but finally, as the sky was beginnin' to streak with dawn and he knew he had to fish or cut bait, he said, "Gimme them."

Sophie stripped thirty bonds offen her bunch and handed them to him.

"Now beat it," she said. "Get that hooker outa here because when it comes light she'll be spotted sure, and we'll all be pinched."

I was afraid he'd cross us again, and had my hand on my gun to plug him if he did, disregardless of what happened, because I was so sore it hurt all over, thinkin' of how he had held us up for twenty-five thousand good big iron men. He didn't. He was too eager to get away and land the boat somewheres. He see it was no good to stick there, because he was out in the brush, and he could get nearer to where he wanted to be in the boat and they was no chancet of the boat crew tippin' him off, because they was in it as deep as he was. So he tells his men to get back aboard, and in five minutes he was churnin' out to sea again.

"Now," says Sophie, "let's go up and get our dough, and beat it ourselves."

"Get our dough?" says I. "What's that you got there?"

"That, my son," says Sophie, "is a bunch of waste paper worth about four cents a pound."

"I don't get you," says I.

"You wouldn't," says Sophie, "havin' always been on the sucker's end of Wall Street. I was on the other end, you know. These here is bonds put out by the old Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad that they defaulted on eight or nine years ago, and then went out of business, and they ain't worth nothin' because they have no connection with the new reorganized company. Them quotations I showed him in the papers was for bonds put out by the new company. That was easy because the new bonds has the same name and interest as this junk, but not the same dates. These here are the bonds maturin' in 2002, A. D.," she says, "and that's how to tell 'em. Of course he's too much of a hick to know that, smart as he thinks he is. As a financier he's a good sailor," she says. "Now let's get back to the trucks. It's gettin' late, and we've got some collectin' to do."

"But," I says, "how did you happen to have them with you?"

"Oh," she says, "I had a hunch and brung them along in case of accident. You never can tell," she says, "when stuff like this will come in handy. I've seen a lot of them used in my day, because they look like the real thing, and the stuff them railroad guys pull is too deep for folks who is interested in gettin' somethin' for nothin'. You'd be surprised how suckers fall for them. I could of sold them to you."

"Can that," I tells her; "but, at that, I've got to hand it to you. That was clever stuff all right. My hat's off to you."

"Put it on," says Sophie, "and let's get busy."

Well, the trucks was back a bit, and we went up and gives them the word that the stuff was on the dock. So the pay-off man comes down, and they count up, and it's all correct, and, to make a long story short, Sophie gets our dough, bein' as she made the deal, and in half an hour we are beatin' it for the big town in a car and I was feelin' fine, and glad to get out of the mess.

"That's a good week's work," I says; "thirty grand apiece."

"How do you get that way?" asks Sophie. "Thirty grand?"

"Well, ain't it?"

"It's forty."

"How do you figger it? We get fifty bucks a case, and our expenses is about ten thousand."

"Sixty-five bucks, son," says Sophie.

"Right," says Charley.

"But you said fifty."

"Yes, and I said them bonds was good too. We landed a live one in this deal—a new one."

"Who's that?" I asks.

"John P. Wilkes."

"Never heard of him."

"Prob'ly not," says Sophie, "but you will, from now on."

IX

MRS. SOPHIE CARO, bootlegger, speaking:

There was an actress friend of mine in the Hotel Splendide in need of a bottle of gin. She telephones out that the Sahara Desert was a cloudburst compared to the dryness of her room, and couldn't I do something to relieve the drought as she was afraid of the stuff the bellboys and the hotel detectives and the waiters had for sale. I had a little real Berry Brothers London tucked away, and I was bringing her a couple of bottles to help her roll the clouds away when who should I meet in the lobby but John P. Wilkes.

"Why, Mr. Wilkes," I said, "I am glad to see you. It's been a long time since we met. How are you?"

"Fine. And you?"

"Never better."

"You look the part. What's the good word?"

"Oh, nothing much. I'm still a poor working girl doing the best she can to make an honest living."

"Having any luck?"

"Now and then I get my hands on a piece of change. Nothing to boast of, but I'm eating regular."

"What's the lay?" he asked me—"if I'm not too inquisitive."

"Not at all. I'm doing a little bootlegging here and there."

"Is that so? Well, they tell me that's a good game if you are in right. How are you fixed?"

"Pretty fair. I've been working for Jacobson."

"I know about him. Good-sized operator, I hear. Satisfied with your job?"

"Oh, so-so. It might be worse."

"Might be better, too, I suppose?"

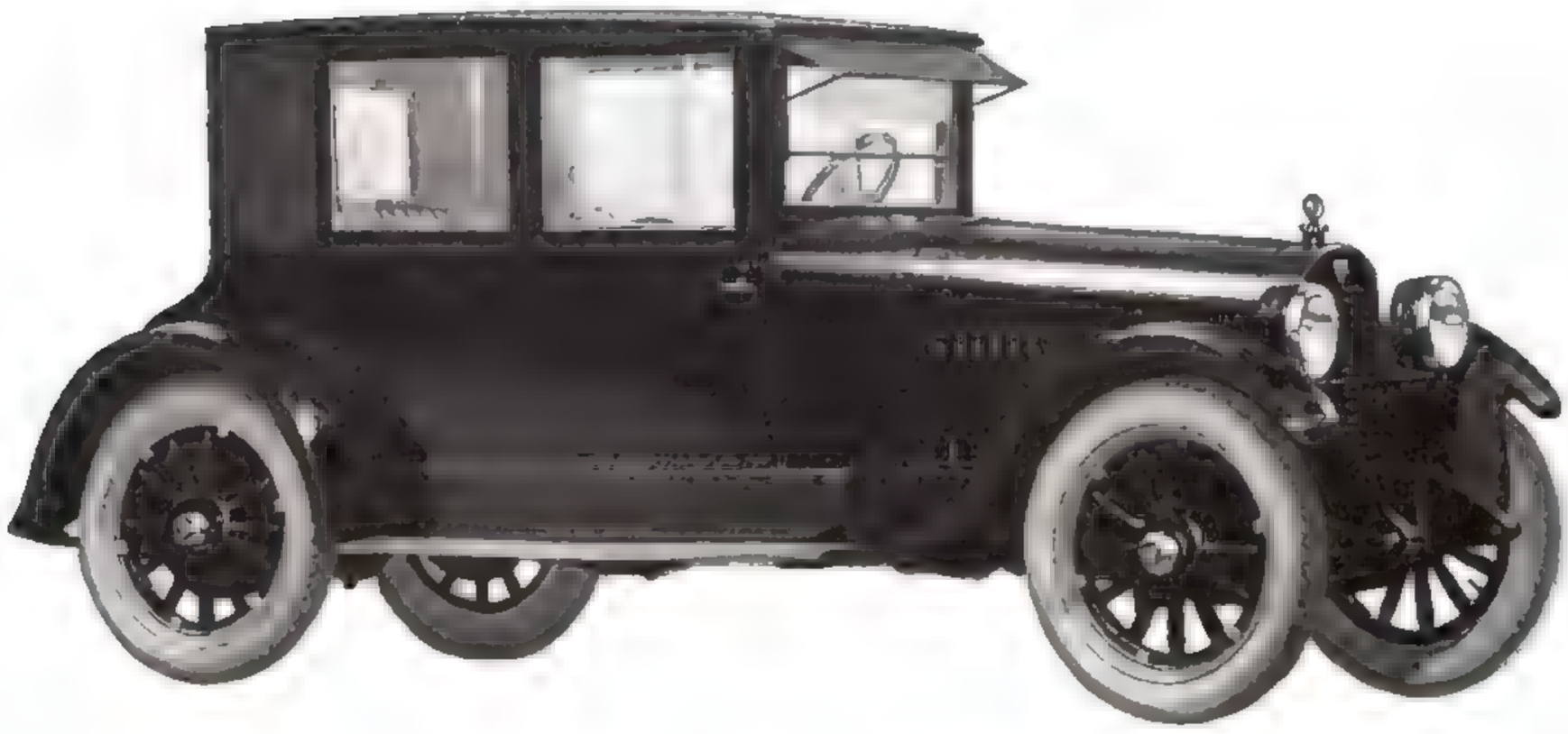
"Sure."

"Well, Sophie," he said, "come on over here and sit down and let's have a talk. I might find a way to use you."

That surprised me. "You use me?" I said. "Why, I thought you had so much money you retired and became a respectable leading citizen or something."

"I tried it, Sophie, but it's a dull life. I tried collecting books, and breeding blooded cattle, and playing golf, but none of them give me any kick. I need excitement and adventure, so I have been looking into the bootlegging business some lately."

(Continued on Page 38)



The Coach—All Closed Car Advantages $1745

"Hudson Has a New Motor"

How often that remark is heard whenever automobiles are talked about.

No car ever had a more famous motor than the Super-Six.

It made motor history on the speedway—in road contests—in mountain climbs and in endurance runs. Some of its records remain unmatched after six years of assault by world famous cars.

More than 125,000 owners regard their Super-Six with an affection and confidence that give Hudson a prestige of enviable importance.

Hudson's security and leadership were never stronger. Yet at the pinnacle of success a new motor was adopted.

Thousands of Hudsons with the new motor were delivered without their buyers being told of the change.

But those who had owned earlier Super-Sixes noted a marvelous difference in the performance of their new cars.

The old-time performance, the dash and nimbleness are there. And so is the ability to bear up in long, hard driving. It has the famous Hudson quality of endurance and reliability.

The patented Super-Six principles are retained. Without them such perfection would not have been possible.

But there is a heretofore unknown smoothness that adds to the charm of motoring. Driving today's Hudson Super-Six is like coasting—so free and effortless is its performance.

Won't you learn this Hudson quality?

Any dealer will gladly provide the opportunity.

A Ride Tells All

Speedster - - - - - $1645
7-Pass. Phaeton - 1695

HUDSON SUPER SIX

Coach - - - - - - $1745
Sedan - - - - - - 2295
Freight and Tax Extra

Look for the White Triangle

HUDSON

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

"I closed the Scotchman this A. M."

IT was a $15,000 equipment deal with a hard headed Scot and the negotiations had seemingly reached an impasse. The student, an experienced salesman in the Middle West, called on us for special instructions. A few days later he wrote us as follows: "You will be more than pleased to know that I followed your advice and closed the Scotchman this A.M.; so I will have to give you all the credit."

"People Pay More Attention To What I Say"

A young man writes us from Connecticut: "Your course has helped me to find myself. It has rounded me out in every way. People pay more attention to what I say and I find that I can handle myself effectively in all situations. It is really wonderful to see the improvement I have made."

A New York student has just written us: "I utilized the instruction in Lesson 20 in approaching the presidents of the largest New York banks and have had no trouble in making appointments with them. Yesterday I called on five New York bank presidents (by appointments thus made) and was successful with two of them."

A famous Princeton football and baseball star, who is now a successful salesman, writes us: "I gained more in the first four lessons than I did all last year in taking the course in salesmanship at one of the large universities. If a man can't sell after studying your course, it is either because he is dumb or has merely read and not studied what you say."

These are extracts from four of the many enthusiastic letters that come to us daily. Our course in salesmanship is unique in that, as one of our students has aptly said, we "not only tell what to do and say, but exactly *when* and *how* to do and say it."

If you can sell yourself, you can sell anything

The Maxwell method of teaching salesmanship is founded on the great truth that a man must be able to *sell himself* before he can expect to sell his merchandise or his ideas.

William Maxwell, "America's Best Known Sales Manager," has devised a Self-Analysis Chart which, when conscientiously filled out by you, enables us to advise you what qualities to cultivate to improve your ability to sell yourself. Our opinion costs you nothing and puts you under no obligation. Yet it and our free booklet, "How to Sell Yourself," may be of great help to you. Send for them today.

Special Notice to Employers

Without charge to anyone, we are glad to place responsible employers in touch with salesmen and sales executives who have demonstrated their intelligence, industry and powers of application. This service is not available to employers whose financial responsibility is doubtful, nor to those engaged in questionable enterprises.

William Maxwell Institute
386 Second Nat. Bank Bldg.,
Orange, N. J., U. S. A.

Please send me without charge or obligation your Self Analysis Chart and the booklet, "How to Sell Yourself."

Name _____

Address _____

(Continued from Page 36)

"If it's excitement you want," I said, "you sure landed on the winner. Bootlegging is the Excitement Kid."

"So I discover. And I may take a shot at it."

Well, I thought, if John P. Wilkes is going into the booze business I am pretty sure to hear something to my advantage if I have a talk with him, because he's a big operator. So I said, "If you'll wait a few minutes while I go up and park this gin I've got with a parched lady friend on the fifteenth floor I'll be glad to talk to you."

"Go ahead," he said. "I'll wait. You'll find me sitting right here. We'll have a bite of lunch if it isn't too early for you, and you can talk at the table."

My mind ran back over my experiences with John P. while I was making the trip up and back in the elevator, and I was so full of it that I wasn't even sociable when I got to my friend's room, but dumped my package on her table and said good-by.

"Well, of all things!" she protested. "Running away like this. Why not linger a little and swap the scandal of the day?"

"Haven't time now, dearie," I told her. "A party is waiting to talk business with me."

It would be business, I was sure, for business was John P.'s other name when he got through joshing and settled down to it. He was a live one when he was working, and smart. I never met a smarter man, nor one with a colder nerve. He wasn't afraid of any of them, and most of them were afraid of him. He used to play according to his own rules, not theirs, and that's what had them going, for they never knew where he'd break out next. I got very well acquainted with him when he put over the Carbajal Petroleum at the time I was down in the Street, because the man I was working for was one of his main brokers and Wilkes used to talk to me a good deal when my boss and I went up to his hotel to see him each night to get the dope for the next day's operations. He said a woman's viewpoint on things down there was useful at times, and I admired the smooth way he worked, and loved to hear him josh the crowd, and learned a lot from him too.

The beginning of the Carbajal Petroleum was commonplace. He organized an oil company, in which he didn't appear, put out a lot of stock at a low price, and with good publicity washed up the price on the curb with a gang of brokers, paid a couple of dividends and let loose stories about big production at the time when he had made his market, and jumped the stock up several dollars a share. Then, when it was high enough to suit his purposes, and his market was established, he fed out a few bales of the stock he had that cost him nothing but the printing of the certificates, and cashed in.

That's been done a thousand times. The interesting thing about this Carbajal deal was that it wasn't based on a phony property. Wilkes really had some oil wells, and a lot of proved and valuable oil land which made the stock a legitimate oil buy, and the way he faked them after he had unloaded, and gave that property a bad name that drove the stock down to where you could hardly give it away and made the suckers who had bought it crazy to get out, was clever. It was all regular promotion and curb stuff at the beginning, but what he did was to introduce some new frills in the way of getting that stock down where it only cost him a few cents a share, and he bought it all in, and there he was, sitting pretty, with a whaling big profit from the stock he sold, all that stock back in his box for almost nothing, and the oil property in his pocket. He showed them a few things about manipulating a curb market they didn't know before, and they have been using his stuff ever since.

He never was a regular New Yorker. Didn't live there. What he did was to drop in now and then, pull something off and drop off again. He told me once that his idea wasn't to be a New York financier, but to be a financial New Yorker. He lived somewhere out West, but every so often he broke into New York, and then he cleaned whatever he touched. The greatest genius he had was for keeping under cover. There weren't forty of the wise ones who knew anything about him, and there were four hundred he had rolled one way or another, to say nothing of making dents in the general investing public that you could drop the Metropolitan Life Building into. He pulled that whole Carbajal deal from a room in a hotel where he was registered as William T. Griffin, of somewhere in Idaho.

He was a spender. I don't mean he was one of those goldfish that throw money away to make a splash with chorus girls or big parties or racing stables or yachts, or gamble high or any of that stuff. I mean that when he started out to put a deal over he distributed thousand-dollar bills as if they were cigar coupons, and paid any price at all to get what he wanted, especially men and influence. He told me once that he principally dealt in cupidity. He said he'd never found a door yet that money wouldn't unlock, and from all I heard he had unlocked many a door with that key, from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

"Well, Sophie," he said when I got back to where he was waiting, "I consider myself very fortunate in meeting you."

"I hope that goes two ways," I told him.

"Perhaps it does," he said. "You never can tell about those things. Could you eat a bite?"

"I could," I said, and we went in and got a table and he ordered some food.

I looked him over while he was ordering. He hadn't changed much since the last time I saw him. He always did look less like a pirate than any of those go-getters I ever saw; always free and easy and lively, and with a twinkle in his eyes and a curve to his smile as if he was kidding the universe and having a lot of fun out of it. He had a pleasant round face, and a soft-spoken voice, and a what's-the-use-of-being-serious way with him that made a lot of folks pick him up for a lobster, only to find he was a stingaree. He was good-looking, tall, with wide shoulders and a big chest, and no paunch, and he dressed well. His color was healthy, and his eyes clear, and he looked fit all the way.

"All the adventure in taking money away from these boobs is gone," he said to me once. "It's reduced to a formula now. They have systematized their larcenies, standardized their freebooting, organized their piracies until they run their forays on the public with a card index and a series of charts showing the rise and fall in the visible supply of suckers. It's all as cut and dried as stamping out half dollars in the mint. All the charm and imagination and adventure in landing the come-ons and depriving the esteemed public of their money have passed. The blight of an organizing, synchronizing, schematizing efficiency is on our once wide and free and individualistic buccaneering methods, and the game bores instead of interests."

That was the last time I saw him, before this.

"Sophie," he said after he had given the order, "I did think I had retired, for the once great game of getting other people's money had become so stupid it was appalling to a man with imagination, and with adventure in his heart. It was reduced to big bankers operating with big banks, combinations, underwritings, squeezing of shorts, bull forays, corners, extortions of usurious interest for loans under the guise of bonuses, sticking stocks up and unloading and shoving them down and buying in, cancellation of contracts, and other such stuff. The only remaining exercise for real talents such as I may modestly claim to have to some degree is in beating the income tax. All the rest of it is mere routine. So I quit. But along came prohibition, and with it not only vast possibility for getting easy money but vast opportunity for adventure, for conflict, for intrigue; and I may take a whirl at it and become a bootlegger."

"You'll find plenty of competition," I said.

"Right," he answered. "I have discovered that. A large number of my fellow citizens, of both sexes, look with complacency on our enterprise and give the benefit of their patronage to our labors."

"Where will you work?" I asked him.

"Everywhere," he said. "The continent is my pearl, but the world is my oyster."

"Will you do anything here?"

"Naturally. I couldn't overlook a bet like the sophisticated metropolis in such a game and habitat of the superslick of our country, where they bite harder, fall easier and come back oftener than in any spot on the globe. My bootlegging friends tell me that they pay more for poorer stuff here than anywhere else from coast to coast."

"Who are your bootlegging friends?" I asked him, sort of fishing around to see if I could place the stuff we expected to get.

"One of them is a most devious ruffian known as Condorelli."

"Condorelli!" I almost shouted.

"Hush, Sophie," he warned. "A revenue agent might be at the next table. But Condorelli is a friend of mine. Do you know the most capable crook?"

"I know about him."

"Nothing good, I hope. It would grieve me to hear anything but evil of Condorelli, because I should know I have failed in my estimate of the villain."

"You never will," I said. "He's a terrible creature."

"I'm glad to hear my judgment confirmed by an expert like yourself."

"He's our principal opposition."

"Meaning Jacobson's?"

"Yes."

"Well, if my plans work out he'll be more than your opposition. He'll be your destruction."

"I don't care if he is. I'm finishing with The Works anyhow, and maybe I can do your sweet-scented friend Condorelli a good turn."

"How so?"

I told him what was coming off, because I knew he would protect us and never say a word. He began to laugh before I was half through with my story.

"What's the joke?" I asked him.

"There isn't any—yet," he said, "but there will be if you push it along."

"How come?" I didn't get him at all.

"You are not hitting on all twelve cylinders today, Sophie," he said, laughing some more. "I am surprised at you. Why, I'll get my friend Condorelli to take that stuff from you at a fair price, and he'll sell it right under Jacobson's nose. That will be the biggest bootlegging joke of the period."

"Great!" I said, when it finally came to me. "And Condorelli can send The Works a couple of cases of his own whisky with his compliments. That'll give the wolf the apoplexy."

"Now you're back to form, Sophie," he said, and after we had put a few more frills on the job we talked money. He knew prices as well as I did, and he finally said he would see that Condorelli gave us sixty-five dollars a case, which, he said, was high, but the joke would be worth it. He guaranteed the deal, and that settled it with me, for I knew Wilkes always went through with what he promised to do. It was the best kind of a deal for us because there wouldn't be any slip-up over delivery. Condorelli had just as many ways of getting whisky into the city as The Works had, and had done as much fixing along the routes. When it came to handling it in the city I think Condorelli had the best stand-in. Anyhow, that was off my chest, and I wouldn't have to dicker with Wolff, who was a tough proposition, but the best bet I had until Wilkes came along.

With that over I thought I'd string along to see if there was anything more doing, because that piece of change I would get from The Works booze wouldn't last me the rest of my natural. So I made a play.

"You said you might find a way to use me. What was that—a josh or a jolly?"

"Neither one," he answered. "I think I can."

"Bootlegging?"

"Of course."

"Well," I said, "that won't be any treat to me. I've done nothing else for a long time. Unless ——" I said.

"Unless I can make it very attractive. Is that the idea?"

"It is."

"Sophie," he said, leaning over the table, "I can make it as attractive as hunting buried treasure—and finding it—as attractive as storybook piracy on the Spanish Main."

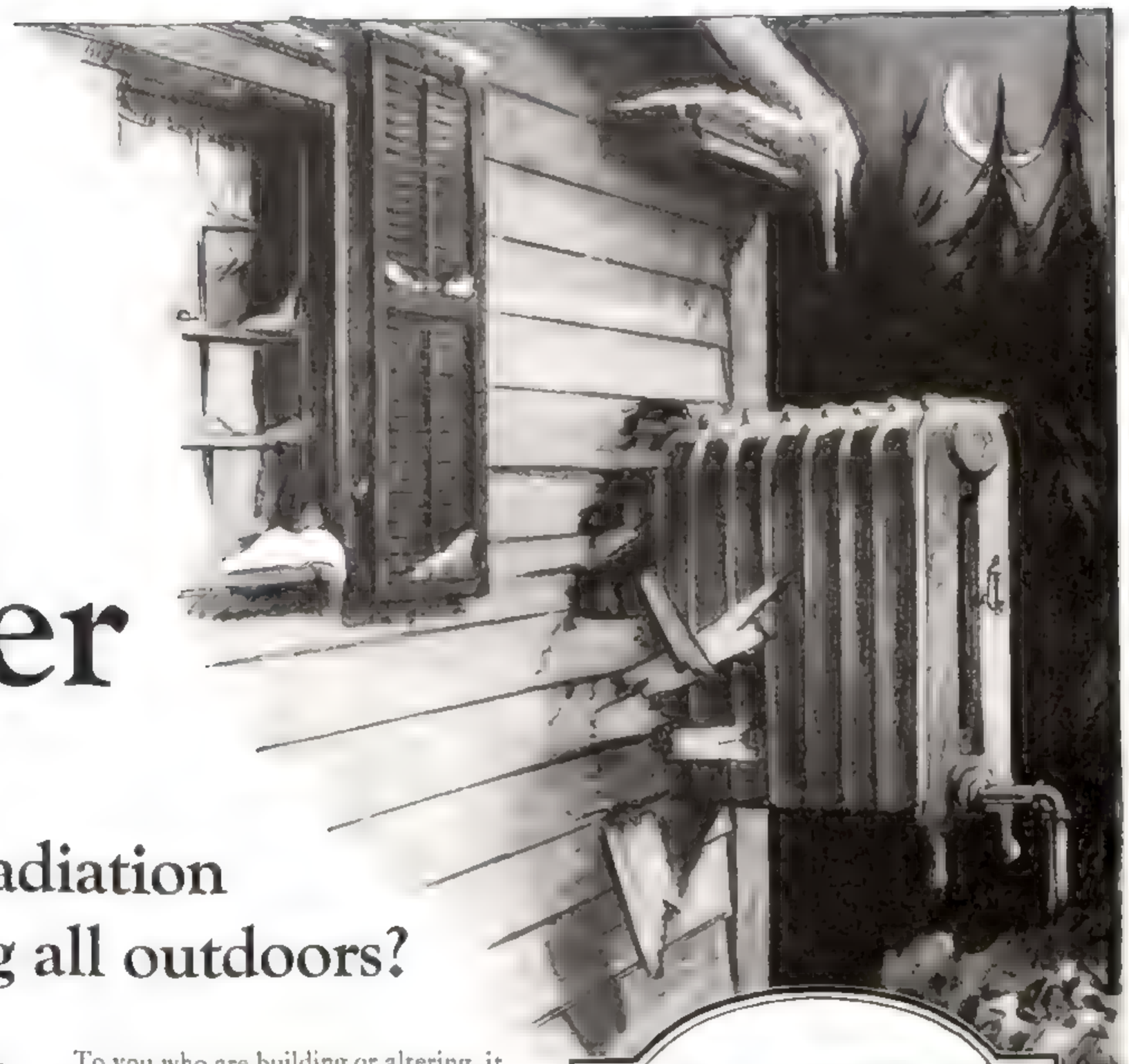
"Lead me to it," I told him. "I'm your willing slave."

*

A MAN I worked for, who had a big deal on with John P. Wilkes, used to say that if he could invent a machine of some kind that would detect for him the exact minute in John P.'s conversation when he switched from fancy to fact, from kidding to brass tacks, he would get as much money for himself as John P. got for himself. Trouble was those downtown people John P. dealt with were not fast enough for him. They couldn't keep up. There was nothing unusual about that. Most of those people are pretty dumb except on their one little subject, and they are not very eloquent about that.

Did you ever sit in at one of their meetings, a business meeting, no matter whether the business was the regular stuff or the

(Continued on Page 40)



—next winter will a lot of your radiation be heating all outdoors?

IF you don't believe that this picture illustrates a truth, you've forgotten that every pipe, riser, duct and flue in your house is a radiator out of place. And it must be plain that unless you prevent undue radiation from these—a lot of your heat next winter will never get to the radiator where you want it. So you'll shovel more coal, taxi more ashes and pay bills for tons of fuel that scarcely benefit you at all. What's the answer?—insulate! And do it now.

The picture actually understates the condition, for a bare surface the size of your dinner plate, heated to steam temperature, can radiate the heat produced by 100 pounds of coal per season.

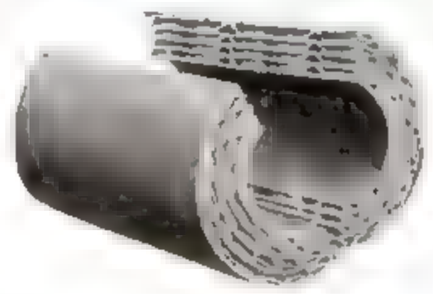
This waste in your cellar alone is startling—when totaled up in tons of coal. It makes the few dollars spent for Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel seem trifling in comparison.

To you who are building or altering, it will always be a regret if you neglect to insulate risers in outside walls with Improved Asbestocel. Each year there will be a little remorse along with your coal bill.

See your heating man right away and have this work done properly once and for all—it will pay in comfort and fuel savings. Read the panel at the right carefully, to be able to identify Improved Asbestocel.

If the heating system is now covered

There are hundreds of homes in which the heating pipes are now covered. It may pay you to replace this with Improved Asbestocel, particularly if the present covering is an inefficient type, opened at the seams, crushed or torn. This Johns-Manville Insulation is not only stronger and more sightly, but it is actually the most efficient household insulation on the market.



Insist on this construction

Note that the corrugations run both lengthwise and crosswise—instead of lengthwise alone, as in other coverings; this closed cell construction means maximum heat saving. Ask for Johns-Manville

Improved Asbestocel

To the Trade: We have just issued a booklet which tells how to sell and apply heat insulation. Send for a copy and get ready for inquiries.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Inc.
Madison Avenue at 41st Street, New York City
Branches in 56 Large Cities
For Canada:
CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., Ltd., Toronto

To the public:
Send for this book
It will help you get more out of your coal-bin, whether or not you're ready for Johns-Manville Insulation.

JOHNS-MANVILLE Asbestos

PIPE COVERINGS — PACKINGS — CEMENTS — POWER SPECIALTIES — TRAPS

Jim Henry's Column

Is it Unmasculine ?

I'm wondering if there's some peculiar psychology beyond my understanding which makes a lot of men cling to the atrocities of the old-fashioned shave. Is there something about the highly efficient experience a man gets with Mennen Shaving Cream that almost borders on the brink of femininity?

Is it unmanly not to suffer under the knife?

Would my two million fans lose character if it got noised about that they actually glide keen steel over their hides without vocally or otherwise expressing a ghastly emotion?

Take yourself. Imagine you're using Mennen's. Squeeze out a dab on your brush. Start gyrating on the point of your chin. Carry up right and left field. Add more water—lots of it—hot or cold. Three minutes: you've got the full potency of Mennen lather.

Grab your usual hoe. Tense your jaw muscles. Prepare to wince. Shave! The old blade gathers in the snowdrift and keeps sliding south. There isn't any beard!—no bite—no pull—no meanness. Wash up. Run your hand over your face. It's great!—soft and benevolent as a soul full of song. That's the Mennen shave!

Now, honestly, is it too nice for you? Is it too easy? Is it a little beyond reason in point of comfort for a man?

Why don't you try it? For ten cents I'm still sending my big demonstrator tube with enough Mennen's to give you at least two weeks of glorious shaves and start you on a new era in your shaving career. I wish you'd write me for it. Of course, you can get our regular giant tube at your druggist's for half a dollar.

At the same time, I want to introduce you to KORA-KONIA. It's the greatest stuff ever made if your skin is inclined to chafe and get raw from walking or other activities. Not a talcum, but an antiseptic powder that forms a velvety film over the affected areas and protects against friction. Heals in no time. Waterproof. Won't wash off. Fine for sunburn. I'll throw in a sample.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

(Continued from Page 38)

downtown sort? If a man gets into one of those affairs who has a little vision and imagination he finds himself entirely surrounded by minds, if any, that take hours passing a given point. They parrot their stuff over and over, saying the same things twenty times to make sure that what is in hand will seep into the crevices of their domes; and they pass for smart men, but it's all relative, I suppose. The people who think them smart are even dumber than they are.

That's why when a real smart piece of work is done down there it is done by somebody who blows in and pulls it not with the insiders but on them. That's why two or three men in the last generation have stood out like lighthouses in fogs down there. They had imagination, while the others had only a slow and painful comprehension. They know the regular stuff perfectly. They can rig a market or underwrite a sure thing or run a pool or shear a lamb according to a formula, but that's all. The real fellows are freebooters, every one of them, with imagination, individuality and the free spirit of buccaneers. The others are money grubbers who work by schedule. Of course a big grub develops now and then. The unknowing hail him as a real one, too, but he isn't. He's only a giant grub.

John P. got half his fun in life by sitting around and kidding these fellows preparatory to going in and stinging them. They used to listen to him with a helpless submerged look on their faces and try to break in on him with some set Street patter, but he'd wave them aside and go on handing them ideas they never could get until he had them where he needed them, and then—biff!

I could see that he wanted to talk, and I had plenty of time. Besides, there was nothing he could get out of me, and when the waiter had brought me some cigarettes and he had lighted his cigar I leaned back in my chair and said, "Shoot, John P."

"Sophie," he said, "the great trouble with most of the things in this life is not with the things themselves but with the people who do them. For example, you cannot rationally disapprove of banks, but who is there who can approve of bankers? You know many a place that would be fair and fine to live in if it wasn't for the people in it. Most of this talk about the excellencies of the human race is pure hokum, because the human race has few excellencies and those largely of a negative character. You never find anything, from a beautiful landscape to a chord of music, but the human race comes along and gums it all up by building an atrocious house on it or making a comic song out of it. It is the same with everything. Show me something—anything—that is intrinsically beautiful, meritorious or artistic, and I will show you where some specimen of what we flatteringly please to call *homo sapiens* has cast a blight upon it by endeavoring to improve it or by seeking to destroy it; in any event, by trying to get in on it some way.

"Now, Sophie, look at bootlegging, not the way most of our people look at it, who view it with abhorrence and patronize it extensively; not the way the Government or the professional drys regard it; not, in fact, the conventional and customary and legal way, but my way—my own personal way. It caters to a popular demand; it assuages a devastating and nation-wide thirst; it puts large sums of money into circulation, and it affords 90 per cent of the human rabbits who comprise our population, and who consume its products, the only chance they have ever dared take to be individual enough to protest against what they have been led to think by the bootleggers themselves is an infringement on their liberties by a Government that seeks not only to be their master but their mentor, instead of remaining their creature—the only chance in their pallid lives to be devils of fellows."

"It does," I said, "and in addition to all that it makes tons of money for those who are in it right."

"Correct," he answered. "Quite correct, Sophie, and I am coming to that presently. But bootlegging has attracted to itself most of the thugs, crooks, scruff, scum and scrum of the populace now out of jail, both foreign-born and native; it has enlisted in its service specimens of every sort of hold-up man, sure-thing player, gambler, thief, double-crosser and ruffian which our civilization affords; not to say a great many financiers of the higher orders, politicians, speculators and others who make no demands as to the legality of their transactions save that their returns for it shall be in legal tender.

"In common with everything else bootlegging suffers from the character, or lack of character, of the people in it. It is prostituted by its practitioners. Therefore I, John Peter Wilkes, appreciating as I do the multitude of opportunities bootlegging offers to one who seeks to be of service to his fellow man, and quite apart from the commercial aspects of the matter, am engaged in an undertaking of considerable magnitude, and it is in connection with that labor that I can utilize your undoubted abilities."

He leaned back and puffed his cigar, looking at me with a twinkle in his eyes and with that little smile of his on his lips.

"John Wilkes," I said, "you are kidding me."

"Not at all, my dear Sophie; not at all. Who am I that I should try to kid you, the wisest of her sex?"

"You are a smart fellow who is talking through his hat," I told him. "What's the idea?"

"It is depressing, Sophie, to have you impugn my motives in this manner, but since you take that view of it the idea is this: I am going to do the bootlegging for this land of the seekers after hooch. As the poet has put it: Let me but bootleg for a nation and I care not who makes its laws. There is too much illegitimacy about this illegitimate business. I seek to elevate it to a higher plane."

"And get all the money?" I said.

"That is also a consideration," he laughed. "A minor one, but still a consideration."

"But you can't do it."

"Of course I can't do it, absolutely. There are too many opportunities for butters-in, for small dealers, for little crooks doing it in a little way. I mean it is my purpose to control the big sources of supply and distribution, to get the big money, if you insist on that as a phase of it, and get the big thrill."

"That will make you go some."

"Not as much as you think. The big game is now pretty well centralized in the various localities. My idea is to get those big fellows into a combination and run that combination, which I can do because I know more about those things than these men do, who are mostly of the same type as your friend Jacobson."

"And be king of the bootleggers?"

"Not king, Sophie; the king of the bootleggers is a numerous and unregal person. His multiple crowns are pewter. I shall be the Warwick of the bootleggers, if you get what I mean."

"I remember enough of my English history to get you," I told him, "and also enough to recall that Warwick finished with a large puncture in him made by a pike in the hands of the enemy."

"Even so, he was a good fellow when he had it," said Wilkes. "And that's not such a bad finish if you have had your fun before it comes."

"But that won't be yours," I told him. "Some hired gunman will plug you from the window of a taxicab if you try to put over a game like that."

"Forget it!" he said. "No gunman will get me. Do you think well of the scheme?"

"It's a big one, but ——" I started.

"No buts allowed," he said. "It's a big one. And I am going to put it over. And you can help, and so can any other experienced persons who might not be in the employ of Jacobson. Know any?"

"There's Dunn and Semmler."

"Who are they?"

"A couple of roughnecks, but wise and handy in their ways."

"Do you guarantee them?"

"Absolutely."

"All right; I'll take them on."

Then we talked some more, and he sort of outlined to me what he had in mind, which was no more nor less than a bootlegging trust, and was planned to operate from Maine to California, on the Atlantic and the Pacific, over the Mexican and the Canadian borders, and by boat, airplane, automobile, truck, and to control sources, regulate supplies, handle distribution and prevent competition.

It was to be, as Wilkes put it, "a perfect example of an illegal corporation for the purpose of doing an illegal business illegally as distinguished from other corporations which are organized to do illegal business legally."

A few days later we got The Works' stuff in, and were paid for it. Condorelli handled it, and I hear The Works was so sore he started out himself to kill Condorelli; but they shunted him off to Atlantic City and kept him there until he simmered down to normal.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LAUGHTER, LTD.

(Continued from Page 30)

And then after a while the door to the hall opened and mommer put in her head.

She was all dressed to go out, and looked unusually snappy and attractive, even for her, and if I had been in any mood for it I would of asked why all the prinking? But before I could say a word mommer had the floor her own self.

"Mr. Nickolls gone?" she says. "Well, Bonnie, I been helping your poor dear father get ready to move. I just gathered up a few odds and ends we don't really need down here and they will make him a lot more comfortable. I put together some canned goods and some coffee and so forth in a basket, so's he'd have something in the house right away. And them blankets off the spare-room bed, and a couple of sofa pillows. And I thought that if you was through with your business affairs you might just run out to the ranch in the car, and we will take these things along and help him to get to rights, the poor man!"

"All right, mommer!" I says listlessly. "Just wait until I get on my street clothes."

"Before you go upstairs, dear," says mommer—"there is a man at the door. He says it's the installments on the piano, and that they are two weeks overdue."

Well at that, believe me, I come to sudden life. Right out of a clear sky there jumped down a ghostly army of bill collectors, crowding even my big drawing-room and shaking unpaid bills at me. I was cold with terror, for there was not alone the piano man, but the phonograph man, the furniture man, the notes on the car, on the house, on my ring. There was collectors from department stores, from my fan-picture photographer, from everywhere, all around me. I felt like they would suffocate me. Due, due—everything was due—and I hadn't even a job any more!

"Well," says mommer, placidly drawing on her gloves, all unconscious of this imaginary yet real crew that was attacking me, "I said the cash mightn't be convenient just now, and he says he will take a note on the piano. What'll I tell him?"

"Tell him to take G sharp!" says I, and run upstairs, laughing hysterically while mommer just stood there staring after me with her mouth open.

A month later I was what you might call still in the same position. By which I do not mean running upstairs, but I'll say I was running just the same, because by now the sheriff was about one jump behind me. As a matter of geography, I and Axel was sitting in our bathing suits under one of those bright umbrellas that flock so thick around Crystal Pier, and talking about ourselfs. Axel had at this time just finished the heavy part of a footman in a McGee production where he would surely show at least three times during the picture, for as long as five seconds each time. But Axel wasn't contented, even although I pointed out it was at least a part, which was more than I had.

There being no money to spend enjoying ourselfs, we was indulging in the poor-folks pastime of bellyaching.

"Aye tank Aye fail because Aye don't speak English so good," says Axel very serious. "If Aye speak better English, Aye betchew may life Aye got better parts!"

Well I'll say that was the prize alibi for failure to progress in the pictures, because lookit Pola Negri. But I needed Axel to howl to, myself, so of course I had to agree with him.

(Continued on Page 42)

PEERLESS

Through the medium of the new Peerless Eight, America is now learning to what greater heights the power, sustained speed, and ductility of fine eight-cylinder construction can be carried.

It is learning the thrill and the enjoyment of power that seems to have literally no limit.

Power that comes with a rush that leaves you almost breathless; yet is yours to command as you will.

Power like this, in its exuberant force, is probably found in the special cars built for the track.

But we are certain that no stock car heretofore has incorporated such power, with such power control.

In the exquisite grace and beauty of the new Peerless Eight, there is little hint of its might.

But ten minutes at its wheel will serve to convince the most experienced motorist that for fine behavior and ultimate ease, its like has not been built before.

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Two Passenger Roadster Coupé
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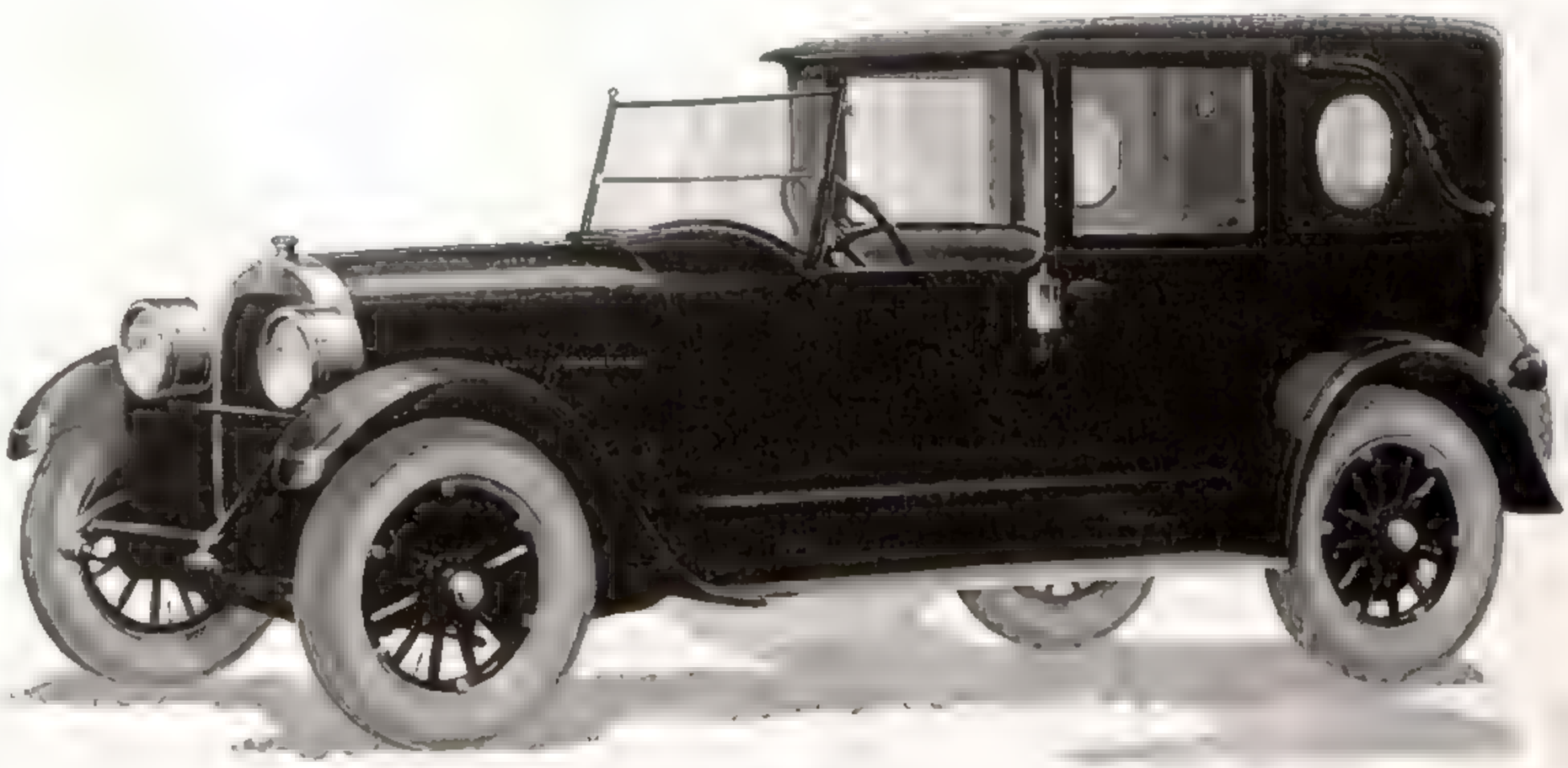

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For years the eyes of Europe have turned to American Fashioners for direction in correct correspondence papers

Consult your dealer

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American Fashioners of Proper Papers

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(Continued from Page 40)

"It's a crime the way they don't appreciate what a wonderful actor you are," I says. "You ought to have a big future, Axel."

"But you, Bonnie!" says Axel, plainly pleased. "How you tank Aye will get appreciated ven you don't? Have you not got anything yet?"

Well for a moment I was going to pull the conventional "Why I have a big offer, and while I haven't signed up yet, I expect to in a coupla days." Then I considered why hand it to a friend, and I did kind of want somebody to talk things out with. I had Adele of course. But since pop had shown, I didn't have her so much of the time as before. Somehow it always seemed like there was something out at the ranch that needed to be done and only mommer could do it. Axel was about the only one at hand, Nicky having gone East on a trip. And so I come clean.

"Axel," I says, "honest, I don't know what am I going to do! I haven't the smell of a contract, even, except, Axel, the contracts I have made with installment people, and so forth. Something has got to break for me pretty soon or I will. Even the grocer had kind of a nasty look in his eye this morning."

"Why don't you hock your ring?" says Axel, mentioning my big chunk of ice which I still wore.

"Installment," I says briefly. "Just the same as everything else. I must of been cuckoo, I guess, when we started Alias Cinderella. Oh, Axel! I don't want to lose what I've gained—my pretty home, my car, everything! Why, I'm pledged for them! But I won't go to Silvercrown! I won't! Why I'd feel like I was double-crossing Nicky if I was to go to Silvercrown now."

"Nickolls don't feel like that," says Axel unexpectedly, reaching for the copy of Wid's, which he had brought out along with his bath towel. "Aye see he bane going to Newrich."

"What?" says I. "Give me that, Axel! Oh, Nicky, they've beat you for sure!"

And Axel was right. On the front page was a notice about how Nicky had signed up in New York and was coming back to the Coast to make some special productions—a new line of stuff based on classic literary stories and plays, and that he would use a big group of feature players, but no star.

"Kind of a stock company," says Axel. "Vell, Aye suppose tha fallars with tha name gets all tha parts, youst like usual!"

But I didn't pay any attention to his crape-hanging, for I was inspired. My way was now sort of cleared for me. If Nicky actually felt he could go back, and went first, why so could I. I sure did hate that outfit for what they had done to us, but I and Nicky were both helpless against them. We had to have the work, and didn't they just know it! I thought of mommer and how I owed it to her not to stand in my own and her light any more; and of pop, too, who of course had to be given a small allowance until his crop was in, and believe me it was just like pop to be the one person in the bunch who required actual cash money, while I and mommer struggled along on a steadily weakening credit. And so, with one reason and another leading me on, I decided to go up and see the Big Egg and tell him well I am back, the prodiguous daughter and all that, and when do I commence working?

"Well, Axel," I says, "I guess they have me beat too. Temporarily, anyways. I'll go job-hunting this very afternoon, and in the meanwhile I have got the price of a coupla hamburger sandwiches if you have got the strength to go and buy them—and no onions in mine today!"

Well, Axel had, and little did I think the day would ever come when a ten-cent hot with pickles would be my honest-to-goodness lunch and I glad to get it, and even less did I think it could possibly be the case that I would eat such lunch while a enormous white automobile that was at least technically mine, waited parked beyond the bathing pavilion! But such is pictures, and as mommer often truly said, "Spend and the world spends with you; charge it, and you spend alone."

Well anyways, I enjoyed my sandwich down to the very last bite, and would of enjoyed that, too, only just before taking it, I happened to look up, and who would I see but Anita and Stricky, both in bathing suits and a very affectionate manner, parking themselves under a near-by umbrella. Well, that took my appetite completely, and I got right up and threw the last bite of my sandwich away, and ain't Providence wonderful? As that bite of sandwich hit the sand I seen it had onion in it! So only for them two showing, I would of eaten it unconsciously, and throwing it in their direction expressed my feelings pretty good, too. I never saw one without the other any more, and believe me when they hove into view I hove out. Which, as Hollywood is not a big world, meant that the three of us led a pretty active life.

Well, this day I got up and gave them the beach, and when we was dressed I drove Axel back to Vine Street, where he was still living with Mrs. Snifter on account he could never seem to get even with, much less ahead of, his room rent. And then I went home and dolled myself up to knock Benny cold.

It was one thing to walk up to the Silvercrown offices a unknown hicklette from the East, another to arrive as a star, driving my own boat, or so it was for all they knew, and march into the office knowing I was doing them a favor by coming at all. The girl behind the window smiled and reached for the push button as soon as she seen me, and I walked confidently in past a lot of respectful hams which was warming the mourners' benches.

"Who did you wish to see, Miss Delane?" says she, confidential-like.

"Mr. Silvercrown, please dear!" says I.

"I think he's here," says she. "Do you know where his new office is? Down the corridor and turn to the left. The first door. You can go right in."

This was news to me. So they had moved the head office since I had been on the lot! I trotted along the dark hallway until I come to the proper door, knocked, and the girl says come in, and there in a small dark office, with the stenographer right in the same room and everything, was Benny Silvercrown in shirt sleeves and cigar.

"Well, hello, if it ain't Miss Delane!" says he, actually getting up to shake hands. "How's tricks, eh?"

"Oh, very good, thanks," says I. "I been awful busy—that is, I—could I talk to you alone, Mr. Silvercrown?"

"Why sure! Sure!" says Benny. "You could take them specifications over to Major McGee's office, Ella, and you shouldn't come back until I ring."

Well, this Ella went off, and the Big Egg drew up a chair for me.

"Well now, we got it nice and cozy, ain't it?" he says amiably. Not a bit excited over me turning up. But what was a person to expect?

"Is there now something I could do for you, Bonnie?" he goes on. "It's quite a while since we seen you around this lot!"

"Too long a while, Mr. Silvercrown," I says. "That's what I come about."

"So?" says he.

Then he frowned a little, looked at me like a question mark, flecked an ash off the fat cigar, reparked it and left things up to me. I begun to wish right then and there that I hadn't been in such a hurry, but had waited until mommer come home from the ranch, and brought her along to kind of overpower him. But if it was up to me to crack the ice, why I would do it.

"I was just thinking," I says, "that I am about rested now, and I don't mind if I go back to work. Provided the salary, part and so forth, are satisfactory, of course."

"Huhu!" says he calmly. "So that's it!"

"Of course I don't want to tie myself up for very long," I says, "because I got a good many offers I am considering, but I thought that after you coming to see me the way you did, why I would give you first chance of getting me."

"Well now that is real good of you," says Benny politely. "I appreciate it a lot."

He let silence flop between us then like a wet blanket. I commenced to feel uneasy.

"Well, Mr. Silvercrown?" I says.

"Well, that's just it!" says he, shifting the cigar to the other side of his face and chewing on the end of it. "That's just it!"

"What do you mean?" I says, nearly wild. He was like a stone wall—everything I said to him bounded right back at me. "You know the last time I saw you, you were acting very different, Mr. Silvercrown. I was to come to you any time—don't you remember?"

"Yes, but that was three months ago," says he, like he was referring to at least the Middle Ages. "All of three months ago!"

"But I haven't changed any since then!" I told him. "I'm even better than I was. Are you sore at me because I wouldn't come back until Nicky did? I will be honest with you, Mr. Silvercrown, that was what changed my mind."

"Is Nicky coming back?" says he, sitting up in his chair sharp and sudden. "Good! That's fine!"

"But sweet daddy!" says I. "Didn't you know it?"

"No," says he, sinking back again.

"Look here, Mr. Silvercrown!" I says sharply, getting to my feet and thumping the desk, and believe me I had him cornered and he knew it because this was a small quartered-oak desk with no hall of refuge under it. "Look here, what's wrong?" I says. "Are you going to give me a contract or are you not?"

"Now, now, don't get excited!" he says, showing more life. "No, I am not going to give it you a contract, but don't get excited!"

"And why aren't you going to give it to me?" I says, near to crying. "You promised me!"

"I know, I know, but I tell you I can't do it!" says Benny wildly. "I ain't got the power!"

"Well, sweet daddy!" says I. "Why not? Ain't you the president of this corporation?"

"Sure, I'm president!" says he, waving both arms like windmills. "But now I am it in name only. The stockholders have made a lot of fuss and nonsense, Miss Bonnie, and they sent a feller down here to take charge of finances, and he thinks he can run the whole shooting match! Everything, mind you, he's got the power to do! Why, I got no more ability to hire you than a cat!"

"What?" says I. "Do you mean to tell me the Silvercrown is in an installment collec—a receiver's hands?"

"No, not at all!" says Benny. "But we will be soon, with this know-all running the place! I wish you could hear the things that man asks me! What ability has such a person got? Why was that one hired? How should I know about my friends? And I'm to tell where this money went, and why no estimate was made for that, and where the appropriation has gone for the other! My heavens, how can a man in pictures bother with such details? Two weeks he's been here already, and he's got a time clock on the lot and a filing-report system! He thinks you can make pictures like in a factory! Let him wait, that's all!"

"Sweet daddy!" says I. "But surely he lets you hire the hams, don't he?"

"Not much!" says Big Benny, collapsing into his chair and groaning. "He says the salaries we pay is crazy, and he must O. K. every cent before we can spend it. Why, I couldn't hand you any contract if you was to pay me for it. He's a hard nut, that feller, with a face and heart on him like a stone. But you go talk to him if you want—and say nothing about you're a friend of mine, or me recommending you, if you want to get by!"

"Whew!" says I. "Well, to be brutally frank with you, Benny, I got to eat. So I may as well take a chance on him. Where is his lair?"

"My old office!" says Benny sadly. "Such grief! Come back and tell me if you got any luck!"

Well, I flitted out and down the corridor like the ghost of my own hopes, and stopped outside the big carved teakwood door of poor Benny's old room, my heart in my mouth. The typewriter desk in the waiting room, which was usually occupied by the dentist assistant, was vacant, and there didn't seem to be nobody about. So after two or three moments alone I thought oh well he can't eat me, and if I don't take a chance why maybe I will not even get to see him. So I give a knock on the teakwood, and almost at once a deep voice says "Come in."

Naturally I didn't hesitate, but pushed open the door and entered cautiously, so's to beat it quick on the least alarm.

The room was exactly the way it used to be in Benny's day, with the handsome furniture and all, and the enormous desk, only now the desk had papers on it—lots of them. There was only one person in the room, a man over by the window, busy searching through a portfolio. As I come in he put this down and turned around.

It was Milton Sherrill.

XII

THE first thing I thought of as I looked at Milton was that once he had kissed me. You see if the truth be told, I had lately

(Continued on Page 44

THE UNPRODUCTIVE DOLLAR

A NATIONAL association of wholesale merchants, planning to extend credit assistance to worthy retailers needing financial aid, investigated the causes of success or failure in thousands of retail stores.

In almost every case where a retailer was unsuccessful, investigation showed among the contributing causes:—

First, that the unsuccessful retailer carried so many competitive lines of merchandise that he could not afford to carry a complete line of any one:

Second, that the bulk of his stock consisted of merchandise which possessed no known and recognized value among the trade and the public.

Since 1914, statisticians have covered reams of paper figuring the fluctuation of the dollar from month to month. But the most important fact about the fluctuation of the dollar is one that eludes the statistician and cannot be encompassed by his figures.

For, in the last analysis, the value of a dollar depends upon the wisdom with which it is invested.

Experience has proved that a thousand dollars' worth of known and recognized merchandise *represents more money* than a thousand dollars' worth of merchandise of which the public has never heard.

The dollar invested in advertised merchandise is a working dollar in good times and bad. It does not wait for buyers. It makes them.

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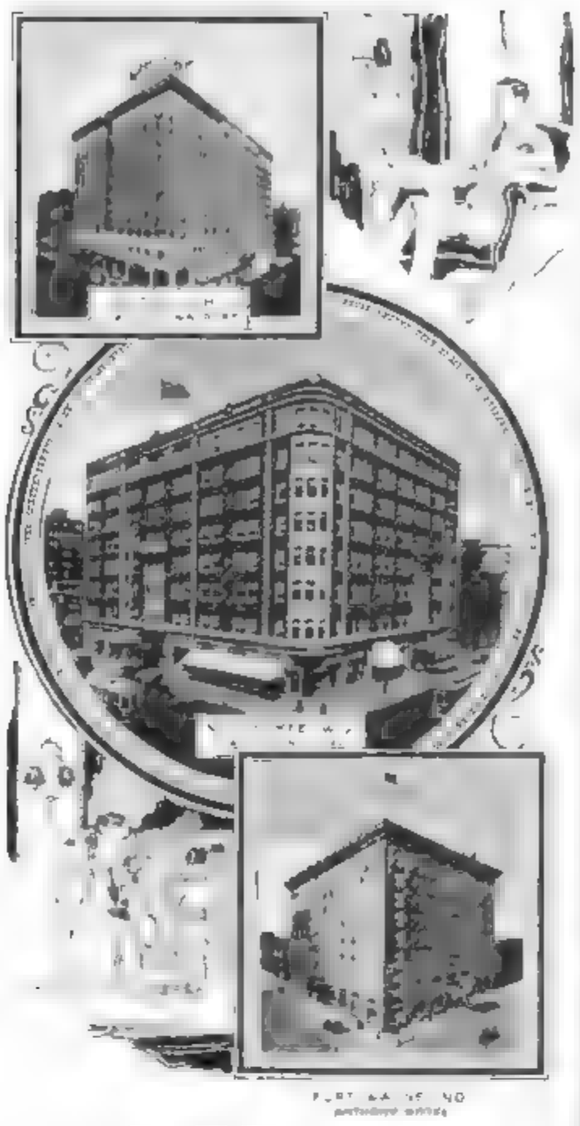


A Keenan Custom

Is to have the clerk call your room immediately after you have registered, to make sure that the room and service are satisfactory. You must have every comfort and convenience while a guest at our hotels.

You will find this hospitable spirit reflected by all who attend you while you are with us—for the Keenan System selects its employees carefully and ascertains whether they are the type of people who really and truly at heart want to serve.

In Keenan Hotels you will find the dining room popular. For instance the Sky Room in the Plankinton is noted for its brilliant setting and excellent cuisine service. You will find beautiful settings, the best of service and reasonable rates in all our dining rooms.

We gladly telegraph reservations free assuring you of excellent accommodations when going from one Keenan Hotel to another.

You are assured of comfort, hospitality and individual attention when you stop at a Keenan Hotel.

Note these cities and hotels:

THE PLANKINTON Milwaukee
THE WALDORF Toledo
THE ANTHONY Fort Wayne

Acknowledged Leaders

KEENAN *Hotel* SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 42)

kept in the back of my mind what Anita used so often say to me about getting a friend to help you in the pictures. And while I had nothing definitely decided, I had the idea that maybe it would be necessary for me to do just a little vamping. I was pretty desperate, even for a woman, which it is a fact they get that way easier than the men do, and I simply had to find work.

Well anyways, that kiss which had occurred out on the top of the Sierra Mountains in the moonlight come back to me the minute I set eyes on Milt, and with it the realization that here was my chance! He liked me. I would be half sold to him before I started. But being a awful amateur on lines of that nature, I didn't hardly know how to commence.

"Oh Mr. Sherrill!" I says. "It's you! And it's me! Don't you remember?"

"Remember?" says he, a big smile sweeping over his face like a light. "I'll say I do!"

Well this was a jolt, his using language like that, but of course he was in the pictures now. I thought I had better show my full realization of this, so I held out both hands.

"Well, well, Milt!" I says. "How's tricks? So you are working for the pictures!"

"Even so!" says he, grabbing my fingers and drawing me to the most comfortable chair. "Sit here," says he. "My word, but you look charming! Are you very rich and famous now?"

"Haven't you heard?" I says. "I am not McFadden any more. I'm Bonnie Delane."

"Great Scott, is that so?" says Milt with a whistle. "I know about you now, of course! I haven't seen either of the pictures, though, for I've been kept busy with technical details ever since I got here. But I'm going to run The Mischief Makers some evening soon. I understand that it is a great picture, and that you are a wonderful actress."

"Far be it from me to contradict such a statement," says I. "And maybe I'm not glad to see you! But I can't get over you being in the pictures! You, that had such a line of lowdown on them!"

"I expect I exaggerated about that a bit," says Milt, settling himself beside me just like he used to in the observation car. "I, like most outsiders, hadn't realized the enormous possibilities in the industry. It's a wonderful game, but it is still in its infancy. My belief is that the artistic future of moving pictures has no limit! And let me tell you, we have made some of the finest pictures anyone could wish to see, right here on this lot. As for the business end—well, it leaves me speechless, that's all!"

"As bad as that?" says I.

"Bad? Who said bad?" demanded Milton, leaning over and tapping me solemnly on the knee. "My dear girl, the moving-picture business is colossal! True, it has been pretty carelessly managed in some cases, as for instance right here, where old-fashioned, slipshod methods were in force. That's what I came to straighten out. My first intention was to remain a few weeks at most, but as I get into the thing and begin to see what could be done, I am very much inclined to stay on as financial head. I must say they have made me a very flattering offer. I haven't signed the contract yet, but I'm considering it."

"Sweet daddy!" I says feebly. "Is there a bug of some kind in the Hollywood air?"

"All we need in this business," Milt went on enthusiastically, "is the right sort of people. More and more are coming in every day. We must throw out the old traditions, which were established by a lot of clowns."

"I see," said I dryly, "that you know just what is wrong with the pictures. Most newcomers do."

Milton Sherrill laughed like a schoolboy and sprang to his feet, fetching and lighting a cigarette, and then coming back, pulling his chair closer to me.

"I say!" says he. "Don't laugh at me too unmercifully, I'm having such a lot of fun! For the first time in my life I am combining business and pleasure. And in the main I have the right dope about this game, Bonnie. May I call you that?"

"Sure you can!" says I, laughing. "I like it, Milt. It's plain you are really in up to your neck. And maybe you do know something about what pictures need. You will, until you've been in them a while."

"Well, as I am a new broom I intend to sweep clean," says he. "I am going to rid this lot of the personal-pull idea, and favorites, and all that, and I have begun by hiring Austin Nickolls."

"Oh, I am glad," says I. "You couldn't help but like his work."

"So they tell me," says Milt. "I have not seen any of it yet, but this chap has become rather a friend of mine. He took me out to dinner when I was in New York, and we had several long talks together. I believe Nickolls is a wonderful director and that he has a big future! What are you laughing at?"

"Nothing!" says I. "I'm happy, that's all. And how about me, Milt? Do I get a job, or are you prejudiced against me on account of me being a old friend?"

"Not a bit, if you can act!" says he readily. "But we are not making anything just now. We are finishing the stuff which had already been started when I took the plant over, but we have not settled on our new productions."

Well this was a blow, because our grocer had already been told about as many of them forthcoming productions as he was interested in listening to, and I had a strong prejudice in favor of eating. I had come to land a contract and I had no intention to leave without it, so I made a move—over onto the arm of the big overstuffed where Milton was sitting.

"Oh, Milt!" I says, pouting. "Put on something for me right away—please?"

"Now, Bonnie!" says Milt, not drawing away any, however.

"I know, but, hon," I says, "you see I was practically contracted for before you come out here. Benny Silvercrown had been after me and said to come around any time. Couldn't you do it on that basis?"

"B. McFadden," says Milt, "desist! No, I can't!"

"Oh, Milt!" I says, and laid my cheek against his nice clean hair, and then all of a sudden I realized that this was no sacrifice, but probably the least difficult thing I had ever done in my whole entire life. At the thought I sprung away from him as quick as a cat, and at the instant Milt was on his feet, too, pacing up and down the room.

"Hey, you!" says he, like a thunderstorm. "Sit down in that chair!"

I sat down weakly, a rush of emotion making clear to me that whatever Milt was to tell me to do, why I would do it from that time on, world without end Amen! I was glad and sorry and ashamed and proud, all at the same time. And I had started something. I'll say I had! Only not what I at first thought.

"You dear little idiot!" says Milt, stopping in front of me suddenly, and frowning. "So that is the way you think they do the trick, eh? No wonder pictures need reorganization! But it doesn't go here, child, nor with any of the big men in the business. When will you pretty picture-struck girls realize that what the producer wants is talent? That he will always buy it at a fair price when he finds it? You don't have to do that sort of thing to me, or to anyone. You can act. That is enough. And, B. McFadden, as a vampire you are a rank amateur—thank God!"

He come over and kissed my hands quickly, and let them drop, and started pacing again, while I just sat there and couldn't say a word.

"Women are all crazy!" he burst out after a minute. "I should think they could see that men in this business are absolutely fed up with silly women being thrown at their heads!"

"But, Milt," I says, pretty nearly ready to cry, "you don't understand! I'm good, I can act, but I'm broke. I got to get work, and you said you wouldn't ——"

"Oh, hush!" says he, never stopping his impatient walking. "Now I will have to make work for you! So you see your vamping was a success after all. I'll draw a contract of some kind this very afternoon, and give you an advance. You will begin working as soon as Nicky gets home. You need taking care of, badly, B. McFadden, and I'm going to see that it is done."

Well it's the truth that no matter how pure a lady is, she don't like to be scorned. And no modern girl gets any joy out of being told that she can't take care of herself.

Also, it is a true fact that loving and hating act on a person very much the same way, and finding out that I loved Milton Sherrill naturally at once made me as touchy as anything. I got on my feet as soon as he stopped talking.

"I seem to of managed to take pretty good care of myself this far," I says haughtily, "and can go on doing so. I don't think you need bother with any contract or anything. Good-by!"

"Hold on, B.," says Milton, putting his hand on my shoulder and making me sit down again. "Now that I have found you, I am not going to let you get away so easily. And you are going to stop behaving like a silly child, and sign a contract at a reasonable figure—say, six hundred a week."

Well, as this was only one hundred berries more than I had ever got in my life I give a reluctant consent, and before I left the Silvercrown that afternoon I had signed on the dotted line for three special Newrich productions, where I would not be a star by any means but would be one of Nicky's feature players, and also with a two weeks' advance in my purse, which I took with all the languid indifference of a starving hyena pouncing on a piece of raw meat.

But all this time Milt had not done one thing towards me, except what was real impersonal. And as I drove out home in the big white bus, which now was really going to be mine, it seemed to me like I was bound to be a business success, but a emotional failure. As soon as I fell in love with somebody they would get cold feet, or cuckoo over some other girl, and all my life it had been the same. There was Ella's brother back in the Stonewall Grammar School, who used to walk home with me and carry my books until I got crazy about him and started giving him the cake out of my lunch box. Then he took up with someone else.

And there was a boy come with his family one summer to board out at the Bushwell farm. Mark Rowe, his name was, and he was sixteen and wild over me, until I told him I loved his eyes. Then he switched over to Ella. Then Stricky. And now Milton. On the other hand, there was dear old Bert Green, wild over me and I couldn't see him at all. And Axel, who any nitwit could tell was in love with me, while I only felt sorry for the poor good-looking boob. All the world loves another, as the old saying goes. And it didn't seem right.

Well, as I looked back I seen clearly that I had not really give a whoop for any of the lot until Milt, and I couldn't afford to lose him. I wouldn't. I would face the cruel truth which I had been aware of the other times but had never applied. I must not let Milt see how I felt. It was a darn-fool truth, but a truth just the same, that what a man can't have he wants; and so I would pull a can't-have, if it killed me. If Milt wanted to believe that I was just job-hunting when I vamped him, why so much the better. I give a sigh when I thought of it. Could I land him? I didn't know. All I knew for sure was that I had really been in love with him all my life.

When at last I got home, more in a state of fatigue than of triumph, there was mommer ahead of me, and of course tickled to death with my news.

"Why, Bonnie, dearie, I don't believe I could of done any better for you myself," she says. "When I was Lila Lavelle's mother I always used to tell her 'A time will come when I can't teach you any more.' It looks like you were about there, hon, and I suppose before long you will be through with me!"

"Adele!" I says. "Oh, mommer, never! Why how can you say any such thing? I guess I will trouble you for a good many years yet!"

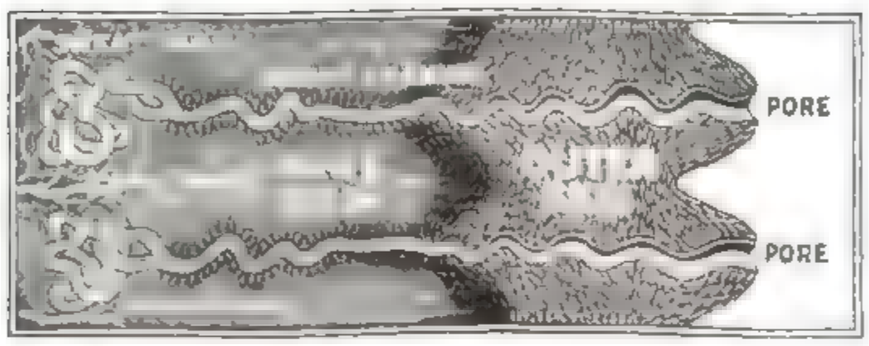
"I wouldn't call it trouble," says she with a pleased smile. "But I will say, honey, I am relieved you are signed up with such a good company. Mr. Sherrill is a rich banker, quite aside from the pictures, ain't he? And unmarried. H'm! Well, I suppose you will moan over that good-for-nothing nitwit of a Strickland, just the same. I hear he is perfectly devoted to Anita now."

Mommer stood with her hands on her hips, watching me but attempting to register casual indifference. And it was all I could do to keep from laughing right out at her simple plotting. It was plain at such times why Adele's life ambition to be a picture actress had never come to anything. She could no more force a false expression than she could control a natural one, and believe me I did love her for it.

"Hon," says I, "don't you worry over my emotions. I got a job, that's enough to think about, ain't it? And as for Stricky, I haven't even got any desire to show him where he gets off. He is already off as far as

(Continued on Page 46)

Rivers of Health



Your Millions of Pores

On the left is pictured a cross section of the skin, highly magnified. It shows how the pores carry off the twenty-five ounces of perspiration produced daily by the sweat glands of the body. Only a glance is necessary to realize the vital importance of these millions of rivers of health which must be kept flowing by pore-deep cleanliness if the body is to breathe.

Illustration reproduced from The Book of Knowledge, New York.

YOU know what rivers mean to a countryside—how they irrigate the soil and sustain the foliage. If their regular flow is checked, the water backs up and causes disaster. If they dry up, the surrounding country becomes parched and unattractive. A constant, natural flow is essential to well-being.

The pores of your skin are veritable *rivers of health*. To assure utmost comfort of mind and body they demand thorough cleanliness—natural cleanliness—*pore-deep* cleanliness. *Really clean* people know this. They know that color and perfume in soap add nothing to cleanliness—often the reverse. This is evidenced by the rapidly increasing demand for Fairy Soap, *the whitest soap in the world*—soap in its purest form.

Fairy Soap helps your body breathe by thoroughly cleansing and gently stimulating the pores. After using it you know you are thoroughly clean—a wholesome, invigorated feeling tells you so. The mild, abundant, pore-penetrating lather is the first evidence of its thorough skin-cleansing quality. Instantaneous rinsing is another. Every pore becomes a restored river of health—ready and able to perform its cleanly task until next Fairy Soap time.

Choose now between *real* cleanliness and *near* cleanliness. Use Fairy Soap for a week. It will tell its own story of soap perfection in no uncertain way. It symbolizes the great habit of *American white cleanliness* which is sweeping the country. It helps the body breathe by making and keeping every pore a *river of health*.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

For Toilet and Bath Alone—Too Good for the Finest Laundry

Fleischman Baths

Forty-seven West Forty-second Street, New York

The N. K. Fairbank Company,
65 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen:

The world-wide fame of the Fleischman Turkish Baths is founded on the experience of our personnel and the excellence of our equipment. On this basis it goes without saying that we use Fairy Soap.

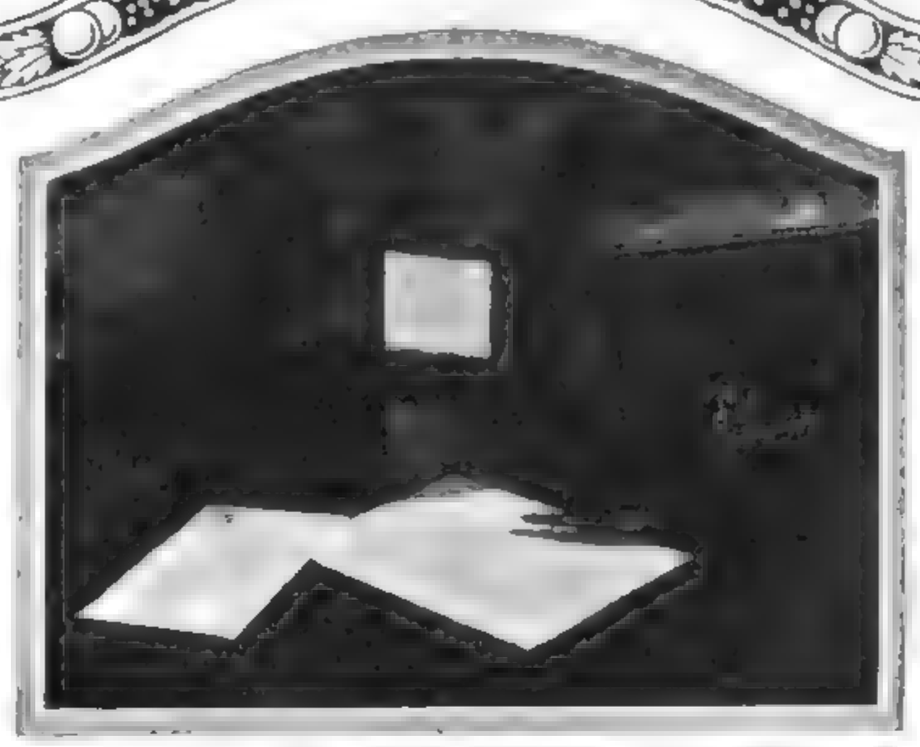
Our experience has proved that it is pure, mild, and thoroughly satisfactory from a hygienic standpoint.

Very truly yours,

Joseph Fleischman

FAIRY SOAP

HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



How long do you take to answer a letter?

PERHAPS days, perhaps weeks, perhaps months—at any rate, until you get materials together. Lack of social stationery in the house lengthens the time taken to answer letters, while a supply of stationery on hand makes quick and pleasant work of it.

HAMMERMILL BOND

Social Stationery

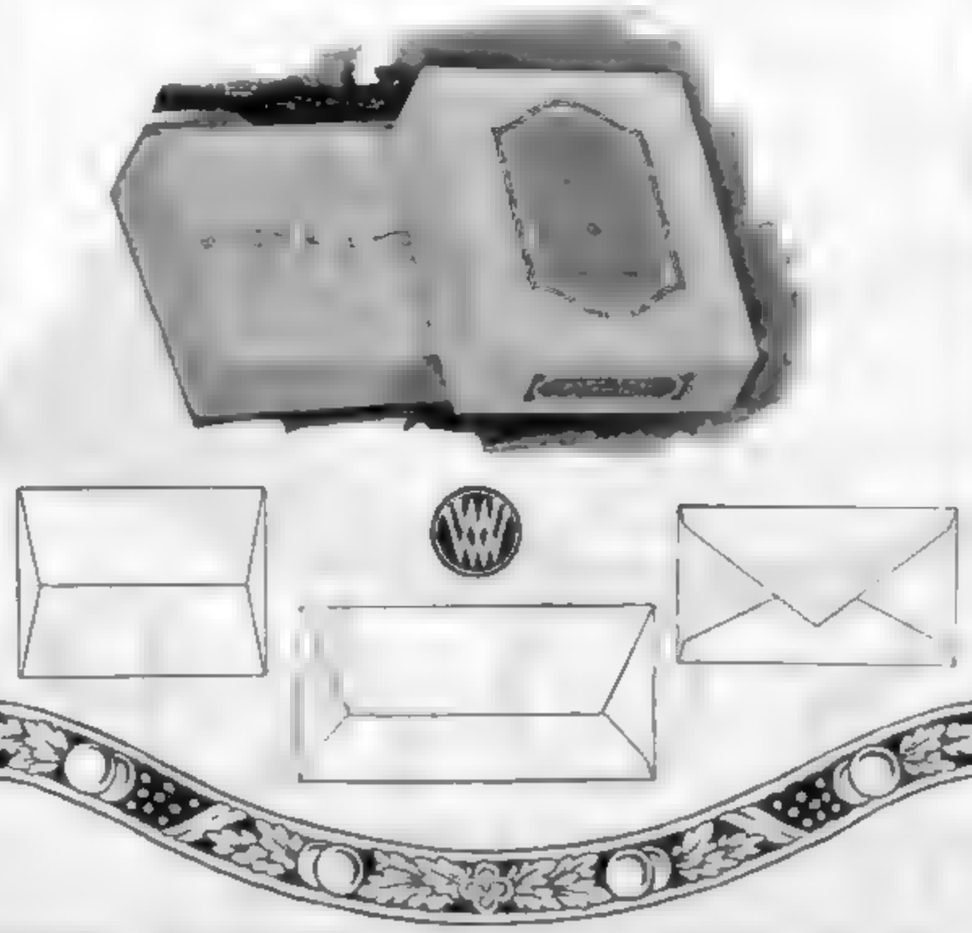
Made in three finishes—linen, bond, and ripple—with eight styles and sizes of envelopes. From this selection you can choose just the kind of distinctive personal stationery you like best. Sold by druggists, stationers, and department stores. It is strong, smooth, and pleasant to write upon, and costs but 35c to 75c a box. Also supplied in writing tablets in popular sizes.

If you will send us ten cents (stamps or coin), we will mail you enough Hammermill Bond Social Stationery in different styles and finishes to answer several of the letters you owe.

Hammermill Bond Social Stationery prepared by

WHITE & WYCKOFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Master Makers of Distinctive Social Stationery Holyoke, Massachusetts



(Continued from Page 44)

I am concerned. But this I will say, and that is, some day he will make love that he don't mean once too often, and then he will get his."

"My land, I should hope so!" says mommer. And then she changed the subject quick. "Well," says she, "I guess it's a good thing I was out to the ranch this afternoon. Your father hadn't washed the dishes in two days. That poor man is as helpless as a infant!"

"Mommer," I says severely, "you let him alone. He's got to learn to work and you must leave him learn it!"

"Well, all right," says Adele. "They say cast your bread upon the waters and you will find it after many days, but I always say a dish in time saves a nine days' plumber's bill; and that sink was something awful."

Well I'll tell the world that the sink was not the only thing about our ranch that was in a fierce condition. I went out for a visit a coupla weeks after pop took possession, and pretty near dropped dead when I seen the place. At the first I just wouldn't go, because I felt well here is pop, he never done a thing for me except sit on my neck and take my money, but well he is too old for me to change him, and so I will provide for him. But that will buy me the liberty to keep away from him. However, when he got so enthusiastic about ranching it, and moved out and everything, why a kind of hope did revive in me to the effect that perhaps he could actually make a go of it, for five acres is not a great deal to irrigate, and yet a mighty comfortable living can be taken off of them.

So when one day mommer says it is a shame the way you treat your poor father you had ought to go out and see him oncet in a while anyways, I give in to her, and mommer swiped a few magazines out of the parlor, a box of new electric bulbs, a coupla phonograph records and other delicacies, and hid them on me in the car, and I didn't discover them until after we had got halfways out to the Arroyo del Rey, and it didn't seem worth while turning back.

Well, that made me a little sore, because it seemed to me she had taken pop pretty near everything in the house by then, and we might as well of moved out our trunks and been done. And when we come to the ranch itself, which by now it was less a ranch than the center of a new lot of cute art dwellings, I was even less glad. Of course I had not expected this ranch to be one always, and by now this development was quite an old district—more than five months old, in fact, and so of course it was being built up pretty fast, but still and all that shouldn't of affected pop's trees like it had. As we come in sight of them I give a gasp, for the ground was cracked and dry, with weeds springing up in it, showing plainly that no cultivation had been even attempted. As for the fruit, heaven knows a olive, whether in or out of a cocktail, means nothing personally to me, but I hate to see even a caraway seed wasted, and these olives were. They was dried up like Egyptian ones, or something, and the whole place had a look of being run down. Very extra conspicuous it seemed, among all that grand California real-estate enterprise, conducted by Californians from Pennsylvania.

Pop was not expecting us, for he was busy sitting on the front porch with his boots off, and his stockings, with his feet in them, however, on the rail, and he was squeezing the last drop of reading matter out of the morning paper, which showed considerable conservation because this was the middle of the afternoon. There certainly was some things pop could make go a long ways.

"Well, Bonnie, dearie!" he says, delighted, when we stopped outside. "Welcome, pretty daughter, to my humble home."

"Humble is right, pop," I says, coming up on the porch and leaving him present me with one of them generous kisses of his. "I might of known you would humble it! What's the big idea of leaving things go this way?"

"Daughter dear," says pop with great dignity, "that is a fine way to speak, and you neglecting me all this while! It's true this is no palace, but it's my own, and my warm welcome ought to compensate for its shortcomings!"

I sunk down in a chair and looked around me with a heavy disgust. From a pretty but neglected ranch it had grown to be a pigsty! Even in spite of Adele's efforts.

"Pop," I says, "what ails you? I thought you was full of enthusiasm for this job?"

"Tush, darling, that's where I was all wrong!" says pop, smiling again. "Ye see it was a terrible piece of work, getting all them trees watered, and plowed, and what not! My back itself was near broke before the first day was out. And then, when I come to figure what would I get off them at the very best, why it wouldn't be the fortune I want to make for you, dearie. So I set myself to find out how would I do better with the property, and I been figuring on that ever since."

"Is that so?" says I indignantly. "Well I hope you got something settled by now, because the looks of this place is a disgrace, and it was given to me for the advertising! Believe me, when I start work on Nicky's new picture next week the real-estate interests out here will commence using this for publicity again, and, sweet daddy, what will they say?"

"That's so, daughter dear," says pop with a troubled look in his big blue eyes. "What a pity, now! Of course the place is mine, since you gave it to me, but they will pass remarks, none the less, no doubt. What will we do about it? You make a suggestion, Bonnie, and I'll act on whatever you tell me to."

Well it had been quite some time since I had been obliged to think up a new line for pop, and so it didn't take me long to hit on a idea.

"I'll tell you what," says I, "you get in with the Arroyo del Rey people, and cut this place up into half-acre lots and sell them for building, all but your own house. And with the money you get, buy your way into the development company."

"Why, that's a grand idea!" says pop, brightening at once. "All I would have to do is mark off the corners of the lots with pegs and then sit in the office and wait for the customers. There's fine money to be made in real estate, Bonnie, and I think we have hit on the right idea at last!"

Well, I thought maybe, but said nothing, and just then mommer come out from the kitchen with a pot of coffee and some cake, and I recognized my best china cups on the tray. But I wouldn't say a word about that, because soon I myself would be hard at work, so why not spend as happy an afternoon as is possible with one's family? As things turned out, it was a long time before I seen either pop or the ranch again. I was glad afterwards to remember we had parted friends.

"Au revoir, dear!" I says when I left, kissing him of my own accord.

"Same to you!" says pop. And that is the last I seen of him until after what I am now going to tell you about happened.

When Nicky come back from New York it was the breath of my artistic career to me. Of course I had seen a lot of Milt—that is, considering how busy he was—but while Milt was my heart, Nicky was my art, and that is the curse of we modern women; there has got to be so many kinds of men in our life, and our tradition to the contrary makes us fight that true fact, and troubles us a lot.

But while I felt it kind of queer in me to be so glad to see Nickolls when I was all the time deeply in love with Milt, yet I was made that way, and to celebrate his return we had a party out to my house with Milt and Bert and Axel and Benny Silvercrown and Trixie and Jennie, her kid, and we ate our lunch out in the garden, and had a talk fest about how good we all was, and what a great future was before us and so forth.

"Thank God for this, his country!" says Nicky, leaning back in his chair and sniffing at the blue sky. "Give me the Coast and you can have New York!"

"I thought you was crabbing about our immoral community just before you went East," I says, kidding him, see? "And that you never wanted to work out here again, but stay in the wholesome, stimulating cold of winter slush, and so forth?"

"Huh!" says Nicky, shaking his big lion's head. "Huh! I've been East since then!"

Well, this picture, the first one Nicky was to make, might of been called a kind of a experiment. It sure had some cast. Trixie Trueman, Bonnie Delane, Tom Wells, Herman Herman, the famous he-beauty, and Atlas, the strong guy. Nobody starred, but everybody featured, and Milt had worked out the paper for it such a way that nobody could get sore. He was having

(Continued on Page 49)

THE *New* WINTON SIX *Sedan*

For twenty-four years—the span of automotive history—the WINTON COMPANY has been building fine motor cars.

WINTON workmen, trained in the exacting school of the WINTON body shops, create and bring to perfection bodies for only one make of car—to one undeviating high standard—the WINTON standard.

The *New* WINTON SEDAN is a worthy successor to the line of famous vehicles that have made the name WINTON a synonym for fine car design and craftsmanship. Its beautiful lines are in keeping with the sterling worth of the WINTON-built engine and chassis. Its interior, finished with all the art of the custom-made body, is the last word in perfect taste and refinement.

Mounted on the famous Model 40 chassis, this new Sedan combines in its moderate price and surprising economy the quality that has given WINTON its unique position as America's most distinguished fine car.

SEVEN-PASSENGER SEDAN LIMOUSINE SEDAN SPORT SEDAN

New
WINTON SIX

THE WINTON COMPANY · · CLEVELAND · · OHIO

Watch for Your Theatre's Notice

of these big new pictures:

Viola Dana
in
Irvin S. Cobb's romance of a heart in hock
"The $5 Baby"

Clara Kimball Young
in
"The Hands of Nara"
from Richard Washburn Child's amazing novel of a mysterious Russian refugee

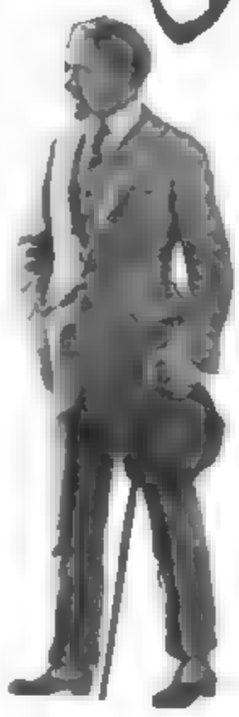
And the only cave-man in captivity,

Bull Montana
in
"A Ladies' Man"
a laugh-as-laugh-can comedy by Hunt Stromberg

A METRO PICTURE

Scenario by Mary O'Hara. Photography by John F. Seitz. Dramatic version done by Edward Rose.

Have you ever been a King?



At any rate, Rudolf Rassendyll—English gentleman and connoisseur of adventure—had never. When he went to see the coronation in Ruritania he regarded a king as the poet did the purple cow: he would rather see than be one.

How Rassendyll came within a week to wear the crown of Ruritania, to match wits with Black Michael and cross swords with Rupert of Hentzau, to lose his heart hopelessly to the lovely Princess Flavia, is one of the great romances of fiction.

It is Anthony Hope's novel of glorious adventure.

And it has been made into a photoplay by the director of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Watch for

The Rex Ingram Production of
The Prisoner of Zenda

See that you See
METRO PICTURES
They Entertain

(Continued from Page 46)

all the names printed on the same line, and alphabetically.

Well, the script of this piece was by a bird named Hawthorne and was called The Scarlet Letter. You see Nicky had got the idea to make some American classics, and not to change them any, but attempt merely to amplify the books for screen purposes and make only such changes as was absolutely necessary to have them go in the small towns. And Milt backed him up strong, in spite of Big Benny, who stood around and tore his hair, or would of only he was prematurely bald and really couldn't spare it. But he tore a cloth hat one time, when they says they was going to keep the original title. So then they saw not alone what was left of the hat, but reason as well, and changed the name of the picture to The Price of Sin.

But when it come right down to the story itself, Nicky would not give in one inch. He claimed he would make this great American novel the way it was written, and if it was part of a person's education to read it, why not make it the same as it read? Of course he realized that on account of the censors he would be obliged to make the heroine, Hester, married in secret to the father of her child, because otherwise it would not be possible to show the picture. And a part was written in for me—a Spanish dancer that tried to vamp the juvenile away from Hester. But outside of that the story was practically the way the author had written it.

Well, we had been working on this picture for over two weeks and things was going unusually well. Milton had hired Joe for Nicky's camera, on Nicky's recommendation, and undoubtedly Joe was a wonderful camera man. Also Milt was glad to hire Bert Green for stills, because of course Bert was an old friend from his own home town of Stonewall. Slim Rolf was back with us, too, Big Benny pointing out that he was the one best bet for publicity and besides, he, Benny, had known Slim for years. So we were a happy family once more, and I'll say the picture looked like it was certainly going to be a knockout. And then one day we run against a awful snag.

You see this Hester in the story, she has a baby, and really if you was to cut it out there would be no story to it. But it seems the Big Egg got to thinking it over and talked with Milton about it, and told Milton what a serious thing it was to run up against the National Board of Censorship and that many a expensive fillum had been made and then they had to throw it out because of just some little thing like that. Well, it seems that Milton pointed out to Benny that Hester was married, and that the both of them had been born once, and Benny had to admit it, but thought they had better consult Nicky before they went any further. So they sent for Nicky and after two hours he come out boiling, but licked, parked himself in my light-blue silk dressing room and exploded, for he knew that was a safe place to do it.

"They make me wild!" he bellowed. "They are mad as hatters! Change The Scarlet Letter? Good Lord, haven't they changed it enough already? Benny suggested that I get Hester into some business complication as a substitution for her child! Heaven defend us!"

"But, Nicky," I says to him, "it isn't Benny that's to blame; it's them censors! Gee! Sometimes when I think of anybody telling me what I can or can't see, it makes me so wild, Nicky, I could blow up!"

"Oh, they are probably good enough as people," says he. "But nobody is good enough to tell an artist in any line what work he shall do or how it shall be done. Let them take or leave the finished product, by all means, Bonnie. But allow the public itself to judge of moral values, and of decency! I for one have great faith in the intelligence of my fellow countrymen and women. If a show is dirty they can be pretty safely trusted not to accept it. They will simply call in the police, and that will put an end to it."

"Well, I personally myself don't see how anybody can be conceited enough to accept the job of censoring," I says thoughtfully. "Yet you got to admit, Nicky, that in the old days there was some pretty raw pictures shown."

"But they didn't last!" says he, quick. "They were withdrawn at the first public protest. And anyhow, that was in the old days when pictures were a wildcat enterprise. And now —— Why, the darn thing doesn't work anyhow, no matter how you look at it. For example, remember that German picture? A crazy man's mind, exposed most realistically. Yet it gets by the censors while my own company, an American concern, is afraid to let me faithfully film a great American classic by one of the greatest writers our country has produced—all because the most common event in life, with the exception of death, occurs in it. Bah!"

"But, Nicky, Nicky!" I says. "Some control has got to be put on everything. Otherwise we would get a lot of awful books and pictures and so forth. I wish I had the faith in the good sense and inborn decency of people that you got. But I can't have it, Nicky. I lived in a small country village too long."

"What?" says he indignantly. "Why, with the amount of education there is in this country today the people are perfectly competent to act as their own censors."

"And there are also a lot of nitwits that will pay out good money to get hold of a little dirt," I reminded him.

"But what I am making in The Scarlet Letter isn't dirt, you ignorant child!" Nicky shouted at me. "It's life—it's life, I tell you; and life isn't dirty! But a lot of boobs who are permitted to judge haven't found out the distinction as yet!"

"The picture-going public, Nicky," I says, "is much like a classroom in an old-fashioned public school. The big majority are kept back by the few. You can't safely promote the class until the nitwits have caught up a little with the normal kids."

"You said a mouthful," retorted Nickolls grimly, "and that without knowing it. It is just as wrong to hold back a normal audience from an adult representation of life through the medium of art, as it was to keep back your roomful of normal children on account of the presence among them of some who were subnormal. We can't go on forever making pictures primarily for old maids and for children! We can make separate pictures for them, yes, but we must grow up. It's time."

"Sweet daddy!" says I. "If it wasn't for the old maids and the sweet young things there wouldn't be no business for the movies! And what is more, J. Austin Nickolls, I got a very clear idea that art can be made out of some subject which nobody can take any exceptions to, just as easy as it can out of the other kind of thing, and that it can be just as first-class art, too, if you are artist enough to make it right. So why not simplify matters by choosing that kind of a story, and then everybody will be satisfied?"

Nicky give me a long stare at that, and got up.

"No wonder you are a success in the pictures!" he says.

And without another word he walked away, leaving me to wonder was that remark a compliment or a insult?

However, in the end the office decided to take a chance on the censors and left Hester Prynne's baby in the story, but decided they would cut out the conventional shot showing Hester holding up a darling little pair of knitted boots. So Nicky forgave Benny and Milt, and recommenced work on the picture instead of walking out on them and jumping in the ocean to drown himself, like he had announced he would.

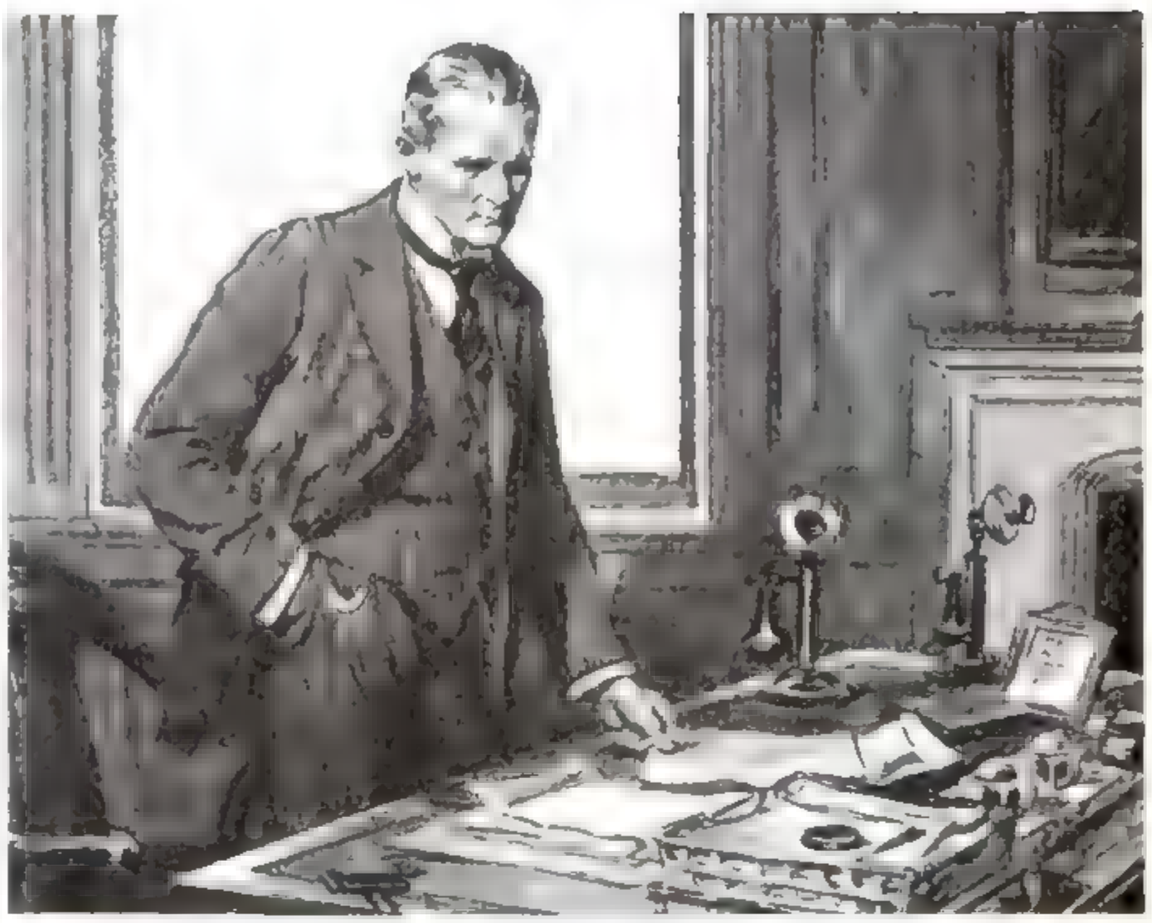
And then, just as things had got settled down again and was running smoothly, there come a interruption of another kind which lamed the production for quite some time.

They say that coming events cast their shadows before them, but I always say you never know what the morrow will bring forth—to steal mommer's stuff. And in this case it wasn't even a case of the morrow, but a mere matter of a few hours.

Well, this day things had started out good, with perfect weather, a perfect breakfast, the car running fine, and practically no bills in the morning's mail. My make-up went on right the very first time, and I was singing to myself when I went down on the set. Everybody I met seemed like they was in a good humor, too, and the work went well all morning.

Talk about casting a shadow before, why this event I am going to tell you about didn't cast any more shadow than a split hair! I don't remember when I felt so light-hearted. Even mommer's telephoning at lunch time to say she was coming down later and watch me work didn't upset me like it usually done.

Well anyways, things were fine, even if Nicky himself was not on the set this day, but leaving the stuff to Louie.



Is your health a liability or an asset?

A well-known company, employing hundreds of people, recently had a thorough physical examination made of every member of its staff.

Only two in the entire number were graded "A."

All the rest were suffering from some physical handicap—slight in some cases, serious in others. High blood pressure, hardened arteries, slow poisoning from faulty elimination—the health of many of these people had become a liability, not an asset.

The two most important needs in the world

What we call "life" is really a double process. First, the living cells that form our bodies must be constantly fed and nourished. Second, the poisonous waste products that accumulate must be regularly removed.

Check either of these processes even temporarily, and the body is weakened. Premature age, intestinal disorders, skin disturbances, and all the ills we attribute to "run-down condition" are the result.

Now Science tells us that the cells of a tiny living plant—fresh yeast—supply the very elements which help the body perform these two vital functions: to help it to *secure its proper nourishment*, and help it to *keep the system clean*.

This simple fresh food—Fleischmann's Yeast—is being prescribed by physicians and hospitals everywhere. It is helping thousands of men and women attain a health and vigor which they had thought impossible.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, not a medicine. It does not act overnight—Nature does not work that way. But two or three cakes a day, eaten regularly over a period of time, will achieve positively incredible results. THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 619, 701 Washington Street, New York City.

Eat it plain—or spread it on crackers—or mix it with water or milk

An absorbing free booklet tells what Fleischmann's Yeast has done for others and can do for you.

SEND THIS COUPON FOR IT TODAY

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY
Dept. 619, 701 Washington Street,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me free booklet, "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet."

Name

Street

City State

Most Engine Trouble Comes From Worn-Out or Incorrectly Designed Spark Plugs

(Why You Should Buy AC's When You Change Plugs)

More than 200 car and truck makers now use and have for years used AC Plugs as standard factory equipment. Among these:

Dodge Brothers cars have been AC-equipped since the company was founded.

Buick cars have been AC-equipped for fourteen years.

Nash cars, both Sixes and Fours, have always been equipped with AC's.

Oaklands for the past fourteen years have been AC-equipped.

Chevrolet cars have always had AC Plugs in their engines.

Cadillac, Chandler, Cleveland, Dort, Durant, Essex, Hudson, Hupmobile, LaFayette, Maxwell, Oldsmobile, Overland, Paige, Willys-Knight and others are all standard AC-equipped.

Why is it that all of these manufacturers specify AC Spark Plugs year after year?

Isn't it because experience has taught them that AC's are the best for their engines?

When your motor starts hard, bucks at low speed, is sluggish on the pick-up, balks on hills, misses at high speed—look to your spark plugs first, as these troubles usually are caused by old or incorrectly designed plugs. Very often costly repair bills are incurred, various adjustments made and finally it is found that new spark plugs are the remedy.

Avoid this expense by first putting in a new set of AC's.

Most of the leading racing men use only AC Plugs.

At Indianapolis, Memorial Day, AC-equipped cars finished 1, 2 and 3.

You can't go wrong following the advice of such experts. When you change plugs be sure you get the reliable AC's.

Ford Owners:—The AC 1075 for Ford engines is the plug you should use. It has our patented wire clip for the Ford terminal, our new design electrode which prevents oil from lodging in the spark gap and the famous AC Carbon Proof porcelain. If your Ford dealer will not supply you any other good dealer can meet your needs.

AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,216,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

"Say, Louie," I says when we went back to the stage after our noon diet—"Say, Louie, where is Nicky gone, do you know?"

"I don't know, unless he's staying home, sore," says Louie with a grin. "Maybe he don't feel so good after that jam he was in last night."

"What jam is that?" I says.

"Didn't you hear about it?" says Louie. "Why, it's all over town. It was with your old friend, Greg Strickland."

"What was it, Louie?" I says, trying not to seem as nervous as I felt.

"Well, as far as I can make out, see," says Louie, "this Strickland had it in for Nicky, see, and last night they were both to a party out at Atlas Smith's place. Well, Strickland had some wren along and they were both pretty wet, I guess. Anyways, Nicky met up with them in the garden on that little Jap-bridge effect Atlas has over his swimming pool. And when Nick seen who it was coming towards him over this bridge, see, why he steps to one side to avoid speaking, and Strickland seen his chance and without any warning, why he soaks Nicky one in the jaw and Nicky fell over and landed in the pool.

"Well, there was a big crowd around, see?" Louie went on. "And they got Nicky right out. His head was hurt pretty bad by striking on the edge of the pool, but he was all for licking Strickland good and plenty, just the same."

"And did he?" says I.

"Naw!" says Louie. "Strickland didn't stay long enough for him to. By the time Nick was out of the pool that bad actor had left the party without even saying good night."

"Whew!" I says. "I will have to call Nicky up when we quit this afternoon."

"It's a poor way to get a bad head," says Louie; "and I'll bet his is aching!"

Well, after that we went back to the big scene we was shooting, which was of Plymouth Rock or some place, and my mind was at once on my job again, the way it always is when I am acting. In the sequence we was making I was this Spanish dancer that was vamping Herman, our juvenile, who was playing the part of this young clergyman. So naturally I kind of forgot Nicky and everything else for a while. And then in the middle of the afternoon Louie decided he would shoot the same stuff in another background as well, so that there would be two choices in tomorrow's dailies. Consequently there was a wait while an interior was dressed for him, and during it I was chatting with Trixie when Eddie the w. k. call boy came and says that I was wanted on the telephone.

"Say, how do you get that way?" I says. "I'm on the set, ain't I?"

"I know," says he, kind of upset for him, "but it's real urgent, I think, Miss Delane, or I wouldn't of come for you."

Well, I took a look around, and as things didn't seem as if they would be ready for some little time yet, why I says to Trixie wait dear, I will be right back and tell you the rest about how that new coat of mine is going to be made, and then I went to my dressing room and picked up the receiver of the telephone.

"Hello!" I says. "This is me speaking. Who is it, please?"

At first all I could hear was a sort of confused sound, like someone crying. And then I made out my name.

"Yes, it's me!" I says. "Who wants me?"

"Come quickly!" says the voice. A woman's, I could get that now.

"Mommer, is it you?" I says, frightened.

"It is Anita," says the voice. "Bonnie, say you will come. You must, you must!"

Well, when I heard who it was I went kind of cold all over me. The iron nerve of her, to call me up at all, much less ask me to do anything for her!

"I can't go anywheres," I says. "I am on a set. And if I wasn't I don't see how you could expect me to come, Anita, after everything!"

"Bonnie, Bonnie!" she wailed. "You must come! Something terrible has happened, and you are the only friend I got in the world."

"I can't," I says. "I tell you I am working. I got to go right back."

"You must come!" says Anita, and there was a terrible sound to her voice as she said it. "Nothing is so important as your coming. I've got to have help."

"But what's wrong?" I says. "Tell me, and I'll try and get over later."

"I can't tell you on the phone," says she. "Oh, come, please, please!"

"Where are you?" I says.

"I'm at Stricky's bungalow. Oh, I'm going mad, I tell you. If you wait any longer it will be too late. Can't you understand—too late! Come, Bonnie, you must, you must!"

She started laughing and crying then and I suppose dropped the receiver. I could still hear her faintly, but she had evidently left the phone. And then somebody screamed. Such a scream as I hope I will never hear again—thin and high and despairing and full of fear. Then no sound at all.

I stood at that phone with a sensation like I simply must see through it to what was happening at the other end, my heart beating like I'd been running a race. There could be no fake about what I had just heard, that was sure. A sort of wild fear took hold of me.

What was wrong? What crazy unbelievable thing had happened? The sinister something that was forever fighting the beauty around me crept out of its hiding place again and breathed its foul breath on me. My nerves shrank away from the horror of it, and yet there had been a tone in Anita's voice which forced me in the other direction. It was just woman calling to woman. More than that, it was a human in need calling out in despair to the only one it could think of—myself! I had to answer it. I had to go!

It's the truth that from that moment on I forgot the studio where I was, forgot the people waiting on the set, the work I was due to do there, and absolutely everything except that terrible haunting cry of Anita's. It wiped out even the recollection of how she had double-crossed me, and all I thought of was that I positively must get to her as quick as ever I could.

The idea of waiting to take off my Spanish costume or my make-up never even come into my head as I rushed for the open door, down the long narrow flight of stairs, across a couple of empty stages, headed for the main door, and nearly knocking Slim Rolf over in the corridor as I ran out. He yelled some indignant remark at me, I don't know what, for I paid no attention, but ran along the street to where my car was parked at the extreme end of the crowded line. At last I reached it, and somehow in another minute I was headed away from the studio, my lace headdress flying and flapping about me madly in the wind.

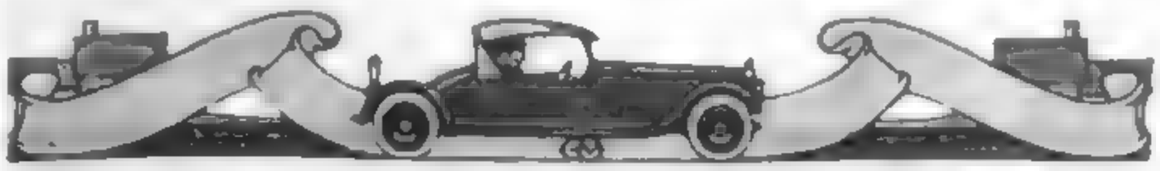
Stricky's bungalow was on a old street way over on the edge of the West Adams district, a well-built-up neighborhood and exclusive, but the homes not very close together. The house itself was a simple little one of the old original California-bungalow type, and had been put up when they made them of brown stained shingles, and it had a heavy old bougainvillea vine hanging dark and thick over the porch. When I parked my car in front of it there was not a soul in sight, and I thought my! how still and quiet it is! The only thing moving anywheres was the sprayer playing quietly on the lawn with a soft, wet, drippity-drop as it swung around.

I went up the path with fast-beating heart, wondering at the unearthly quiet that hung about the place, and the late afternoon sun sent my fantastic shadow scuttling ahead of me as I run up the steps. The front door was standing wide open, and after kind of halting on the door sill I went in and stopped in the hall.

"Anita! Anita!" I called, my own voice sounding like a stranger to me.

But there was no answer. Not even a sound. So taking all my courage in my hands I parted the curtains and went into the sitting room. At first I thought there was nobody in it, but after a moment my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness and I seen that I was wrong. Somebody was there. It was Stricky, spread face downwards on the floor, and beside him lay Nickolls' revolver.

TO BE CONCLUDED)



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A baby's hand on a pedal of the Gulbransen causes it to play. The trade-mark tells a truthful story.

It is the exclusive Gulbransen features—the fine craftsmanship—the patented design—that make "easy to play" a fact.

Naturally the results you obtain on the Gulbransen are far above the average. The instrument is flexible, responsive, simple. Even a novice, with the aid of Gulbransen Instruction Rolls—also an exclusive idea—quickly learns to play well.

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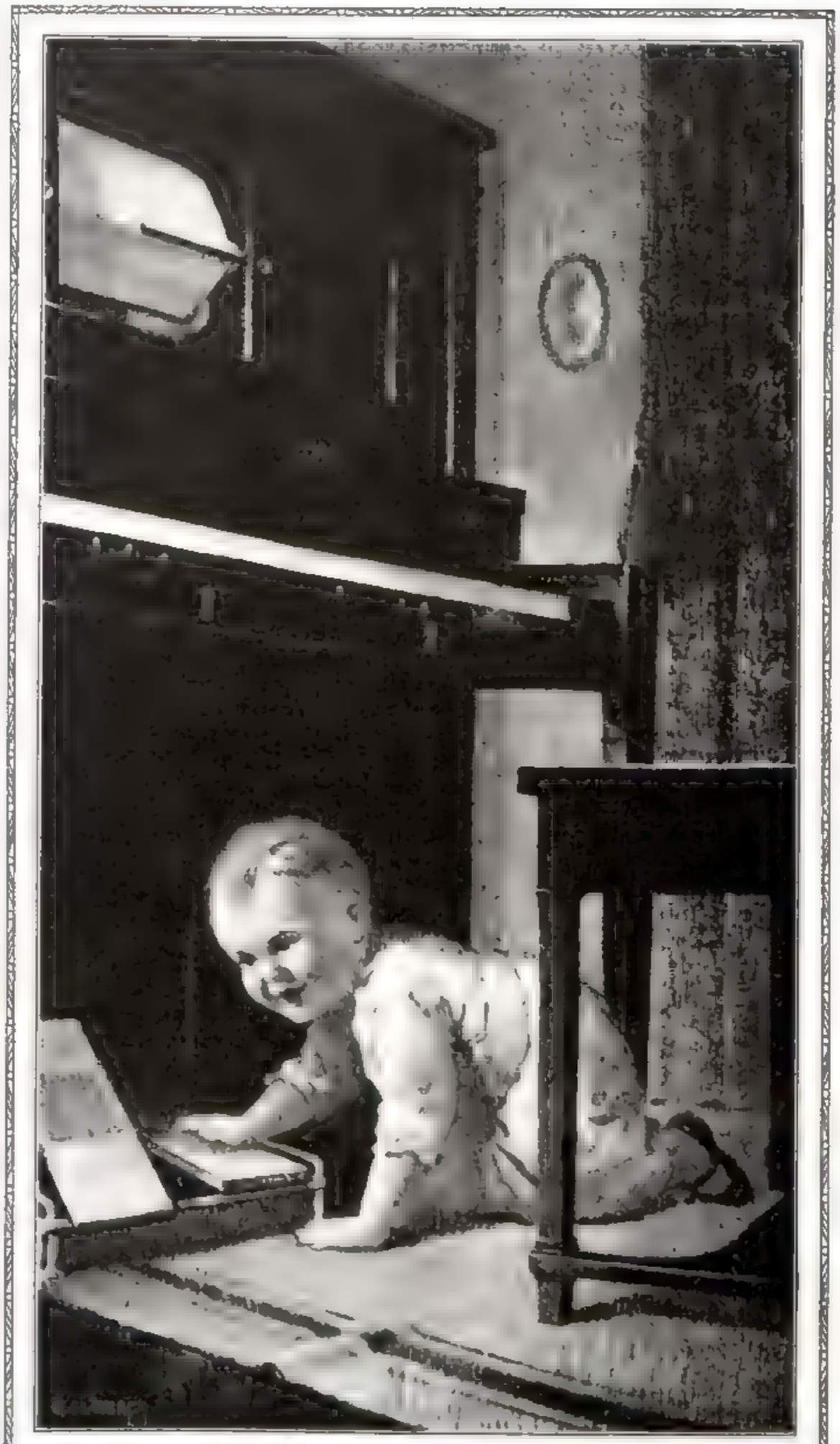

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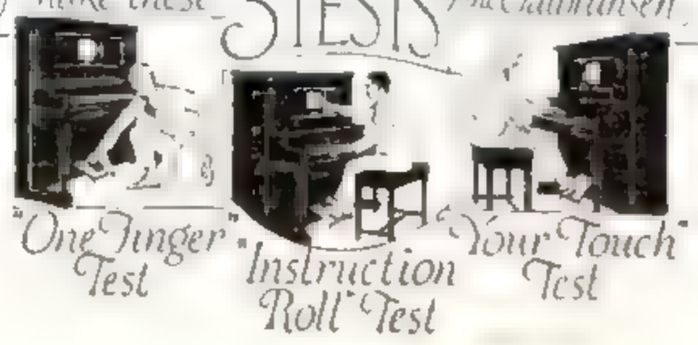

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AN OPEN LETTER

to the Marshall Hardware Company of Harvard, Illinois

—and to other merchants who want more farm trade

"Dear Mr. Marshall: When you increased your paint sales 75 per cent by adding to your window display of Devoe Paints the simple statement, 'As advertised in Farm & Fireside,' you demonstrated again a truth that has been discovered by many merchants in all lines.

"You established again that in Farm & Fireside there is a sales-making force of tremendous potentiality at work among the farm folks of the nation a force which only requires co-operation from established stores in each community to translate itself into sales and profits.

"Tonight, in the quiet serenity of America's vast countryside, this force is at work.

"In the editorial pages of Farm & Fireside leading writers point the way to better farming and to better living. In its advertising pages leading manufacturers of better farm equipment and of better farm home merchandise, in picture and description, display their goods.

"It is as though a catalog of the things you sell were placed in the better farm homes of your community.

"From your window display of Devoe Paints, in conjunction with the advertising of this product in Farm & Fireside, you gained some idea of the influence and sales power of this catalog when you focused it on your store."

To merchants in other lines:

Doesn't the success of the Marshall Hardware Company with this one product, "as advertised in Farm & Fireside," suggest the likelihood of equal success with all products (in your line, of course) advertised in Farm & Fireside? See list below.

Especially when you consider in this one instance that the extra profit of $20 which the Farm & Fireside window display earned in a single week readily multiplies itself into $1,000 or more in profit for the year?

Doesn't it suggest the desirability of featuring these products in your local advertising and including with each description the confidence-inspiring line, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside"?

Doesn't it suggest the wisdom of writing to the manufacturers who advertise in Farm & Fireside for suggestions and material that will help you get the utmost value from the money they are spending?

$25 for an idea

We want more ideas to pass along to other merchants. Consequently, we will pay $25 for any idea, plan or scheme that we can use, showing how retail merchants in any line can get more sales from Farm & Fireside advertising.

Many merchants like to keep in touch with Farm & Fireside themselves, and watch its advertising pages as the great market place of the best merchandise. To enable you to do this, we make a special offer. Pin a dollar bill to your letterhead and simply say, "Send me Farm & Fireside for three years," and we will do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company
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Farm & Fireside, Collier's, The National Weekly
Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Mentor

TIE *to these products advertised in*

FARM & FIRESIDE

The National Farm Magazine

Absorbine
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining
Agricultural Gypsum
American Tele, hone & Telegraph Co
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Burpee's Seeds
Capewell Horseshoe Nails
Champion Spark Plugs
Chandler Motor Cars
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Clark Grave Vaults
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Clothcraft Clothes
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Cream of Wheat Cookatoys
Dairy Butter Cutter
De Laval Separators & Milkers
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products
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Dr Hess Stock Tonic
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Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms
Jewett Cars
Kelly Springfield Tires
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Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments
Mellin's Food
Mulsified Coconut Oil
Pepsodent Tooth Paste
Philadelphia Diamond Grid Batteries
Pillsbury's Flour
Planet Jr. Implements
President Suspenders
Prest-O-Lite Batteries
Radak Razor Sets
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Renfrew Devonshire Cloth
Resinol Soap
Sealer Vulcanizer
Simmons Beds
Sun-Maid Raisins
Swift Products
Union Carbide
United States Tires
Vellastic Underwear
Viko Aluminum Ware
"Wear Ever" Utensils
Wright's Bias Fold Tape

POLYSYNTHETIC FOOTBALL

(Continued from Page 13)

"So that's your alibi?" he bullied. "That's your excuse? The Indian language?"

"Yes, sir," answered Derkes.

"Very well then," exploded Everard. "Knowing so much, can't you see what to do? Doesn't your mind go any further than that?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, confound you, if the Indian langunge is the difficulty, you take that team and teach 'em Indian! Don't sit twiddling your thumbs. Get some instructors here and make 'em learn it. What's a college for if it can't teach its football team one simple little language that a lot of ignorant savages invented?"

There was an exclamation.

"But see here!" objected old Norwood gravely. "See here ——"

"Don't see-here me!" yelled Everard. "Don't interrupt when I'm talking."

"I merely wished to inform you ——" began Norwood.

"Well, stop wishing!" sneered Everard. "Don't try to tell me anything. If you'd been any good you'd have made something of this school long ago, and I wouldn't be here doing it for you."

Norwood jumped up, trembling.

"Mr. Everard," he said, "that is too much. I will not permit you to ride over me in this way. I offer you information and you deliver a public rebuff. I warn you, you will regret this."

"Regret? Ha, ha! That's good. Norwood, I'd fire you if I considered you had a job here, but I don't. You're on a pension. So shut up!"

Norwood continued trembling, but he said nothing more; merely turned away and left the room.

Everard smiled after him and shook his head.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "we're going to teach that team the Indian language. Please consider it settled. We're going to play Brownell next year and beat them."

Shipwell, the English professor, coughed apologetically.

"But, Mr. Everard," he objected, "there is no Indian language, as you speak of it."

"No Indian language?" gasped Everard. "Are you crazy? Why, I heard them ——"

Shipwell raised his hand.

"The original natives of this continent," he said, "spoke thirty basic dialects, which have innumerable minor variations and tribal peculiarities. To carry out your scheme, sir, we might be compelled to consider at least a dozen tongues before we might ——"

"Now, now, now" laughed Everard. "You find out what language the Brownell Indians speak, and use that."

"I happen to know that five different tribes are represented on the Brownell team," inserted Derkes. "The newspapers have remarked the fact."

"All right," directed Everard, "they've got to use some one of five lingoes. Take ten of the team and form them into five pairs. Make each pair learn a language. Make the quarterback learn two or three."

"Two or three?" protested Shipwell. "My dear sir, the American native tongues are polysynthetic, or holophrastic. Each so-called word usually contains all the elements of a phrase, including pronominal subject and object, a transitive verb and sometimes a qualifying adjective or adverb. This is entirely opposite to our organic and analytic system of using separate words with separate modifying particles. I doubt if a young man of the athletic type could learn one such dialect in a year's time. I have frequently observed that our players are not apt in languages; even in English they are apt to display ignorance, or perhaps carelessness, and ——"

"Stop!" commanded Everard. "That's enough. They'll learn 'em or quit. You've got my orders. Give them theirs."

Well, that was that. When Everard was gone the students howled, the coach howled and the team went into hysterics. But the team was receiving a generous salary for waiting on the tables at Commons Dining Hall—more than any waiter has received before or since, I guess—and the rest of us didn't count; so no howling was protracted past the danger point. Considered in a calm frame of mind the idea was not altogether unreasonable, at that. Of course a man could never learn a whole Indian language in a year's time, but he might easily pick up enough to tip off one or two plays in advance. That would give us a better chance to win, and all we needed was a better chance, the way things stood. At bottom, of course, we all wanted to beat Brownell as much as Everard did.

And so it came to pass that, among other marvelous things transpiring that year, I sat in our frat rooms at Edge College, with Kennett, the fullback, and Quackenbush, both beefy men with small heads, and heard them talking about the Navajo language.

"The word for ball is *jol*," said Kennett, "and there's more than thirty ways of saying 'to throw.' How'll we ever find out how they say 'forward pass'?"

"Yes, how?" answered Quack. "And can we be sure they use the same dictionary?"

That pair had Navajo, and other couples had Dakota Sioux, Pawnee, Cherokee and Choctaw. The quarterback had Muskhogee and Comanche. Of all the impossible efforts! The team fairly staggered as it began to pack up vocabularies. Heavy men became pale and thin. The whole school got interested and tried to help, but even our crack Greek dissectors were stumped. It has since been estimated that we resurrected missionary grammars and moth-eaten old books that year that some libraries had even forgotten owning.

At last Malling succeeded in lining up Indian instructors—two of them reported in blankets and beads, direct from the reservation—and things went better. As spring wore into summer the various pairs began to get a grasp of the polysynthetic business and the instructors stopped smiling at their efforts. You know it takes something to make an old-style Indian smile, but those instructors had no trouble from the start.

During vacation the whole back field and two guards went down into Oklahoma to keep in practice.

Meanwhile old Dean Norwood was forgotten, or at least was overlooked. However, just after the conference in which Everard referred to Norwood as being on a pension, a certain Professor Pinder met the old dean coming from prayer meeting at his church.

"My dear Pinder," said Norwood, "you heard the controversy between Mr. Everard and myself this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir."

"I ask you then," said Norwood, "if I have not been snubbed and scorned to a point where I am justified in taking active measures to demonstrate my value and to—ah—let us say—to avenge myself?"

"I should say so," answered Pinder. "You are most emphatically justified in such a course."

"Well then, I shall adopt it."

But so far as we could see, he didn't. He merely met his classes, did his work, and refused to speak to the new chancellor except formally. Things drifted along until finally we got to shaking our heads and saying the poor old fellow was crushed and would never be able to do a thing that would affect Everard.

Well, autumn came at last, just as it has this year. I'll spare the details of golden grain and rich harvests. Just let me say that the Edge College team made a sensation that had never been equaled since Chicago developed Eckersall and the team that went with him. Edge trounced Cotton State 55 to 3 and rolled over a prize Eastern team 17 to 0. They kicked a goal or made a touchdown for every five minutes of play during the season. And they lined up with the Brownell Indians on our field before a crowd that was more numerous than the total registration at Edge from the time of its founding in 1840.

I'll never forget that occasion, naturally. No more than I'll forget my wedding or my funeral. Our rooters were all on hand and we had more than a thousand students that year. Our band was playing and just before me—I was cheer leader, you know—was Chancellor Malling, with a confident smile on his face, looking like he was about to give an interview on How I Made Good and Carried Out the Boss' Orders, to a success magazine. We all had confident smiles. We were sure we could beat the Indians either at football or at talking and we were looking forward to the day when we'd call our grandchildren about our knees and tell

"E" Economy

What a Missouri traveling salesman discovered about price per gallon and cost per mile

A TRAVELING SALESMAN in Springfield, Mo., isn't fooled by figures.

He has discovered that Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" at 30c a quart actually costs him less than other oils he previously bought at 20c and even 15c.

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For lowest cost per mile the design, construction and system of lubrication of your Ford engine demand oil of the definite characteristics found in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

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IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

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Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Thus every element in the whole grains yields up its nutriment.

This is real whole-grain nutrition. Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. It is practically a complete food. Every child should eat it every day. And the ideal form is Puffed Wheat.

These are airy, toasted, flimsy grains, puffed to 8 times normal size. They seem too good to eat. But when you serve them at night in a bowl of milk you are serving the supreme food. Do it every night.

Puffed Wheat

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Served Here

To Millions of Happy Children

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed to bubbles. It tastes like toasted nuts. No child has ever tasted a finer breakfast dainty.

People mix it with berries to add a nut-like blend. They use it like nut-meats on ice cream. They douse with melted butter and eat like peanuts—dry. But remember always that this is also a whole grain with every food cell broken. Let children eat it to their hearts' content—morning, noon and night.

These are days to serve Puffed Grains in plenty.

The Quaker Oats Company, Sole Makers

them we were at the field when Edge beat the Brownell Indians.

They lined up and the referee blew his whistle and Edge kicked off, with every nerve tingling, all in regulation style. For ten minutes we had as thrilling a spectacle as any man could want—unless he had been brought up on spear fighting or dueling with broadswords. John Big Bear, the Indian halfback, took the ball on a direct pass and started around our right end. They put our tackle and end out of play, but Quackenbush, playing defensive quarter, tipped over two men and nabbed Big Bear right on the scrimmage line. Running Water forward-passed to Little Oak, but Kennett chopped Little Oak down in his tracks. Wind-in-the-Morning tried to smash through tackle, but only smashed against him. The Indians kicked and we took the ball—for four downs. They stopped us just as we had stopped them.

And that was the program. There never were two teams more evenly matched. The ball hung in the center of the field like it was glued, and neither safety man had any work to do. At last the Indians got to our thirty-yard line and were held up for three downs. Their quarterback turned toward the back field and began to jabber gutturals. My cheering section was going full speed at the time, but it stopped as though somebody had put a blanket over it. It grinned, silently and joyously, and the sun flashed from its collective teeth.

"*Ur susmajo rarcanamconsilyamfac'ito*," howled the quarterback—at least, that's the way it sounded.

We hugged ourselves in joy—for a minute. But not longer than a minute. Because out on the field our Navajo men were looking at our Sioux, and our Pawnees were dumbly pleading for enlightenment from our Cherokees and Choctaws. Our star quarterback, struggling with Comanche and Muskhogee, stood frowning at the ground and after a second put both hands to his head and reeled a little. Nobody had understood.

While they were thinking about it the ball was passed and the Indians ripped off a trick delayed pass which ended with Big Bear getting away for a touchdown. Our team came back to the center of the field to line up for the kick-off, but instead of scattering to the regular positions it walked in a little knot. "What was it? What was it?" You could hear the words again and again while our rooters sat aghast and silent and while Chancellor Malling rubbed his eyes two or three times and then took out his handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

Each player shook his head as he heard the question, and at last the quarterback groaned. "If it was in my department," he said, "I missed it a mile. Don't count on me any more, boys."

That was the general verdict. The Indians saw they had some extraordinary advantage and they decided to work it hard. As soon as they got the ball the quarterback gave another conversational signal and the gain was terrific. Lining up, he began to shout more commands.

Our left tackle jumped out of line and threw up his hands.

"Time out!" he yelled, and motioned the team to gather round him. "I've got it, men!" he whispered. "It's my stuff—Pawnee. Now, next time he says anything I'll tip you all off."

"That's funny," said Kennett. "I was just thinking it was Navajo."

"So was I," added Quackenbush.

"You birds are all wrong," growled one of the guards. "It's good old Sioux, but it's different from what I learned. Still, I think I can ——"

In two seconds every man on the team claimed to have a line on the jabber. The referee and umpire had to threaten to forfeit before they could break up the argument. Thereafter the game became an awful thing. Each player would attempt to pass on a translation of what he heard. As football instinct would often cause him to guess right, each man became more and more fully convinced that he understood. Our defense became so ragged you could have run a high-school shimmy lizard through it, and Brownell scored another touchdown and a goal from placement. Toward the end of the half Malling lay back in his chair, waxy and limp. He couldn't seem to look at the field, but kept his eyes fixed on the clouds overhead.

As I put down my megaphone and watched the teams trot off the field I heard a sharp noise behind me.

"Malling!" It cracked on the air like a whip.

I turned and found that most of the faculty had assembled around the chancellor's box; and off to my right, getting down from a dusty automobile, was Everard. Malling stood up, holding tight to his chair, like he was faint.

"Yes, sir?"

Everard waved toward the score board. "What does this mean?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't —— My heavens above me, is there no explanation for this horrible disaster?"

Derkes came up from the field in a fighting fury.

"Explanation?" he growled. "Of course there's an explanation, governor. We're losing because a boob from the outside has interfered with the squad's work. If it hadn't been for that Indian-language foolishness we'd be ahead right now. Maybe you'll keep your hands off another man's special work after this."

"Special work?" snapped Everard. "Hmph! I can't say much for what I've seen so far, Mr. Derkes. I'd like to see some evidence of special work or ability about this college. I'd like to find one man who looks as though he knows the rudiments of his business. I'd like ——"

Old Dean Norwood stepped up and put his hand on Everard's shoulder. He stared at the millionaire in a pitying way.

"As I understand it, sir," he offered, "you are particularly anxious to win this game?"

Everard made a choking noise.

"Particularly anxious?" he gulped. "Norwood, you're a prize! Here I've spent more than a million on this school, and it can't even win a football game. Am I a fool? Do I want to be the laughingstock of the country—financing a college that plays second string everywhere it goes? Yes, my dear ancient professor, I am anxious. I'll say this." He turned to the others. "I'll give ten thousand cash to the man, player or coach, that can help us to win today."

Norwood bowed.

"Very well, sir, I accept your offer. If I may be permitted some small measure of authority I believe I can assure you that it is more than possible for us to win."

Everyone gaped at him.

"Authority?" grumbled Everard. "What do you want?"

"Merely to name the quarterback for the next period and to address the players before they return to the field."

Derkes' mouth fell open; then he nodded suddenly.

"Do it, governor," he advised. "When the dean says something it's usually so."

"All right," snapped Everard. "I can't say I ever heard him say anything, but conditions could never get worse than they are. Go ahead and play your quarterback and make your speech."

"Thank you, sir," said Norwood.

And off he went to the gymnasium with Derkes. Everard settled down in Malling's box and the faculty discreetly moved away.

"What's that old croppy got up his sleeve?" asked Everard.

"It beats me," answered Malling. "The poor old fellow's about half gone in his mind, I think. He's nothing but an old-time Latin teacher."

"Half gone?" snapped Everard. "All gone!"

Naturally there was considerable excitement over what had occurred. Within five minutes our section was buzzing like a swarm of incredulous bees. Old Norwood had come to life, after all. In a way he had directly challenged Everard. What was going to break? Could he do the impossible and help us win? A man sixty years old? Well, the intermission came to an end and I heard the crowd above me begin to yell and laugh. I looked up and, on the level, I nearly fainted. Our team was coming on the field, and at the head of the string was Professor Norwood, wearing a big white training sweater and carrying the ball. Just behind him was Robertson, the quarterback on the scrub team.

"Look at the old fool," howled Malling.

I heard Everard swear. In the center of the field the players hoisted Norwood on their shoulders and gave him three cheers and then carried him to the sidelines. The team lined up with Robertson at quarter and our regular ball passer off the field.

It didn't take half an eye to see that our men had new confidence. There was fight in every pound of them. I turned to the

(Continued on Page 66)

Hotels Statler

Buffalo - Cleveland - Detroit - St. Louis

A new Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is under construction at Buffalo—to open early in 1923; 500 additional rooms will be added later.

In the Park Square district of Boston there is to be another Hotel Statler, with 1100 rooms, 1100 baths, opening date to be announced later.

When You're Leaving

By E. M. STATLER

TICKETS and baggage to see to—perhaps a lot of last-minute errands—the "checking out" at a down-stairs desk—such things as those make leaving a hotel a more complex process than arriving.

In these hotels we try to simplify things as much as possible. Perhaps you have noticed the cards in bedrooms which indicate how much time you should allow for handling baggage and making your train, or those which warn you of differences between "city time" and "railroad time."

But the real problem is, as always in hotel operation, *people*. The thing we most strive for is to have the employees concerned—the head porter, and bookkeepers, and cashiers—do all they can toward being useful and helpful to you when you're leaving us. We want you to want to come back.

Here are some of the instructions we give our employees:

Instructions to Statler Employees who handle "departures"

PORTERS should remember that time-tables and connections and through service are complicated matters to many people, and that *written memos* are often better than verbal answers

"Our policy is that *nothing is too much trouble* which is necessary to good service. Patience and thoroughness are as obligatory upon you as unfailing courtesy

"Make no promise that you aren't *sure* you can keep

"Remember that cheerfulness is one kind of ability—and a kind that is valuable in the hotel business. Most mistakes in detail are forgivable—but a grouch, or an uninterested attitude toward a guest, or a surly or discourteous answer *isn't forgivable, in these hotels.*

"A guest who is checking out wants his bill promptly and wants it accurate; he is just as much entitled to a cheerful courtesy as to promptness and accuracy; and our bookkeepers must see that he gets it.

"Cashiers should remember that the least pleasant moment of a man's visit to a hotel is when he is paying his bill. I want you to thank every departing guest for his patronage—*and I want you to mean it when you say it.* I want people to leave us without having their good impressions of us spoiled by *a curt dismissal* when they should have had a pleasant 'good bye, and come back to us.'

"Remind guests about leaving forwarding addresses; lots of people are forgetful.

"Don't ever—*don't ever*—let anybody leave dissatisfied. If you sense that he's disappointed about something, or displeased, try to *make it right, or call someone who can make it right.* It is of the highest importance to this business that our customers be pleased, and come back to us; and you must do your part toward seeing that *our promises are kept.*

"And again, first, last, always, be courteous and gracious and helpful in every transaction—and not with guests only, but with your fellow-employees also."

E. M. Statler

About These Advertisements

This ad is one of a series, each addressed to certain of the people who serve you in our hotels. They tell you—by showing you the instructions issued to our helpers—just what you are entitled to expect when you come to us. Other advertisements (any or all of which will be sent you if you want them) deal with the work of:

- Managers and Assistant Managers
- Room Clerks
- Headwaiters and Their Assistants
- Waiters and Their Helpers
- The Housekeeping Department
- The Kitchen Staff
- Telephone Operators, Mail Clerks and Elevator Boys

Hotel Pennsylvania

Opp. Pennsylvania Terminal, New York, *The Largest Hotel in the World*

KNOW the bumpers that go on your car

Trade-Mark

Look for It

THOSE powerful, "snappy-looking" automobile bumpers you see everywhere nowadays are BIFLEX—the original, double-bar, spring Bumper.

Get that BIFLEX "classy appearance" fixed firmly in your mind. Know the Biflex trade-mark—look for it when you buy bumpers. Because the "just-as-good-as-Biflex" doesn't exist.

Biflex popularity isn't accidental. Our determination to adhere strictly to scientific principles of bumper construction—to give motorists maximum bumper protection—has made Biflex what it is today.

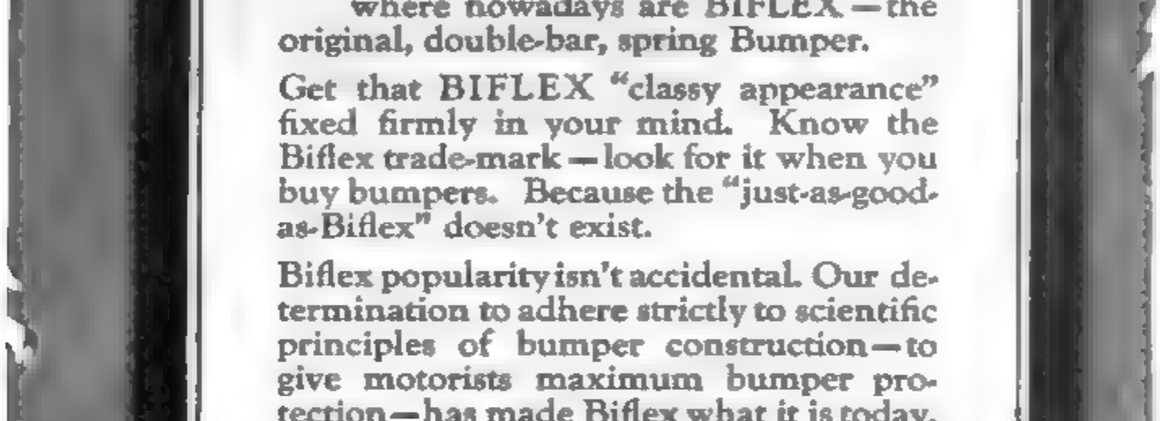
Biflex strength is in proportion to car weight. Its recoil properties and ability to absorb shocks are based on the force generated by impact. Its broad face blocks other bumpers of all heights—takes blows from any direction.

Biflex Brackets are specially designed to fit your car. They are rattle-proof and make Biflex Bumpers an integral part of your car—not makeshift appurtenances. Biflex Bumpers furnished highly nickeled; or, all black enameled with nickel clamps. Bumpers and Brackets guaranteed against breakage for one year.

Own the Bumper you'll be proud of—insist on Biflex, the original. Priced from $21 to $28. West of the Rocky Mountains, $22.50 to $29.50. See your Biflex dealer.

Biflex Products Co., Waukegan, Ill.

"Protection with Distinction"



Biflex Spring Bumper

(Continued from Page 54)

stand to start the Locomotive Yell and found everybody grinning again. This time we didn't lose our smile. Brownell kicked to us and Kennett ran it back to midfield. Robertson called for a smash through tackle, and our left halfback began to run wild. Before he finished that game he had earned a place on the All American. Time and again he went at the line and tore through for five or seven yards. One man couldn't stop him and two men couldn't. He ran until three or four were hanging on him and then he pushed them over for another yard. That's what new hope and confidence will do.

The ball went to the thirty-yard line on smashes by the halfback and then Robertson sent it around the end, giving the ball to the other halfback, who was eating himself up with jealousy. Result: a touchdown.

I looked up in the stand and found everyone satisfactorily crazy—that is, everyone except Malling, who was rubbing his eyes again, and Everard, who acted like he was choking over something.

"What on earth?" I heard Malling say, as things got quiet after Kennett kicked goal. "What on earth has he done?"

"Shut up," answered Everard. "It's luck."

We kicked off to the Indians and lined up with Robertson playing defensive quarter, close to the line. The Indian quarterback took one wild look around and began to talk again:

"*Akwaftuen spilamyakeays adfeenemlaeram.*"

The ball was snapped and Robertson yelled to our players: "Forward pass to the left end."

And that was what it was! The pass was intercepted and the Indians went up in the air to replace our team—for Nature abhors a vacuum. They fumbled on the next play and it was the only time they fumbled that season. I couldn't believe my eyes or my ears. Nobody could. But we went delirious just the same. My recollection of the balance of the game is hazy. Going back to it, all I can really remember is that my heart was pounding until my ears roared and that every once in a while I looked behind me and saw Malling and a thousand other lunatics yelling and praying, with tears streaming down their faces. There was only one quiet figure in all that sea of joy, and that was Everard, the financier. He had his hat off and was scratching his head, and every now and then he would inspect Malling's activities out of the corner of his eye.

We made two forward passes and two line bucks and went over again. Another period of blocking Indian offensive plays followed. Then—score 14 to 15, and the game somewhere in the final quarter. I have never slept on a board full of nails or had my eyebrows removed with tweezers, but I'll bet I could stand it after watching our progress during our final rush toward the goal. I never knew such agony. Our left halfback smashing his way to the All-American, smashing his way with three men grabbing him on the scrimmage line, smashing his way until the whole Indian defense started for him from habit as the ball was passed. Our team playing with him like clockwork, losing jersey sleeves and stockings, teeth and skin. Sixty yards and the ball on the twenty-yard line. Two minutes to play. I looked back and found Everard yelling louder than any two sophomores in the stand, pounding Malling on the back and waving a busted hat.

Robertson rattled off the same old signal and my heart sank. He made a silent signal with his hand and my heart rose at once, rose until it nearly choked me. Trick play. Quarterback to run while the left halfback made a fake smash at the line. Thud! Robertson took it, made a false pass to the left half and the left half pretended to grab the ball and went into the line head down. The Indian defense gave a war cry and closed in. They couldn't help it. They'd been doing it for half an hour and they knew they must get three men there to hold him. Crash! He hit it and the defense swirled around him. And then I couldn't see for the tears in my eyes. Because little Robertson had scudded around the right end and was away.

Boy, wake up! We won, damn you! We won! Robertson carried it over. Oh, I know it's foolish to get so worked up over a game—but then, you weren't there. You don't appreciate ——

But I'm forgetting my story. When I sort of came to and began to notice things again the stands were empty and the students were out on the field, following the team to the gymnasium. Norwood was walking toward the box behind me, in his white sweater, smiling gently from behind his glasses. I turned. Everard was on his feet, yelping faint cheers and swearing mechanically. The faculty was gathering round once more and here and there bold members of it were daring to grin.

As Norwood came up Everard dropped into a chair, panting. He began to frown.

"What does this mean, Norwood?" he wheezed. "What does this mean?"

"Mr. Everard, I told you a year ago that football and university management are work for specialists. You refused to heed me, so I decided to demonstrate the fact. I have done so."

"Confound it, if you knew Indian languages well enough to train that quarterback why didn't you come forward and say so, instead of making me spend hundreds of dollars for nothing?"

"Mr. Everard, I don't know Indian languages. Nor was it necessary for me to know them. The Brownell team was not using an Indian language."

"Not using Indian?" rasped Everard. "It was Greek, I suppose?"

"No, sir," smiled Norwood, "not Greek, but Latin. Very fair Latin, but spoken, of course, with an Indian's tendency to emphasize guttural and laryngeal sounds. For example, the first signal given was *Ursus Major, arcanam consiliam facito*, meaning 'Big Bear, execute the secret play.' I noticed their proficiency in Latin last year and wrote to the head of Brownell, complimenting him. He replied that the Indian youths were proud of their accomplishments and liked nothing better than to air them among themselves."

"You knew this a year ago?" croaked Everard.

"Yes, sir."

"That makes it all the worse. Why under heaven didn't you tell me then? Why didn't you save me ——"

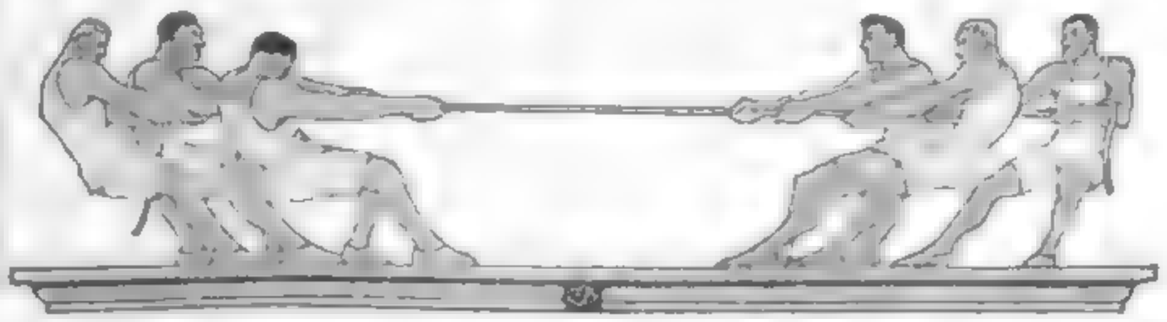
"Mr. Everard! I did try to inform you of this fact. I rose to speak of it in faculty meeting, but you refused to hear me. I warned you that you would regret your action and you insinuated it was not worth while to listen to me, saying in so many words that I was past active service and was merely on a pension. I was thrown directly on my own resources, so I lost no time in tutoring Robertson, fancying that my opportunity would come as it finally did come. As far as the question of language goes, Mr. Everard, you are attempting to control a university, and yet you heard them talking Latin and thought it Indian."

Everard sprang suddenly from his chair. For a second he was the most fiery, scary figure I've ever seen. Then in a flash his manner changed and he became calm and self-contained. He turned to Malling and nodded toward the railroad station.

"Malling," he said, "go back to the sheet-metal plant. No, don't do that. Go to the home offices and report to the General Executive Department. I'll do the same."

He faced back to Norwood, squinting. He scratched his head again.

"Who'd 'a' thought it?" he marveled. "Who would, I ask you?" Suddenly he held out his hand. "Dean," he chuckled, "go on demonstrating as long as you can lift a book. Demonstrate your head off. I'm with you."



"Good Values Here"

—*that's the message of Good Light*

F. W. WOOLWORTH set forth to do a new thing—to give such values for five and ten cents as had never been given before. He knew that values alone will not build a business; the goods must be so displayed that people can see them.

After his first little store in Lancaster, Pa., had grown into a great countrywide enterprise, Mr. Woolworth was asked the reasons for the success of the Woolworth Stores.

"Our windows" was one of the reasons he gave.

Since their beginning, their windows have been the only advertising medium of the Woolworth Stores.

Light is the silent salesman that shows the merchandise and values to be found inside. The window lighting equipment of the 1200 Woolworth Stores is standard.

* * * * * *

YOU have learned that you are safe in following the lights that lead into the Woolworth Stores. The values are there. The well-lighted store window is generally the sign of a progressive, courteous spirit inside.

And the lamps which light the windows and stores of many of the best known merchants are Edison MAZDA Lamps.

To Merchants:

Our Lighting Service Engineers have prepared three practical guides covering the lighting of the following:

Show Windows and Show Cases.

Large Dry Goods and Department Stores.

Small Stores.

Your request mailed to the Edison Lamp Works, Harrison, N. J., will bring you the proper guide or guides at

Your Edison MAZDA Lamp Agent can supply you with the proper lamps.

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2714

This is the number of the plated, ball-tip, loose-pin McKinney Butt.

This door should make the bathroom a place apart

THE modern bathroom is a tribute to a national habit of cleanliness. As a people we try to achieve cleanliness as quietly as we can.

Among the many important things to be considered in planning the bathroom is a door which will really set this room apart from the rest of the house. The door must be hung properly—on hinges that swing it easily and silently, and hold it firmly and snugly in its frame when closed. A careful selection of hinges for this door will help largely in making this a quiet and so a less obtrusive room.

A little booklet, "Suggestions for the Home Builder," which we will gladly send you free on request, fully covers the planning of such a room and every other room in the home. Its wide scope of information will be very helpful to every home builder or owner. A companion booklet on the hanging of garage doors will accompany it if you desire.

McKinney Hinges and Butts have been chosen by careful architects, builders and home owners for more than fifty years for the high standard of service they give wherever used.

McKINNEY MANUFACTURING CO., PITTSBURGH
Western Office, Wrigley Bldg., Chicago Export Representation

McKINNEY
Hinges and Butts and Hardware

Garage hardware, door hangers and track, door bolts and latches, shelf brackets, windows and screen hardware, steel door mats and wrought specialties.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF THE SENATE

(Continued from Page 25)

and then sit around in the middle of the books for weeks without opening one of them. Nobody knows the motives that impel senators to do this, and it is only fair to the senators to say that nobody cares. It is merely one of the peculiar phases of senatorial inactivity.

On some of the senators' desks, especially on the Democratic side of the chamber, the books appear to have been accumulating for ages; and there are desks that look something like the tables outside of second-hand bookstores on which are crowded a number of fusty books labeled "Take Your Choice, 15 cents." It is popularly believed that if the undermost books on some of the piles were to be pried away from the desks they would be found to be sheltering large numbers of the active dark-gray bugs that congregate so persistently under rotten logs.

On the average day which we are considering the Vice President sits on his great mahogany throne. Before him curves the semicircle of senatorial desks, littered with books and papers.

The highly important matter of the tariff is under discussion.

On the Republican side of the chamber sit four senators. One of the four is reading a book. Two are chatting together industriously. The fourth, apparently a prey to melancholy thoughts, stares into infinity with an air of despondent abstraction.

On the Democratic side of the chamber are five senators. One is leaning against his desk and speaking at great length on various matters in which he appears to take little interest and in which nobody else takes any interest at all. Another is reading a New York newspaper. The third is engaged in writing a voluminous letter—probably a letter to someone back home, in which he makes frequent references to his importance in world affairs. The fourth and fifth have their heads close together and appear to be telling each other negro-dialect stories.

There, then, are a total of nine senators out of a total of ninety-six. One of the nine is speaking, and the other eight are killing time until the speaking senator decides to stop, or slips off the desk against which he is leaning and breaks a leg, or until it is time for them to keep appointments elsewhere. Their pulses are obviously unstirred by the sonorous phrases which their colleague is emitting.

Speaking of the Tariff

The senator who is speaking has the enduring lungs of a Marathon runner. So, for that matter, have a great many of the senators. Their speech seems automatic. Once they have turned it on, it runs until it is forcibly shut off.

The senator, being a Democrat, is knocking the Republican tariff. No Republican can frame a tariff bill that pleases a Democrat, just as no Democrat can frame a tariff bill that pleases a Republican. All Republican tariffs, to hear the Democrats tell it, are great bloated ogres with long, sharp teeth and smoking nostrils, whose one object in life is to snatch the bread from the mouths of innocent children and honest workingmen with hoarse and hard-hearted laughter. All Democratic tariffs, to hear the Republicans tell it, are foul and fearful dragons whose sole occupation consists of demolishing, brick by brick, all the factories and infant industries of the nation. Therefore, the sum and substance of all remarks which are made by Democrats concerning a Republican tariff may be boiled down to five words, to wit: "This tariff bill is rotten."

It is not, however, in the nature of a present-day senator to say exactly what he means in clear and concise language. If he thinks that a tariff bill is rotten he cannot express that thought to his entire satisfaction without dwelling for hours on the civilization of the Incas, the climate of Arizona, the Russian Empire, the digestive organs, Greek art, rug weaving, the League of Nations, tomato culture, the distinction between the words "among" and "between," the offensive activities of Cossack chieftains, lunar eclipses, and thousands of other subjects, with occasional reference to the tariff or the lack of tariff on fish sounds, manufactured hoofs, dried blood, dried insects, fossils, Brazilian pebble, teeth, insects' eggs, sausage casings, crude bristles, skeletons and kindred articles.

The senator who is speaking, then, knocks the Republican tariff, and he takes his time about it. He mentions predatory interests, limpid streams which bear the argosies of trade, the medieval and buccaneering policies of the Republican Party, the shortcomings of the leopard as a changer of spots, narrow zealots and bigoted partisans, the merciless greed of gigantic corporations, Great Britain's trade policies, the responsibility for the war, the American people, the American consumer, the American laborer, distinguished senators from various states, farmers' blocs, bankers' blocs, manufacturers' blocs, labor blocs, disaster to the republic, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, the Constitution of the United States, Rip Van Winkle, the Gridiron Club, Nelson Aldrich, the Raleigh Hotel, Europe, Manchuria, Siberia, Germany, China, Japan, Minerva, Jove, the Dark Ages, prehistoric peoples, the noble edifices erected by the Democratic Party, the Versailles Treaty, the wounds and sorrows of the world, Herodotus, Strabo, the plumbers' trust, the building trust, the milk trust, the voice of one crying in the wilderness, the public weal, the oppression of the people, and what not. There is a great deal of what not—three or four hours of it in fact.

And Now There are But Three

At the very end of this varied assortment of information, which sounds less like a speech than it does like a reading of extracts from all the volumes of the Encyclopædia Britannica, including the Index, the senator comes to the point of his discourse.

The point is that the tariff is a rotten tariff, and that the people won't like it. That is the choice fruit which has been hidden among the vast expanse of verbal foliage. That is what the senator would like to have his audience think that he thinks; but unfortunately he has given tongue to so many of the minor thoughts which pursue themselves busily through the nooks and corners of his brain that his audience doesn't know what he thinks, and cares less.

In fact he hasn't any audience. Long before he has reached the end of his speech the crowd of senators who were on hand when he began to speak has been sadly diminished.

Instead of four senators on the Republican side of the chamber there is only one. He is the one who seemed to be a prey to melancholy thoughts.

And on the Democratic side there is the senator who is speaking and one other—a very feeble old gentleman who cannot enter or leave the chamber unless he is assisted and supported by an attendant.

There is an inspiring spectacle for the travelers who have journeyed from afar to see the wheels of government go round! Three senators present and accounted for out of a total of ninety-six! It is about as exciting and absorbing as the waiting room of a large railroad station at three o'clock in the morning.

Two school-teachers, accompanied by eighteen children of assorted sizes, and conducted by a Capitol guide, enter the visitors' gallery and view the thrilling scene with what are usually known as poker faces. It is to be assumed that the teachers have led their little charges to the Senate Chamber in order to fill their minds with a keen interest in our form of government—possibly with a consuming desire to become essentially a part of that government. What they have probably done is to confirm their little charges in the belief that it is far better to be a street-car conductor or a stevedore than to be a senator.

There is some small movement on the floor of the Senate Chamber. An abstracted senator from the West enters from the cloakroom, putters nervously down to his desk, sits down and looks helplessly around, and then gets up and putters out again. A young and amiable-looking senator from

(Continued on Page 61)

Money to Burn

The total waste of coal by American home owners amounts to hundreds of millions of dollars annually. You might just as well put into the bank a part of the money you are putting into the fire. This booklet tells how to do it.

This book may save you from $5 to $50

Merely clip the coupon and mail

THIS AUTHORITATIVE little book gives ten simple rules for saving coal. Whether your house is warmed by steam, hot-water or hot-air, it will save you money. Send for it today.

If you have children, each one of them is *another* reason for clipping the coupon. For the book tells why youngsters take cold in an overheated house, and makes definite suggestions that will mean better health in your household this Winter.

Mail your request to either address below; or, if you live in or near one of the 35 cities in which this Company maintains branch offices and showrooms, a telephone call will bring your copy at once.

These offices—and the Institute of Thermal Research in Buffalo—are a part of the national service of this Company. Each office is headquarters for warmth in its territory. You will find the counsel of its manager helpful, whether you are interested in the warmth of a skyscraper, a cathedral, or a bungalow.

Make generous use of these offices; let their experts be your advisers in every heating problem. The service is free, and *ought* to be—for the American Radiator Company is the leading manufacturer of boilers and radiators in the world. And the obligation of leadership is to lead.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need

104 West 42nd St., New York Dept. 57 816 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Clip this coupon

Send to either address below for your copy of this authoritative booklet, or telephone the nearest branch office of the American Radiator Company.

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY
New York or Chicago Dept. 57

Without obligation, send me by mail your free book "Better Warmth and Better Health."

Name _____

Address _____

_____ _____ _____

How many rooms in your home? ( )

Great to have on ice at home —

Order a case!

The Coca-Cola Company
Atlanta, Ga

(Continued from Page 58)

New England comes in and fishes around in his desk, finds what he is looking for, examines it suspiciously and leaves the chamber again. A small, excessively important-looking senator from the South enters, tossing back a heavy mane of hair, seats himself importantly at his desk and begins to read a book in a weighty and impressive manner. Another Southern senator, who wears a habitually furtive look, prowls in slowly, crawls behind his desk and peers around as though hunting for someone to bite. There are now five senators in the chamber, and the senator who is speaking continues to drone on and on about everything under the sun.

Two Republican senators enter from the cloakroom, sit down together in the extreme rear of the chamber and enter into a deep and passionate conversation.

A single Democratic senator enters and broodingly contemplates the vivacious scene. Then, when the senator who is speaking pauses in his discourse for a moment, the newcomer says loudly, "Mr. President ——"

The Senatorial Round-Up

The Vice President stirs slightly on his great mahogany throne to show that life is not completely extinct, and asks coldly, "Does the senator from Wah-Wah yield to the senator from Blah-Blah?" That isn't exactly what he says, but it's the way he sounds.

The senator who has been speaking bows politely and says, "I yield." Then the senator who has interrupted says, "If the senator from Wah-Wah will yield to me for that purpose, I make the point that there is no quorum present."

Senators, it should be understood, are the politest and most dignified individuals to be found in the known world, especially in their own minds. They address each other in the third person always; and even when engaged in cutting each other's political throats and ramming political knives into each other up to the hilts, they usually do so with every appearance of deferential courtesy and extreme regard.

"I do not wonder," declares the senator from Missouri in the midst of an acrimonious debate, "that the senator from Mississippi has difficulty in keeping from smiling." The senator from Mississippi is equally polite.

"I am smiling at the senator from Missouri," he replies. "I cannot look at him without smiling."

"That is delightful," says the senator from Missouri. "I hope the senator from Mississippi will keep his eyes fixed upon me."

What he really hopes is that the senator from Mississippi will choke.

Once in a great while one of the longer-haired and less well-balanced senators, caught in an inaccuracy or a distortion of the facts, or something of that nature, will fly into a rage and offer to fight—an offer which to everyone's deep and sincere regret is never accepted or pressed to a gratifying conclusion.

At any rate, the senator from Wah-Wah yields to the senator from Blah-Blah, who makes the point that there is no quorum present. As a matter of fact, there are eight senators present out of a total of ninety-six. There not only isn't a quorum present but there are scarcely enough present to put on a respectable game of poker. This is not an unusual and freak occurrence, but a fairly common situation in the Senate of the United States.

Though at times the entire country rages and froths at the mouth at the delay of both branches of Congress, the floor of the Senate, day after day, is pitifully populated with a handful of senators. This condition of things is an excellent commentary on the lack of leadership which exists in the Senate, and also on the low grade of oratory and debate with which the Senate wastes its time. The leaders can't keep enough senators on hand to do business, and the oratory is so poor that not even the leaders are willing to stay and listen to it.

As soon as the senator from Blah-Blah has made the point that there is no quorum present, the Vice President orders the secretary to call the roll. Immediately, in the cloakrooms of the Senate and in the committee rooms and in the senatorial offices over in the Senate Office Building, bells ring loudly. From odd nooks and corners and out-of-the-way crannies and crevices senators stumble to their feet and proceed in their most dignified manner to the Senate Chamber in order to get in on the roll call. Meanwhile the secretary has started to call the roll and as the senators wander in they stand around until they hear their names called. Then they answer "Here!" and go away again to their crevices and crannies and nooks and corners.

By the time the secretary has finished calling the roll a large number of senators have answered to their names, but not enough for a quorum. So the quest for a quorum continues in the following distressingly dull manner, and duly clutters the pages of the Congressional Record on the next day:

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Forty-three senators have answered to their names. A quorum is not present. The secretary will call the names of absent senators.

The reading clerk called the names of the absent senators and Mr. Poindexter answered to his name when called.

The following senators entered the chamber and answered to their names:

Colt, Curtis, Nicholson.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Forty-seven senators have answered to their names. A quorum is not present.

MR. SMOOT: I move that the sergeant at arms be directed to request the attendance of absent senators.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The question is on the motion of the senator from Utah that the sergeant at arms be directed to request the attendance of absent senators.

MR. HARRISON: Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry. Is that motion debatable?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The chair thinks not.

MR. HARRISON: I desire, then, to propound a parliamentary inquiry to the presiding officer.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The senator will state his inquiry.

MR. HARRISON: It seems that every day in the consideration of this tariff question, which is a very important one, we fail to develop a quorum and we have to go out and arrest absent senators. The Republicans have a majority of twenty-four. Is it not their business to keep enough senators here to transact the public business?

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: The sergeant at arms is directed to request the attendance of absent senators.

Mr. Broussard, Mr. Caraway, Mr. Frelinghuysen, Mr. Hale, Mr. Keyes and Mr. Walsh, of Montana, entered the chamber and answered to their names.

THE PRESIDING OFFICER: Fifty-three senators have answered to their names. A quorum is present.

A Quick-Quitting Quorum

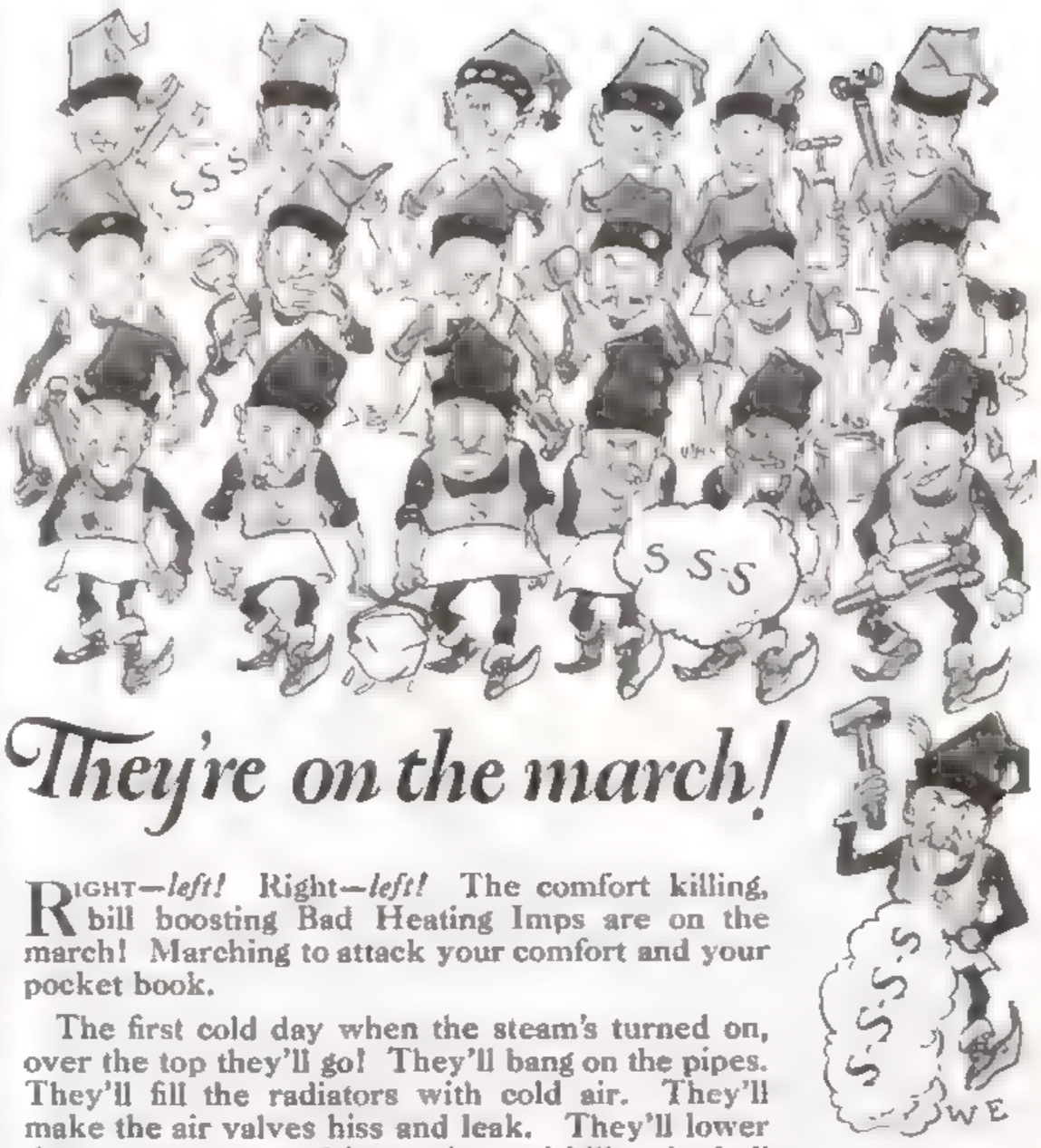
In some way or other a matter of fifty senators can always be forced to enter the Senate Chamber momentarily and answer to their names; but there seems to be no possible way to make them stay there and listen to the proceedings. Five minutes after the Vice President has announced that a quorum is present the Senate Chamber is practically empty again, and one or two senators are boring themselves and everybody else with a lot of long-winded and futile conversation. The Democrats are as bad as the Republicans in their failure to stay on the job, in spite of the frequent violent protestations of superior holiness which the Democrats like to make.

And so the day goes on through hours of fruitless speaking. Senators rise and talk about everything under the sun. Like garrulous old ladies, they give utterance to all the irrelevant thoughts and near-thoughts that throng their brains.

Republican senators scold Democratic senators for delaying the proceedings. Democratic senators scold Republican senators for misrepresenting their motives and delaying the proceedings. In arguing over the delicate question of who is responsible for the delay both sides waste interminable hours.

Senatorial demagogues, who are invading the Senate Chamber in increasing numbers of recent years, make feverish and unjustified attacks upon high officials of the opposing political party in order to get their names in the papers, or for the purpose of discrediting the opposing party at the coming elections. A large number of the attacks made by senators in the Senate Chamber on men in high positions are cheap, undignified attempts to fill the heads of American voters with misinformation, and to gain votes for persons who don't deserve them. This is the rankest sort of demagoguery.

Senators who are coming up for election sob bitterly over the troubles of the honest laborer and grow maudlin over the sufferings of the downtrodden farmer. Grown



They're on the march!

RIGHT—*left!* Right—*left!* The comfort killing, bill boosting Bad Heating Imps are on the march! Marching to attack your comfort and your pocket book.

The first cold day when the steam's turned on, over the top they'll go! They'll bang on the pipes. They'll fill the radiators with cold air. They'll make the air valves hiss and leak. They'll lower the temperature and boost the coal bills. And all winter long they'll make life miserable *unless* you *Call the Watchman*, the No. 1 Hoffman Valve.

Put No. 1 Valves on your radiators and you won't hear a hiss, a bang, a sputter or a peep from the radiators. What's more, you'll get maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption.

Hoffman Valves pay for themselves in the coal they save.

They are guaranteed in writing to give you five full years of perfect service.

Have your Heating Contractor put No. 1 Valves on your radiators *before* the cold weather comes.

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"MORE HEAT FROM LESS COAL" is a booklet that tells all about Hoffman Valves and how they increase your comfort and lower your coal bills. *Write for it today.*

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., Inc.
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HOFFMAN VALVES *will make your steam radiators silent, efficient and coal-saving. Get a No. 1 Hoffman Valve from your Heating Contractor, or send $2.15 to our Waterbury Office for one sample valve. Test it on your worst radiator! Be convinced!*

HOFFMAN VALVES
more heat from less coal

When many foolishly take a chance

They wouldn't buy an automobile tire that way—or a rubber boot—

But they judge a raincoat by appearance, texture, "feel"—and the first good drenching rain often tells them how wrongly they guessed.

Real raincoat value is always *hidden*. That's why men who want a real waterproof raincoat—and want to be sure about it when they buy—look for the Raynster name.

Raynsters are made by the oldest and largest rubber organization in the world. There are many different Raynster models, from the rugged rubber-surface types to smart tweeds and cashmeres with the rubber hidden inside and light as silk. Special types for boys, too. Whether you want a raincoat for work, for motoring, or for business, there's a Raynster built especially for you.

Look for the Raynster name. If your dealer should be out of the exact Raynster you want, he can get it in no time from the nearest of our many branches.

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NEW YORK

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A COMPLETE LINE OF RAINCOATS—*A type for every need*

men quibble and squabble and bellow and bawl in their ablest and most distinguished senatorial manner for three or four or five hours over the position of a comma in the paragraph of a bill, or over the need for putting the word "if" into or removing it from another paragraph, or over the exact meaning of a certain adverb. Senators who assure each other constantly that they are distinguished and able and eloquent and statesmanlike bicker over whether it is right to say that nations agree between themselves to do certain things, or agree among themselves to do certain things. They stand aghast and horrified at the worthless, meaningless, insignificant things, frightening themselves into fits over them, and fail to see the large and important things. They cannot, in short, see the woods in the background because they are too close to the luxuriant milkweed in the foreground.

On both sides of the Senate Chamber there are men of ability and distinction whose sane and thoughtful utterances are too often lost in the turmoil following on the sensational fulminations of demagogic senators

One of the greatest needs of the Senate is a rule which will choke, gag, strangle, smother and even kill a senator who refuses, when important revenue and appropriation bills are under discussion, to confine his utterances to those bills. Even the most rudimentary intelligence is capable of grasping the fact that the most sensible manner of disposing of a question which is under discussion is to discuss it. Some senators, however, seem to think that they can settle a question under discussion by discussing something that has nothing to do with the question. The so-called distinguished and able senators, in their actions on many important matters, are comparable with a distinguished and able cook who comes downstairs in the morning to cook four eggs for her employer's breakfast, but who spends her entire day rebuking the grocer's boy for beating his horse, swearing at the postman for bringing no letters, making love to the plumber, polishing the stove, washing the cat, hunting through cookbooks for forgotten recipes and writing letters to prospective employers setting forth her distinguished and able mastery of her calling.

As has been frequently remarked, the senatorial mind is a strange and peculiar thing. Although there are a number of genuinely able and sensible senators who would be glad to see a rule that would force senators to speak to the question under consideration, other senators shrink with cries of horror from any such suggestion.

Democratic senators shrink primarily because any such rule would cramp their style noticeably when they wished—as they so frequently do—to hamper the activities of the Republican majority, or to call to the attention of the country some measure which they do not wish the Republicans to railroad through. If the Democrats were in power, the Republicans would shrink just as energetically and emit equally shrill cries of horror, and for exactly the same reason that impels the Democrats to shrink and to shriek.

Too Much Talk

Then, too, there are a number of senators who honestly believe that no Vice President or senatorial presiding officer is competent to distinguish between senatorial utterances that are relevant and senatorial utterances that are irrelevant.

If a senator, discussing boric acid, wanders off for three or four hours to the subject of the peculiarities of Montenegrin architecture, and is taken to task for his wandering by a mere Vice President, his senatorial mind is not only thoroughly capable of devoting three or four days to proving the intimate relation between the two subjects but is almost certain to do so.

Senators are very suspicious persons. They behave frequently like timid watchdogs that are constantly leaping nervously away from their own shadows and bursting into deafening bellowings of alarm and warning. With horrified outcries, senators are constantly investigating this and investigating that by means of ponderous and expensive committees. For a time their frantic investigations and their deep bass roars of suspicion are noted on the front pages of the metropolitan newspapers; and then, in a few days, their suspicions on those particular points are allayed. Their outcries die away. Usually nothing comes of their investigations, except a large amount of expense which is borne by the taxpayer. And after a more or less decent length of time has elapsed they again burst into ear-piercing ululations and terrifying howls of suspicion and warning over some other evil.

They are in a constant state of suspicion and nervous alarm for fear that someone is trying to rob them of a little power. Consequently any talk of limiting a senator to a day or a week or even a month of speaking on any particular subject, or any intimation that a senator might be forced to keep his conversation within certain bounds, arouses in many senators the almost uncontrollable fear that some dread and nefarious plot is on foot to rob them of power. None the less, the Senate's chief need is a drawstring on senatorial windbags.

As originally conceived by the founders of the republic, the Senate was to be comparatively free from the ever-changing winds of public opinion which are constantly blowing on the people's representatives. The House of Representatives, elected by the people every two years, listens to the people's demands and passes, often without proper reflection, bills which reflect these demands. The term of a senator, however, is six years. And in the old days, of course, he was elected by his state legislature. Consequently a senator paid less attention to popular agitations and to the penetrating yells of the populace than did the representatives. The House of Representatives frequently passed a popular measure with glad cries of enthusiasm and sent it over to the Senate. The distinguished senators brooded over the measure and slept on it and talked about it to their hearts' content, and finally decided that although the measure was popular with the people, it wasn't good for them. So they threw it away, or they amended it so that it looked no more like the original measure than a flea looks like a turkey buzzard.

Selecting Candidates

The Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution provided that senators should be directly elected by the people. In addition to this, senatorial candidates were nominated at direct primaries, instead of being named at party conventions.

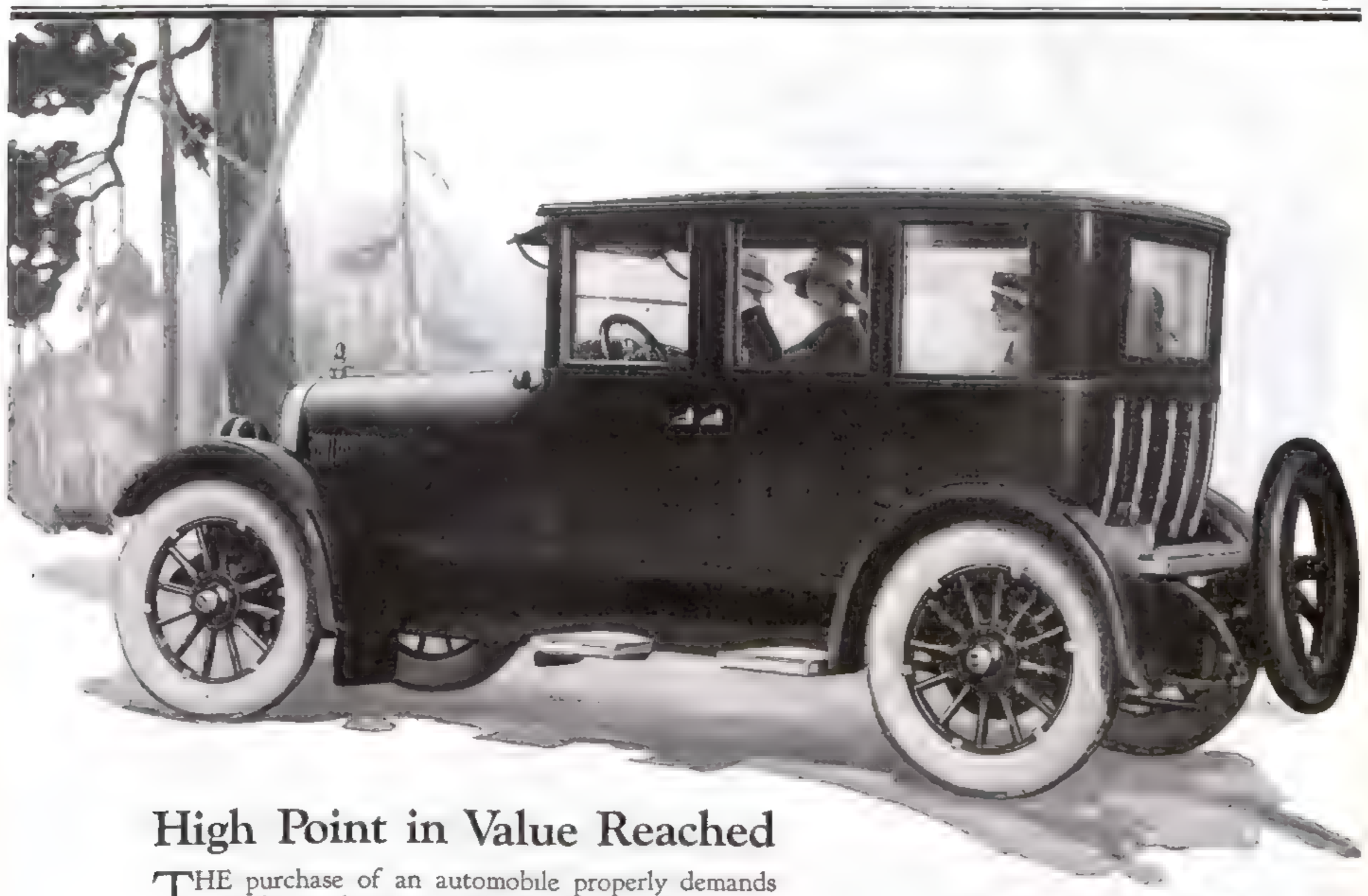
Politics, instead of being lifted by the institution of the direct primary to a high plane and anchored there securely, was lifted about seven miles in the air, and left there to float around unhappily and helplessly. This was because the people, who became the selectors of candidates under the direct primary system, selected in many instances the gentlemen with the strongest lungs, the longest and prettiest hair and the most highly developed promisers. For a long time it seemed as if the voter would fall only for lungs and promises, mistaking them, in a manner peculiar to the bulk of voters of any country unless they are ably led, for courage and ability; but happily the direct primaries were used intelligently in several cases last spring.

The late Mr. Thomas Carlyle once described the inhabitants of his own country as "Twenty-seven millions, mostly fools." His characterization probably wouldn't have included the political bosses; for a political boss, though he may be many unpleasant and offensive things, is scarcely a fool. When, therefore, the political bosses and the representative delegates to party conventions selected senatorial candidates they were seldom foolish enough to mistake lungs and promises for courage and ability. Being practical politicians, they usually selected men to run for senator who had made successes in some form of human endeavor. The caliber of too many of the men that the bosses selected for the Senate was far higher than the caliber of those that the people have since selected for the Senate; and it is safe to say that the people, at many direct primaries, have allowed themselves to be bunked and hokused into selecting senatorial candidates that few old-time political bosses would have had the nerve to suggest.

It is gradually dawning on the country at large that the tendency of the American voter to cast his ballot for insincere politicians at the direct primary has been causing the standard of men in public life to take a slump. The direct primary alone cannot make a trimmer and coward out of a courageous man; but it is only by means of the direct primary that the people can break

(Continued on Page 64)

New Chandler Prices Make Choice of Car Easy



The new Metropolitan Sedan, at $2295, is typical of the smart, exclusive style and advanced design of the new Chandler Six

High Point in Value Reached

THE purchase of an automobile properly demands careful consideration. Often it involves the biggest single investment its owner ever makes.

The pleasure, pride, comfort and safety of his family devolve on a right choice.

Superb appearance and master performance duly considered, the new Chandler Six was born an impressively low-priced car.

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The buyer's problem becomes easy. Chandler values loom so high that no better investment offers.

Perhaps the seasonal appeal temporarily concentrates attention on the coupé and the luxurious sedans, but there is record value in all ten models.

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THE forests of Southern Pine are found in the Gulf States, stretching in an almost unbroken belt from Florida to Texas, and north into Arkansas and Oklahoma.

Although definitely restricted in the area of its growth, the qualities and adaptability of Southern Pine are so varied that its distribution is limited only by the confines of civilization and the facilities for transportation. In the United States, its place in manufacture and building is such that nearly one-third of all the lumber consumed is Southern Pine.

Southern Pine is heavy and strong, and is unexcelled in hardness and durability when exposed to the weather or in contact with the soil. It is well manufactured—tough and straight-grained, does not warp or split in seasoning, and can be had in large sizes and long lengths.

It is worth the time of every one interested in the lumber industry to study the facts concerning this wood and the characteristics which have enabled it to stand so pre-eminently among its competitors. These facts are set forth in a new book of 32 pages, handsomely bound and illustrated, "Southern Pine—What It Is—What It Is Used For," which discusses entertainingly the Pines of the South, their properties and uses.

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Southern Pine Association
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

SOUTHERN PINE SERVICE ASSOCIATION

(Continued from Page 62)

the control of corrupt political bosses over public offices. The fault, however, is not with the direct primary law, but with the great American boob. The direct primary has given the great American boob a fine chance to throw his vote blithely for flannel-mouthed orators who are adepts at making people believe that noise is statesmanship. So long as the great American boob continues to behave in this manner, the direct primary is a handicap rather than a blessing to the country; and the American people as a whole deserves to lose its right to name candidates to high office. New York is returning this year to nominating senators at party conventions; Maine is on her way back to the party convention; and Minnesota is about to take the same step. Thus does the boob voter discredit what is basically a good law.

At any rate, when so many voters hearkened to the campaign pleas of loud-mouthed, silvery-tongued, fluent-promising candidates, they automatically put their stamp of approval on demagogues. A demagogue, as one may find by consulting the best works of reference, is "an unprincipled popular orator or leader; one who endeavors to curry favor with the people or some particular portion of them by pandering to their prejudices or wishes, or by playing on their ignorance or passions."

The Senate includes men who answer exactly to that description. Day after day visitors to the Senate listen with disgust to men whose every word is calculated to curry favor with the people or some particular portion of them by pandering to their prejudices. Never in the history of the Senate has there been more demagoguery than exists in it today.

The connection between the direct primary and the blocs that are making so many offensive messes in both Houses of Congress is clearly apparent. The basic requirement of sound government in this and every country is two strong and active political parties—one party to run the government and the other party to watch for and expose the weaknesses of the party in power.

A Game of Blocs

The result of the direct primary is that a great many senators are doing exactly what the founders of the republic planned that they should not do—they are allowing themselves to be swayed by the passing whims of the people or the passing whims of small and too often misguided groups of people. When a small—and often misguided—group brings pressure to bear on a number of senators, then a cluster of senators may disregard the best interests of their party and of all the people and form themselves into a small separate party, or bloc, with the avowed purpose of supporting the wishes of a minority.

A little more loosening of party control in both the Senate and the House, and a slight increase in the number and the determination of existing blocs, would bring about a very similar condition to that which existed in the Polish Diet, or Chamber of Deputies, in 1920, one year after its organization. The Diet was made up of three hundred and ninety-five members; and these three hundred and ninety-five members were divided among twelve political parties. Most of the parties were nothing more or less than what, in our own Senate and House, are known as blocs.

Represented in the Diet, for example, was the Polish Popular Party, with one hundred and nine members; the National Popular League, with seventy members; the National Popular Federation, with seventy members; the Federation of Polish Socialistic Deputies, with thirty-five members; the National Christian Laborers' Club, with thirty members; the Constitutional Work Club, with eighteen members; the National Laborers' Federation, with fourteen members; the Townsmen's Federation, with thirteen members; the Polish Popular Party of the Left, with twelve members; the Federation of Jewish Deputies, with ten members; the Polish Catholic Party, with five members; and the German Popular Party, with two members. The remaining seven members belonged to no party.

A Lesson From Poland

The description of the aims of the Polish Popular Party which was given to me by one of the leaders of that party was as follows:

"The Polish Popular Party is made up of men elected by peasants. They work constantly for the economic interests of that class. They are advocates of the most extreme agricultural reforms, but have no strictly political views. They occupy the Center of the Diet, but vote with the Left or with the Right as seems most expedient to them. As to foreign policies they are indifferent."

As a result of the twelve parties in the Polish Diet the Polish Government was in almost total chaos. Paderewski failed in his attempt to control a majority of the votes and was forced out of office because he could accomplish nothing. His immediate followers similarly failed. Instead of being loyal to two great parties, one of which should control the government while the other watched for and advertised the flaws, the Polish political parties were loyal only to the interests of various organized minorities.

There were so-called leaders in the Diet, but none of the leaders could lead the disorganized elements of the Diet to concerted action. The situation virtually demanded a military dictatorship.

Poland was not alone in her chaotic legislative situation. In various European countries—Jugo-Slavia, for example, and Greece—where the legislative bodies are made up of organized minorities, the governments are constantly falling with loud and reverberating crashes. In European countries a government falls when it fails to control a majority vote in its Diet, or Chamber of Deputies, or whatever it may call its legislative body. And when a government falls business men run frantically around in circles, emitting low moans of anguish and disgust, because nobody knows whether he is standing on his feet or on his medulla oblongata.

It's an odd thing, but in addition to the other growing similarities between our own two Houses of Congress and some of the chaotic foreign legislative bodies, both the Senate and the House have been greatly disturbed to discover suddenly that their leaders no longer lead. Probably the Senate and the House have about the same number of able leaders that they have always had; but, like the leaders of the Polish Diet, they find great difficulty in leading their fellow members. Several senators who are

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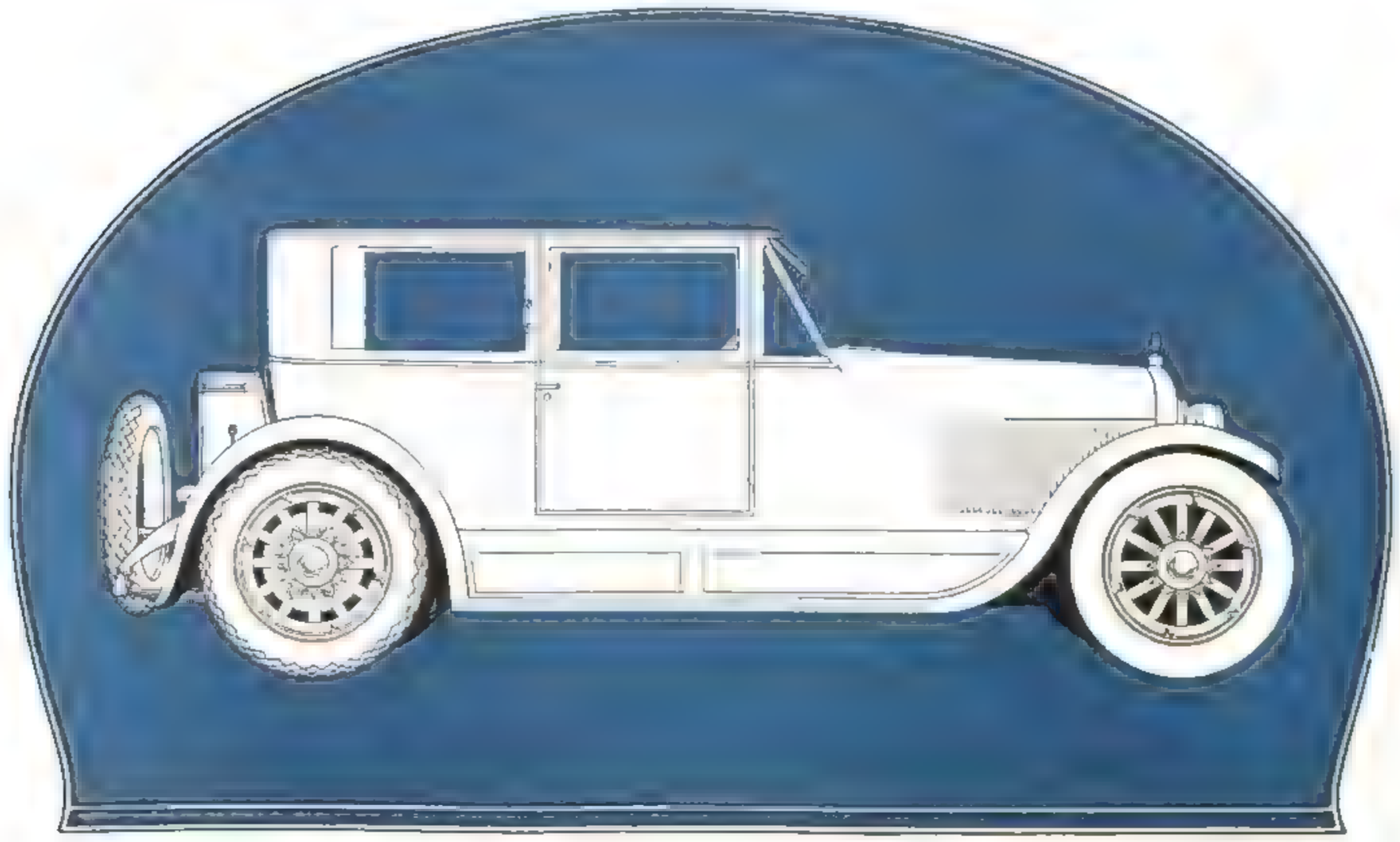

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Every woman loves the Jordan Brougham because it possesses that comfortable intimacy impossible of attainment in the old-fashioned bulky car which she first learned to drive.

She has that delightful feeling of driving an individual car.

Light, eager, and ever poised to go, this nimble vehicle of economy and power sweeps forward with the vanguard at the bluecoat's whistle.

Quick to respond—unfailing to inspire—it possesses all the ease and splendid poise which charming women prize.

It is a five passenger, with all aluminum body, hammock swung between the axles for comfort.

Virtually dust and rattle proof, with broad vision windows which may be opened so that you are practically out of doors.

Cushions are arranged for that low sitting, easy attitude. The rarest imported worsteds comprise the attractive upholstery. Hardware of the new Versailles platinum finish.

The whole car is a little lower, a little closer to the ground. The wheel is tilted for all day driving ease.

There is a trunk behind for touring—larger than any you have seen, resting upon broad cast aluminum fluted bars. Carries two fine suit cases of the best quality and construction—and an extra compartment besides.

Easy to turn in traffic—quick to find a place at the curb—the New Jordan Brougham is the daily companion of thousands of modern American women who, accustomed to being imitated, must always choose wisely.

The Jordan is designed, finished and appointed to attract those admirable people who cannot be satisfied with inferior quality.

Happy days, beside the fabled sea. Where the blue comes down to the brine and the brine goes up to the blue. Till the sun rides floating in the west and stars come out to dance on the purple floor. Then magic moonlight, soft and pale. That's Provincetown in September.

JORDAN

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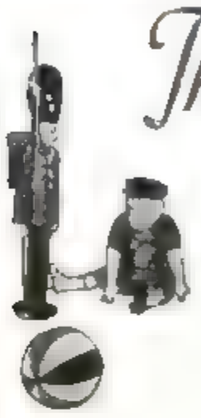
This attractive Nursery is floored with Blabon Art Linoleum (pattern No. 5277 Printed)



The throne-room of childhood —and its perfect floor

In the modern nursery Baby reigns supreme! Here every detail is worked out for his happiness, convenience and comfort.

So one just naturally expects beneath the feet to find a Blabon floor of Art Linoleum; for never has a better floor been devised for such a purpose.

With Baby's health of first importance, a Blabon floor is sanitary and safe. The oxidized linseed oil in its composition is a germ-preventive. It cannot absorb dust or dirt. It is easy to keep clean; and things spilled upon it are easily removed. A Blabon floor is springy to the tread and will not splinter.

It resists the scuffs of little feet. The plain colors and inlaid patterns go through to the burlap back, and never wear off while the linoleum lasts. And its beauty completes the scheme of harmonious decoration.

The artistic appearance, durability, and economy of Blabon floors commend them for every room upstairs and down. Fabric rugs may be thrown over them, if desired.

When cemented down Blabon inlaid or plain linoleum becomes a permanent part of the building. Any Blabon dealer can send or recommend an experienced man to lay Blabon Art Linoleums.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

Important Notice

Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.

Look for this label on the face of a Blabon Art Linoleums

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum

Rugs of rich colorings and beautiful patterns that give long wear at a moderate price. They lie flat without fastening. Sanitary and mothproof. Ask your dealer for them.

The George W. Blabon Co., Philadelphia
Established 71 years

BLABON ART Linoleums

(Continued from Page 64

generally acknowledged to be leaders are found, on close examination, to be leading nobody much but themselves. A few are even incapable of leading themselves anywhere except in circles.

One of the most edifying spectacles in the world is to see a cluster of present-day Senate leaders hastening over to the White House in order to seek information as to how best to practice the gentle art of leading. This also goes for representatives.

"What shall we do, Mr. President?" they wail. "Tell us what you think we ought to do, so that we can lead our followers in the way they should go!"

So the President obligingly tells them what to do; and at once the enlightened leaders return to their respective bailiwicks and lead their followers along paths exactly opposite to the ones which the President advised. Their brains seem to have become strangely muddled by the low, birdlike notes of the organized minorities by which they are surrounded. An organized minority, by staring straight into a senator's eyes, can often hypnotize him into thinking that it is the entire registered vote of his state, and by causing him to take thought on the number of votes which he may receive in the next election can make him forget his duties to the nation.

Propaganda artists and people with axes to grind have been very quick to sense the power which they hold over senators whose eyes are glued to the ballot box. Washington is as full of the representatives of these organized minorities as it is of wealthy widows; and they work constantly at their task of bulldozing and terrorizing members of both Houses of Congress into supporting measures which should never be supported.

If this terrorization of Congress persists, and if the system of electing senators and representatives continues to elect men who submit to the terrorizing process, then it would seem both reasonable and sensible to have the terrorizing done by people whose interests are those of the country at large—by the mass of business men of America, for example, who are heartily sick of unnecessary congressional truckling to minorities so small that in most cases their votes would be totally incapable of electing or defeating a senator or representative who refused to accede to their demands.

In nearly every part of America the business men are the soundest and straightest thinking and most vitally interested—and the largest percentage—of the voters. Yet the business men of the country are unorganized for the purpose of letting Congress know that they want tax reforms and want them quick; that they are numb with weariness over the manner in which, by fool legislation, the Government is raising taxes and straining the Constitution at every seam by sticking its nose and its regulating hand into the affairs of states, cities, towns and even villages; that they are bored to tears by the change in the national motto from *E Pluribus Unum* to Pass the Buck.

Yet, as a matter of fact, the organizations which influence and attempt to influence senators and representatives by bribing them with votes or by threatening them with loss of votes are as bad in principle as the big corporations which attempt to secure favorable legislation by bribing legislators with land or money or stocks. The country needs less of them instead of more.

The Senate, as it is at present made up, is an ineffectual body; and the honest senators admit it. One able senator who was asked how he would doctor up the Senate if he had the power replied that he would allow in the Senate no man who had not been a conspicuous success in some business or profession aside from politics and oratory—no man who had not made his mark in some decided way and shown plenty of intelligence, courage and ability to think straight.

That is a point for voters to remember next November—and on every November on which they have a chance to vote for a senator.

VELVET GLOVE STUFF

(Continued from Page 17)

"Glad to hear it," George exclaimed; while Prosperine, like a remote princess in her chair, tapped an impatient slipper. "But how, Aleck? What ——"

"Oh, tut, tut! Now you're inquisitive." Having angled for the question, Bobbs shrouded himself in mystery. "A man can't be too careful handling a dangerous business like this. But wait, watch, draw your own conclusions; maybe you'll learn something."

"Of course, Georgie dear," said Prosperine, and that was one of the oversugared ones.

No girl so cool as Prosperine has a right to be so maddeningly attractive, or the hearts of fellows like George should have a protective shell. George could not have loved any girl without thinking her far above him. His love had to be adoration or it wasn't love. He was Ruy Blas the lackey and she the Queen of Spain. Trust Prosperine to do the Queen all right! Nevertheless, the proud, level look of her eyes was honest—and she wore George's ring. So she must have cared for him. And if so be she ever should or ever could think him above her—well, for very honesty the languid insolence needs must melt from her eyes and they look into his in the way he longed to see. But that miracle hadn't happened.

Prosperine's great-aunt came in. She came in with beads on, as always; a triple-looped strand of moss agates long enough, George calculated, to lasso a horse. There were other stones. She tinkled like fairy sleigh bells. A brooch of garnets glowed like dying embers against the sheen of black silk. George lost his taste for garnets, and he had beautiful ones in his cuff links. Prosperine's great-aunt crossed rugs and gleaming oak floor to her armchair beside the rubblestone fireplace, and you wondered if presently she wouldn't whisk up the chimney. She had a thin, hooked beak that overhung a tight, straight mouth. She cocked her little head over on one shoulder, while her bright steel-gray eyes darted about. Down in the village they called her the Old Bird of the Aerie.

"Been telephoning," she snapped as at a worm. "Oh, hello, Alpers! So you're there, are you?"

"But, auntie," Prosperine lazily questioned, "why go out to the garage to telephone, when ——"

The head cocked round. The eyes darted at Prosperine.

"Shut up!" snapped auntie.

The girl indifferently lifted one shapely shoulder.

"Right-o," she drawled, patting back a yawn.

The restive eyes alighted on George.

"Heh-heh! Our coming man!" Claw-like fingers fastened on the arms of her chair, and she gleamed at him speculatively, as though he were rare meat for picking. "Our coming man—bless his heart!"

George squirmed. He often wondered himself at his presumption in coming up to the little old eagle's aerie for a bride. Still, he could not understand her vindictiveness now. Shouldn't she gloat and cackle when even his own uncle could not rely on him? Yet she seemed hard put to it not to fly at him, beak and talons. What a fierce old bird she was!

There was more of the same—a constant pecking, while Prosperine patted back yawns. Aleck Bobbs tossed in crisp aphorisms about the creed of hustle, and was happy. Evidently he meant to outsit George. George good-naturedly let him, and took his leave. But Prosperine followed George to the door and closed the door behind her, so that they two stood alone on the starlit porch, high above the forested hills. George had a wild hope of some word or hint of tenderness that would make up for everything, but not so. Nothing could have been wilder. But it hadn't been a hope, really; only a sort of little prayer.

"One minute, George, before you go."

She was as distant as snow on a mountain peak, which rendered her physical nearness, the shimmering outline of her slender figure, the fragrance of her hair, particularly unnerving. And she seemed to know this, for she stood cruelly close, while her chilled accents held him a great way off.

"Never, George Alpers, never," she spoke in lazy scorn, "have I been so—perfectly—disgusted! But I suppose, like the yokel

(Continued on Page 69)

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(Continued from Page 66)

who took a horse to market, it was only what was to be expected of you."

"Say ——" began George, but already feeling guilty and ashamed.

"It isn't," she went on, drawling, letting her words drip like a distillation of insolence, "as if you were fat anywhere above the collar, for you're not. You have a well-packed garret—I suppose. But honestly, George, the rest of you might as well be rendered into soap, you're that soft and easy. Yes, I know how you stand with your old bean growers, and all that, for you are lovable, George, darn you! And those colonists love you like an only son, even though your chief function is to go around and take their money away from them. But, don't you see—and I trust I'm not putting undue strain on your own individual bean—don't you see that the very qualities that make you an ace-high factotum when things go smooth are exactly what make you a doubtful proposition when, to put it bluntly, a real man is needed? Your cheerful, easy-going nature, I mean. Naturally your uncle couldn't depend upon it or upon you in an emergency. It's all very well to be pleasant and sympathetic and tactful, and get your way that way, if possible; but if not, there ought to be something else, something in reserve and hard; hard as—as iron. That's it—iron. A hand of iron in the velvet glove. But you—fancy!"

However, the notion of George with a hand of iron was quite too fanciful, and she laughed, and when Prosperine laughed like that the man—whoever he might be—writhed

"Can't I," she demanded, "can't I corkscrew down to the quick in you and get any kick at all? Can't you understand, George, the least bit? No? Very well, here's the diagram: You're in charge out here, and at the very first man-size emergency you let another man come in over your head! Oh, oh, it's too loathsomely depressing for words!"

"But, girlie ——"

"Don't you call me girlie!"

"But, girlie, I wouldn't mind so much if you didn't. It's a fine chance for Aleck ——"

"There you go!" she caught him up. "Always a fine chance for somebody else! You are letting him outstay you in there now. Doubtless you consider that is giving him another fine chance."

"Gee whiz, no! Of course not!"

"For all that, George, though I hate to curdle the easy milk of human kindness in your composition, I still have to say that you don't get what you go after unless—unless it comes easy. And perhaps that is the real trouble with you. Everything you want has always come too easy, which, by the way, implies no staggering compliment for the girl that—that you eventually get, does it?" Her slow, taunting words played over him like a shriveling flame. "So I've been thinking," she went on, "and—it's not this girl. So, many thanks, just the same."

George knew that she had slipped his ring from her finger and dropped it in the palm of his hand. He shook himself.

"I suppose," he said huskily, "I ought to beat you—aplenty. But I won't. Good-by."

She had gone, though. With head held high and a catch in her throat that could not possibly be a sob she had hurried back into the house.

George's pleasant world was soured for him as he drove down the hill.

"I know," he thought; "I'm a great big futile, fatuous slob, that's what I am." Never had he been so harsh with anyone before.

At a turn in the road he pulled brakes and gazed down into the village pocketed almost beneath him. Could there have been a fall of snow—in May, nearly June! The main street of the village, or at least the lower end of it, was a ghostly white under the stars. But as he gazed he saw that it was moving, slipping along. It was like a moving ice sheet. At the foot of the street the spectral column wheeled into the road that ran with the river bed through the gap. George became suddenly anxious.

"Whitecappers!" he said.

He would not have been surprised to see the colonists coming to demolish the dam. He had already argued earnestly with them against such a move. But this sheeted rabble had formed in the village and was heading up the valley towards the colonists, who at the moment would be peacefully asleep in their little farmhouses. He released the brakes and the huge roadster went whizzing down and around curves like a comet on the loose.

Taking the detour, he gained the valley road above the gap. Here he stopped his car and stood up on the seat to look back. They were still in the gap, swarming towards him. He heard the murmur of their voices, and soon after their grunts and heavy breathing as they labored through the sand. He supposed there were nearly a hundred of them. They came more hesitantly as they perceived the car darkly outlined in their path and the tall silhouette of the man. They began to hold back, and at last uncertainty got the better of them and they stopped.

In their spooky regalia there was a silliness about them of masked children running the streets on Halloween. They were hooded in pillow slips, and below their bedsheet dominos their trousered legs showed unpicturesquely. George felt a nettling of irritation.

"Well, nighties," he greeted them.

"Pshaw," said a voice, "it's only George Alpers!"

They relaxed. This was all right. It was only George Alpers.

"Mind pulling up to the side of the road a wee bit, George?" said another. "We got a little errand."

George's mouth twisted into a rather bitter smile. Counting on his good nature, were they? But their misapprehension was natural, and he did not wish to take advantage.

"You don't know it," he told them indulgently, "but you're putting on a cheap show. You ought to see yourselves from here. If you did you'd sneak on back home"

They didn't like that. There was a muttering among them.

"Is that so?" sneered a bulky figure in the lead. "But you may as well understand, Mr. Alpers, that this here tar-pot party is out on business, and meddlers are plumb due to get hurt."

Tar-pot party? George stiffened

"Who—who you thinking of tarring and feathering?" he asked.

They told him fervidly, many speaking at once. Dave Whitlock was going to get it. Dave Whitlock had planted dynamite under the dam, and that feller from the city—that Bobbs—had put him up to it. When the freshet came Whitlock was to blow up the dam, and it would be too late, then, to repair it. But they had dug out the dynamite, and now the hick was going to be learned a lesson, good.

"How do you know it was Whitlock, or that Bobbs put him up to it?"

"Oh, we know! Just tonight we got the tip—over the telephone."

So here was a mess for fair. Confound Aleck Bobbs and his itch for direct action! Fit tinder for Aleck's flash of inspiration was hot-headed Dave Whitlock among the farmers, who did not want his crops flooded.

And suppose the tar-pot party came off; would the colonists pay a party call on the village? You knew it! Poor bleeding Ireland would be Peaceful Valley by comparison.

George reasoned with the masked villagers as neighbor to neighbors. But it seemed that they had reasoned it all out already. They wasn't going to let nobody gum up their chances for a ten-thousand-barrel producer—maybe fifty thousand. No, sir, and Dave Whitlock was going to get his tonight. Now if George would just pull up a wee mite ——

They still were not taking George very seriously, and still he did not want to take advantage, so he came out flat-footed and ordered them to go home.

Something in his tone struck them as unfamiliar, with a menacing edge, and one even asked, "You are George Alpers, aren't you?"

"Come to think of it," said George, "I'm a deputy marshal, and so I just naturally can't let you pass. You will have to ——"

Somebody fired a shot. It passed through the back of the roadster's seat and cracked the wind shield.

He sprang down into the tonneau, reached into the door pocket and from among the oil rags dragged out his large, long-barreled automatic pistol. More bullets went singing by. There were tinny sputs as they hit the rear of his car. He peered over the back of the seat. The maskers were coming. They tripped and stumbled as the flapping bedsheets wrapped

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about their legs. But the grotesque buffoonery of their haste somehow made their purpose more grim. George sighed and let the bulky figure of the leader have it. Three others who were nearest failed to stop, and he let them have it too. George could shoot. He shot rattlesnakes very neatly when speeding along through the desert.

They stopped now. They scattered right and left, each man for himself, and took cover behind rocks. From there they opened fire again, sniping whenever George's head showed above the back of the seat. George knew that he would have to pot a few more, and by waiting and taking pains he did.

"Stop shootin', Mr. Alpers!" a voice called finally. "We want to quit!"

"All right," George replied, "if you'll turn back!"

"Anything, Mr. Alpers, anything!" they answered.

He would have helped them with their casualties, but the roadster had only one seat, and they could do as well without his help. None had been killed, thank God; but it was going to be a brisk night in the village for doctors. He watched them trudging back through the gap like a white-cowled and very subdued funeral cortège. Satisfied that there would be no invasion of the valley this night, George brought his car round into the detour. But he did not go home—that is, to the hotel. He turned into the road winding up Bungalow Hill. There was still a little matter of business—Bobbs!

Soon he had to abandon the roadster; flat rear tire. So much for the wild revolver practice of the tar-potters. They had blooded him too: scotched a forearm, furrowed a shoulder, nipped an ear. But the stinging pains that had begun to tune up accorded with his new humor. There was a set to his mouth that his mother wouldn't have recognized. Up to the Aerie to get Bobbs. But he met the waspish little runabout coasting down, and halted it by standing in the beam of the spotlight.

"Well, say, had a wreck or what?" Bobbs exclaimed. "Didn't I hear gunfire a while ago?"

"Yes, you heard gunfire. It was some of the back fire from that direct action of yours"; and George told him the how and wherefore with incisive brevity.

But Bobbs was more concerned about who had betrayed his fine scheme than with the bloodshed it had caused or the ghastly horror it might have caused.

"Not a soul besides Dave Whitlock and I knew that that dynamite was planted. Trust me not to blab! I'm too wise a— "

"Not even to Auntie?" George suggested. "She had to go out to the garage to telephone—remember?"

Bobbs was staggered.

"I wonder!" he gasped.

"She pumped you, at least enough to put two and two together. You didn't think she was treating you so sweet because of your beautiful eyes, did you?"

Bobbs went on gasping, "I wonder!"

"Incompetent!" said George. "And that's why ——"

But Bobbs cut in. He pulled himself together; became crisp and important.

"Something will have to be done about this, George," he said weightily. "I'll think it over and tell you in the morning."

"I'm telling you now, Aleck," said George, standing over him beside the runabout, one hand on the steering wheel. "That's why I'm here. You are to return to the city tonight, at once, and you will report your incompetence to uncle. Say to him that I am in charge here, and will be for as long as I continue here at all."

"Wow! High-handed, aren't you?"

"No," George corrected him, "iron-handed."

"Georgie, Georgie, this is serious, dear! You have your orders—to take orders from me."

"Are you starting back at once, Aleck?"

"Certainly not!"

"Aleck," said George gently, "I'll have to make you. I'll have to beat you up."

Bobbs vaulted over the runabout into the road.

"Come on, if you think you can!"

Nor was it certain that George could. Mr. Bobbs had a breadth of shoulder of his own, and a perfect willingness. But something down the road caught and held his gaze.

"Look!" he cried. Twenty or thirty sheeted apparitions—a remnant of the tar-pot party—were moving towards them.

"What do they want? What d'you suppose they want?"

"Ask them," said George, stepping into the shadow.

Bobbs raised his voice and asked them.

"We're after a stranger named Bobbs," an angry voice replied. "He was seen going up this hill early in the evening."

"Wh-what d'you want with him?"

"He'll find out! Do you ——"

"No," said Bobbs earnestly. "I don't even know him!"

"Don't matter. We'll find him ourselves."

And they started coming again, making straight for Bobbs. Then George stepped out of the shadow into the glare of the headlights.

"Good Lord, it's George again!" one of them cried.

"Better all go home this time," said George.

"We'll go, George, but we did want that man Bobbs. Since you're dep'ty marshal "

"He'll be attended to," George promised. "Now go on home to bed."

When they had gone Bobbs said, "I think that—that—after all, I will start right back to the city."

"No," said George; "I've changed my mind."

"I'm obliged to you for saving me from that bunch and all that," said Bobbs; "but I still have a mind of my own for changing purposes, and I've decided to start at once for the city."

"No," said George again, with that wooden-headed stubbornness that seemed to have possessed him; "for it occurs to me that if you do, uncle will be sending some other live wire or come himself. So I am going to take you to jail and lock you up."

"Me—to jail? Oh, hush!"

"As a deputy marshal, I am, for a felony—for conspiring to destroy property."

His arm, the arm of the law, reached forth. Bobbs furiously jerked free.

"I'll fight you for it!"

"Oh, yes, I'd forgotten," said George.

If this were Shakspere, you would now come to the fine print in brackets which says, "They fight," and it would be no exaggeration. At the end of eleven or twelve densely crowded minutes George stuffed the mauled and limp body of Mr. Bobbs into the runabout and scrooged himself in under the steering wheel beside him. George was also battered, but not limp. He felt as though he had just got going good.

But George was to feel better yet. He had taken Bobbs down to the village jail his prisoner was able to walk then, assisted—and he had personally found Bobbs a clean, unoccupied cell, and had got him a bucket of water with towels for his wrecked face and had clanged shut the grilled door, and had locked him in, when Bobbs mumbled reproachfully, "Golly, George, but you're hard!"

"What's that?" George demanded quickly. "Say that again!"

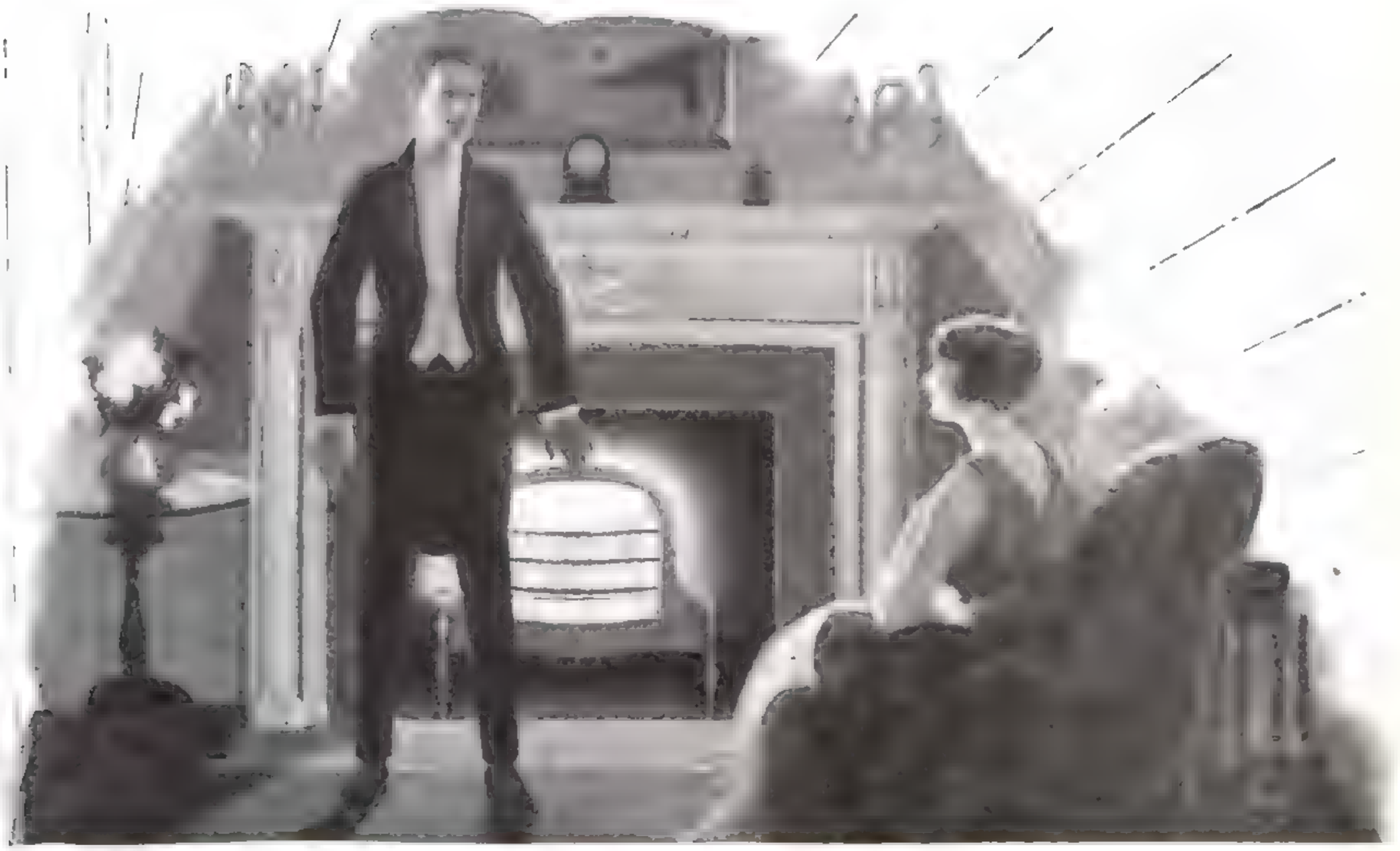
"I say you're hard!"

Then George laughed.

He went out on the village street. There was some thinking to do. He had taken the job over. By rank insubordination and usurpation and maybe a few other things he had taken the job over. So there was the job. He had to abolish the dam, and do it before the flood came and before his uncle fired him. But how? The law was barred—too slow. Outlawry was barred—too many hurt that way already. He walked the streets. They were deserted except for a doctor's car, scudding to the next case on his list, or a hatless man hurrying to the drug store. There were houses where lights burned, and in each lay one of the night's casualties, with his household gathered about him.

That tar-pot party! Well, after all, it was public opinion functioning, wasn't it? They didn't want their dam dynamited. Naturally not, since the dam was their bulwark of quick riches. Here George's thoughts began to bite in. Funny thing, public opinion; a terrific force; crushing as an avalanche. And the man who could adroitly turn its rush—that man was a giant multiplied into godship. Well, suppose this village's public opinion could be veered round against the dam. George's thoughts began to race. As Proserpine was pleased to concede, the boy had a headpiece. Fight fire with fire; antidote for poison, another poison. And quick riches—buck 'em with quicker riches. George

(Continued on Page 72)



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(Continued from Page 70

walked fast, not knowing it. But he could not keep up with his thoughts. Then suddenly, uncannily, he got it. A blank wall crumbled and he walked through to the solution of his problem. The rest was the mere mechanics of the thing, the technic to work out, and a little dab of manual industry. He put in the rest of the night on it.

Next morning, sleeping blissfully and late, he was awakened by the jangling insistence of his bedside telephone. Long distance—his uncle. What was all this in all the morning papers? Whitecappers, and George bustin' on 'em like a shootin' fool! No sense in him breaking out into a hero overnight when it was none of his affair. He being the company's resident manager, didn't he know he might embarrass Bobbs in Bobbs' delicate mission by any such infernal conspicuousness? And where was Bobbs, anyhow? Uncle had been trying to get him for an hour.

George was believed. Evidently the papers had missed the inwardness of the story, and reference to the dam had been left out entirely. The villagers were keeping that part quiet. So uncle was left in ignorance; all the better.

"Where's Bobbs? I want to get Bobbs," uncle's buzz-saw tones persisted.

"Bobbs can't talk to you," George stated impersonally.

"But, dammit, George, I got to get him! There's private telegrams from up in the mountains, and the freshet has started. It's on the way. It'll hit the valley; hit Unit Number One by night or tomorrow morning sure!"

"Let her come!"

Uncle raved. "What's that? What's that?"

"I said let her come! The freshet is Bobbs' business, isn't it? Beg pardon, sir? Can't hear you. Wires seem to be heated. The connection ——"

George hung up.

"—— is broken," he completed his sentence. He yawned.

"Time I was getting around to the bank and making that call on the jeweler." He tumbled out, stretched and headed for the bath. Golden sunshine pouring in and a mocking bird working hard at his music no doubt superinduced optimism. At any rate George confidently predicted, "Going to be some day!"

An hour later he had just concluded his business with the leading and only jeweler when a stonemason excitedly burst into the shop. Another mason and a boy helper and a hodcarrier crowded the first mason's heels. There was quite a little following of villagers too. Some stayed outside and peered through the plate-glass front.

"Whatter these things, and whatter they worth?" asked the mason, leaning over the show case and opening a rock-bruised fist under the jeweler's nose.

The man of gems picked four small wine-red stones out of the grimy palm and laid them on a black velvet cloth. Then he crammed his magnifying glass in his eye and examined them.

"Garnets," he pronounced.

"Gar-nets? Shucks," said the mason, "I was hopin' they was rubies! Well, all right, whatter they worth?"

The unflurried jeweler examined them more minutely.

"H'm—I should say from two to three hundred dollars apiece."

The mason caught his breath. Everybody did. The mason wet his lips.

"Will—will you gimme that for 'em?"

At this the jeweler became cautious, wary. He eyed the mason narrowly.

"How'd you come by them?" he asked.

But the mason had nothing to hide. He and his colleague and his helper and his hodcarrier had been broadcasting the astounding story already, which accounted for the concourse that by now filled the little shop.

"How'd I come by 'em?" repeated the mason, scowling with eagerness to tell it again. "Why, y'see, I'm doin' over a driveway for ol' Miss Prong up on Bungalow Hill at the Erie ——"

"Aerie," suggested the jeweler.

"Yes, the Erie, and the stones have to go in just so, what she calls mo-zakes but what to my mind is more like a star-spangled cobble road. The stones, they're these here smooth, roundish ——"

"Cripes, Jerry," urged his colleague, "git goin'!"

"—— ones, and as she wants 'em set in on top of the old cement pavement, and not bein' the same size, the big ones gotter be cracked through and laid flat side down, which is the ol' girl's own precious notion and no arguin' ——"

"Cripes ——" began the other mason.

"—— about it. All right, so I'm up there this mornin' on my knees spangling her mo-zakes for her, and I takes a big stone offn the top of the heap and whacks her a good one, and bingo!—open she busts and these here rubies or gar-nets pops out like red June bugs. We hunt for 'em, and find four, anyhow, and they got a purty look like they ought to be worth money, so we beats it right down here in my flivver to ask you."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the dapper little jeweler of his burly customer, "that that rubble is gem-bearing rock?"

"Sure, it bore them gar-nets, didn't it? Sid and Eddie and Al Hollinger here, they seen it."

The evidence was unimpeachable, and Jerry was waxing belligerent besides.

"Yes, yes," the jeweler hastened to say, "and unusually fine specimens they are too. If you wish to sell them"—he went to his safe and returned with a bundle of five, ten and twenty-dollar bills, which he began counting out on the show case until—"one thousand dollars," he announced. "That for all of them."

A stir of involuntary impulse towards the welter of currency galvanized everybody except George, who stood observing the scene as innocent as a bystander. Jerry the mason very nearly clutched the bills and called it a bargain, but then in his turn he became cautious, wary.

"How do I know," he demanded, "that I can't get more in the city? Maybe they are rubies. Guess I'll just wait and make sure."

But the yearning for the feel of those green bills weakened him, and finally he compromised.

"I'll sell you one for three hundred," he offered, "and keep the rest till ——"

"Make it twelve hundred for the lot?"

At that Jerry knew for certain that he could do better in the city.

"No, only one; and gimme the three hundred."

With the wad gripped between his fingers, he shouldered his way to the street. The throng surged along with him, exclaiming to one another, "He got three hundred for a garnet! He got three hundred for a garnet!" Only the jeweler and George were left in the shop.

"In the city," the jeweler remarked, "they will offer him possibly thirty dollars for the three. Do you want the rest of this money back now, Mr. Alpers?"

"Might as well. I told you I didn't think you would need all the twelve hundred. Good work, and thank you. You earned your commission all right," and having paid him from the roll, George wandered forth.

Outside, Jerry the mason was surrounded like a bulletin board.

"So they's bound to be a gar-net mine close by," Jerry was insisting. "Y'see, them roundish stones, they was picked out o' the sand of the river bed, and Miss Prong she had 'em hauled from there, so the mine's bound to be ——"

They didn't wait. They broke for the river.

"Hey!" Jerry shouted blankly; then abruptly he steamed after them.

George sauntered down the street. Stores were being closed right and left. At his office his stenographer, with hat on, met him in the doorway.

"Oh, Mr. Alpers, long distance has been calling and calling, and what's this about a diamond mine? Can I go and hunt for it?" she said.

"Trot right along," said George.

With a farewell grin at the jangling telephone, he shut up shop, after which he made a round of calls on the casualties of the night before. None of them blamed George, but they all looked ruefully ahead to the impending judicial reckoning. Others might escape, but George's shooting had undeniably marked these for identification. The most rueful was the bulky one: he was the town marshal. However, as patients they were all doing nicely, and George joined the rest of the village down at the river.

Mellowed by distance, the sandy river bed around the oil rig presented the festive scene of a clambake; but on a nearer approach a stranger would have wondered why an entire village had been condemned to the rock pile. Everybody was cracking rocks or toting them to be cracked, and they were toting them from the dam. This was because for a mile or so above and below all the bowlders had been gathered to build the dam. Now the dam was no longer a dam. It was a deposit of gem-bearing rock. The populace covered the dam like a locust horde, pulling out stones to get a whack at them with hammer or sledge. Of all such tools, even to the larger monkey wrenches, the stock of the hardware store had been exhausted. There was shoving and pushing, and fights broke out like prickly heat. Some wanted to stake off claims on the dam, but mining law wouldn't apply. Fortunately the bedlam shook itself down in true Anglo-Saxon fashion. Out of this suddenly primitive state of society there emerged the law-giver, the benefactor to whom future generations erect monuments. He was the man who conceived the idea of carrying away the stones one by one and dumping them in a pile of his own on the sand.

"That there's my heap," he growled. "The rest of you can do the same."

They did. Soon many little family rock piles began to mottle the river bed like ant hills, the men carrying the rocks—until there were no more left on the dam, or any dam, either—and wife and children passionately whacking the rocks.

In the beginning, quite naturally, much conservative protest was heard. The president of the bank and others perspired with agitation and sane argument. Didn't the fools know that this foolishness of pulling down the dam would stop work on the oil well when the freshet came? But even the oil-rig crew had no ears to listen. Didn't Jerry, that stonemason, bust open a rock and find himself twelve hundred dollars' worth of jewelry? Yes, he did, and all in only a minute too. Twelve hundred dollars a minute! Anybody could do what Jerry did, and no oil well was going to stop them, either. Every man, woman and child burned with hope that, come nightfall, each of them would have a pocketful of garnets or rubies worth three hundred dollars apiece. Eventually the president of the bank bought himself a hammer at a gold-rush price.

The lunch hour passed unnoticed, except by the babies and George. But at the hotel there was no one to feed George, and he raided the pantry. Having dined, he looked in at his office, and there he found his uncle, ramping up and down after the manner of a newly caged badger. He had come by train, and he had just arrived. As yet he knew nothing, but he wanted to know. That is why he had come.

"What's the matter with everybody? What's the matter with you? Yes, dammit, you!"

"Me?" said George. "Why, nothing, sir! I'm just beginning to get all right."

"Sweet papa!" gasped the plethoric old gentleman. "I didn't come out here to talk to a dumb-bell! Where's Bobbs? Why couldn't I get him on the phone? Where is he?"

"Why, he's in jail!"

"In jail? Bobbs in jail? What for?"

"For convenience. I put him in."

"You—put Bobbs—in jail? What's this? What's this? Impudence! Imbecility! You ——"

"Under the same circumstances, uncle," said George respectfully, "I'd have put you in. But you can go and bail him out if you wish."

The scuffing of many feet on the pavement outside came to their ears, and a crowd of dejected villagers began to stream past, many carrying hammers and sledges. They were coming from the direction of the river. They were wet to the knees and some to the waist; evidently they had not abandoned their gem mining until forced to.

"What's that—what are they saying?" demanded George's uncle. "George, listen! They're saying the freshet has come!"

"Let her come!" said George.

Then the telephone rang. As it couldn't be uncle, George answered it. He recognized Prosperine's accents despite an accelerated tempo.

"Oh, George, we couldn't get the police station! We couldn't get anybody! And then we happened to remember that you're a sort of deputy marshal. Hurry—hurry right up!"

"Why? Are you in any danger?"

"Of course not! But auntie ——"

George hung up. He supposed auntie was being killed, but he would go, nevertheless. First he recommended for his uncle a stroll down to the river, as the view might do him good. He knew that his uncle would find the dam down and the freshet swooping harmlessly by.

George used Bobbs' runabout to climb the hill. Strangely enough, many villagers were also going up the hill. But he instantly perceived the reason when he reached the summit. Driven by the flood from the supposed original source of the garnets, they were turning to the secondary source. A score or more had not even waited for the flood, and were already busily cracking the stones in auntie's new driveway. Jerry the mason was among them, quarrelsome and vociferous. He justly contended that the Erie was his claim and they were trying to jump it on him. But that wasn't all. Others had attacked the porte-cochère pillars, the porch balustrade, the chimney, the foundations, swinging sledges, applying crowbars, the later comers joining them with frantic enthusiasm. Auntie's wikiup was in a fair way towards disintegration.

"Stop them! Oh, stop them!" cried auntie herself as George halted the runabout and sat there, looking on.

"Why, ma'am, how can I stop them?" George asked. "They're your own gang, aren't they? At least you put them up to building that dam. Oh, yes, you did, for you're the mysterious intelligence that's back of the oil well!"

"What if I am? What if I am?" stormed the old lady.

"Which is why," George went on placidly, "you were so infuriated when I let myself be replaced by a better man."

One of the porte-cochère columns was beginning to crumble and auntie screamed.

"Stop them! Oh, stop them! If there's a spark of mercy in your ——"

"No," said George, with a cool glance towards stately Prosperine beside her, "there's not a spark of mush in the whole works."

At least it caused Prosperine to bite her lips.

"Really, George," she spoke, "I know I said something about a hand of iron in a velvet glove, but stars above! Nobody told you to throw away the glove entirely."

"Rubbish! What makes you think I can stop them?"

"You can do anything!" screeched the old woman. "You're stone! You're granite! You're barbed steel!"

"Bless his heart!" George murmured.

Auntie recognized the quotation as her own words.

"No, bless nothing!" she flung at him. "Curse you! Curse you!"

George smiled.

"Ah, that's better—a compliment!"

It was, and he could no less than save her house and home.

"Jerry," he called to the mason, and there was a ring in his voice of news about to be told that brought them all to expectant attention. "I say, Jerry, let me see those garnets you found in that rock, will you?"

Jerry willingly complied; and George, after turning them over in his palm, looked up with an expression of startled mystification on his face.

"Why," he said, "these are cut gems—cut and polished!"

"Huh? What? What of it?"

"Simply this, Jerry: They are not found in Nature that way."

"You mean they ——"

"I even seem to remember them," George went on. "Yes, sir, they're the same garnets that used to be in my cuff links." He displayed the links, and the gems fitted into the setting. "I'm afraid, Jerry," said George regretfully—"I really am, old fellow—that somebody must have salted that rock for you with my garnets."

They did not mob George. The only thing to do with George was to do what George said, and he said:

"Now perhaps you had better be all hustling back home. I wouldn't be surprised if there aren't other garnet hunters cracking stones all over the village this minute, and you know yourselves what you were doing to this house."

They were already going. They went.

The heady wine of a strange and unfamiliar emotion had quickened the pulse in Prosperine's beautiful and languid body. She came shyly, almost timorously, to George. She burrowed her face into his shoulder. She nestled. She cooed. She was a different girl. She was a dove, throbbing with the exquisite pangs of adoration.

"Promise me, George," she whispered, "that you won't ever beat me."

"Not often," George promised.

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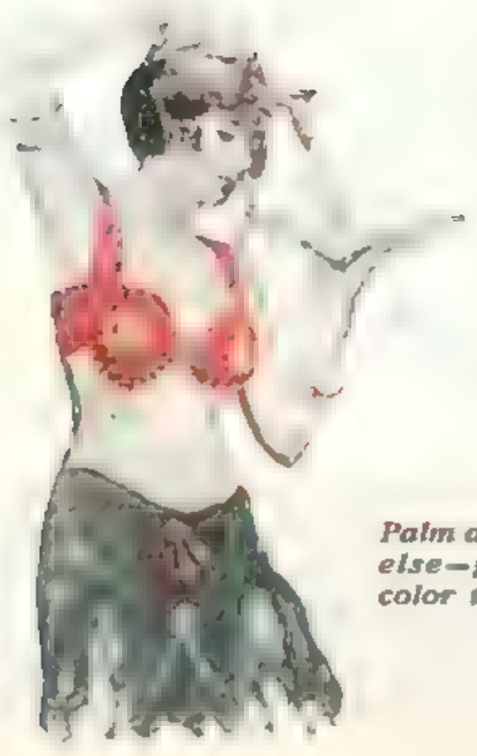

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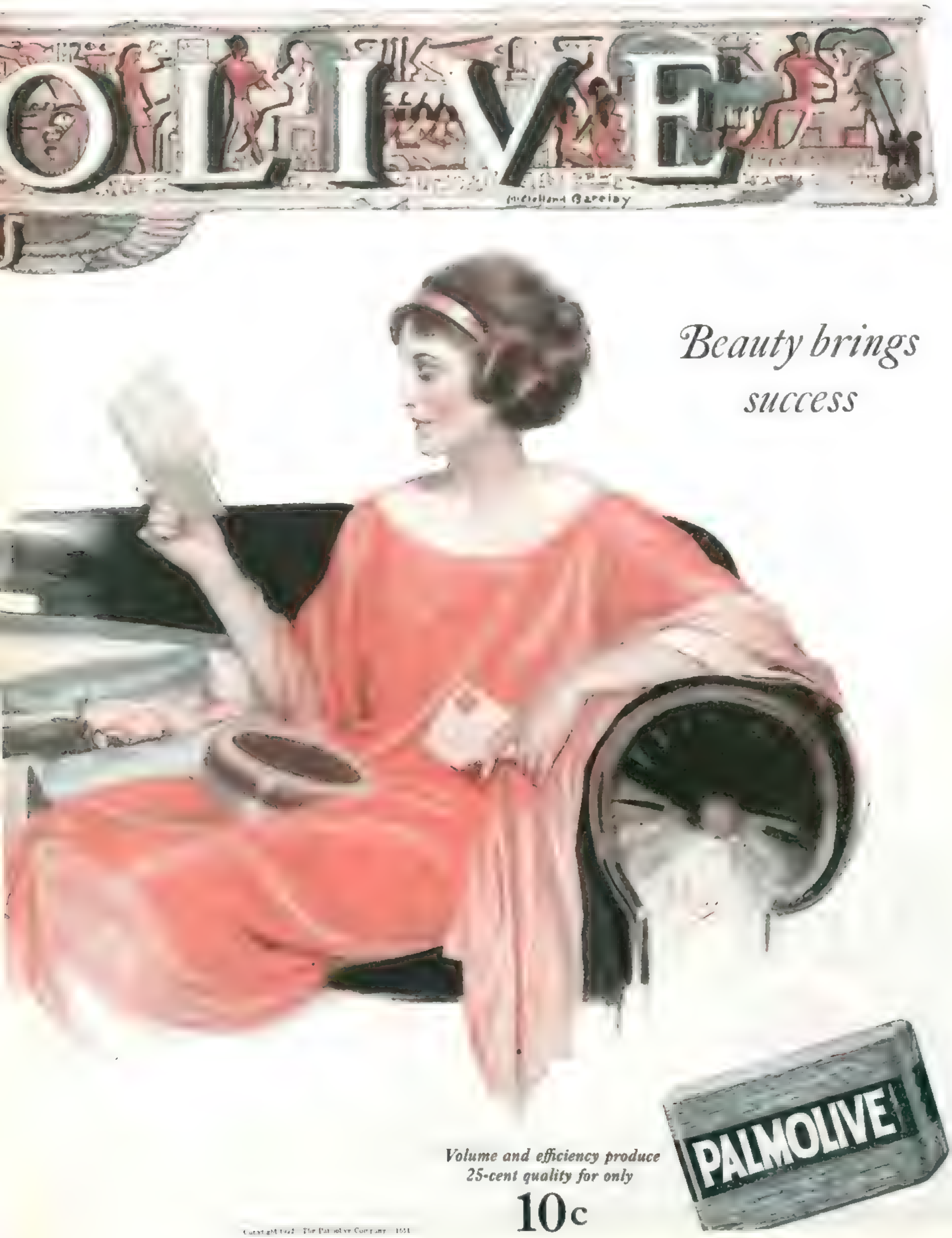
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½ teaspoon paprika
1 cup olive oil
1 teaspoon sugar
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon vinegar

Mix salt, sugar, paprika and Pet Milk; then add oil drop by drop until mixture thickens a little. Add lemon juice and vinegar drop by drop, alternating with oil until all are used. Beat two minutes with Dover egg-beater, and place on ice until ready to serve. Ingredients should be very cold. While mixing, place bowl in pan of ice water.

Milk at its Best

Brett

THE CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE

THE ABIDING GIFT

(Continued from Page 9)

confidante, his defender. But tonight a figure from another world seemed to stand in the doorway beside her: a slender figure, lavender and white, with eyes like the wild blue lilac.

For an instant it was a cruel comparison; then his eyes lifted to his mother's eyes and saw the beauty there. Normal values returned to him with doubled intensity and he thrilled with the possessive power which should make him her emancipator. She was taking the sack of potatoes from him, at the same time giving and receiving a briefly audible kiss.

"Why on earth your father couldn't have brought this great bundle in the auto and let you get the meat, I don't know. The potatoes take twice as long to cook, and of course he'd get the meat home first. Gracious, this is heavy! I wouldn't have thought of asking you to bring it, dear. But it's just like your father."

Her words lent him such a feeling of righteous indignation for having been imposed upon that he entirely forgot his privilege of riding home in the car had he chosen to do so.

"Oh, sure!" he said loudly, directing his cap at a hook in the hall closet and his voice at his father, who sat by the living-room table in seeming perusal of the evening paper. "Trust dad to ball anything up that could be balled up."

He stood glaring at the silent offending figure for a moment, actually swallowing in order to choke down the convicting words that tore at his throat for utterance. But, having decided on strategy, his canniness conquered; and he sauntered into the dining room, whose polished mahogany furniture heralded dinner—the buffet bearing the dessert of canned peaches and cookies and the four chairs expectantly in place under the round table, which had a gently intoxicated appearance due to the speed and lack of true direction with which Suzanne had set it.

"I lit the tank, Harry," his mother called from the kitchen. "Hurry, now, and you can get your bath before dinner."

"Oh, I won't take it till bedtime! Dad wouldn't let me have the car, so I'm not going."

The kitchen faucet stilled abruptly, and his mother appeared in the doorway, wiping her hands on a tea towel.

"What!" she said.

He repeated, casually, his news, an odd satisfaction in his voice. Like the Germans, he was both vanquished and victor. His reiteration brought Suzanne precipitately into the veranda door, a half-knitted blue sweater in her hands.

"Why, for heaven's sake!" she contributed. "I thought you'd already made a date with Margery Manners. You said so!"

"I had, Little Long-Ears. I broke it. You can't ask a girl whose father's got three cars to walk to a dance, can you?"

Suzanne's mouth opened, but closed slowly at a gesture from her mother, who walked briskly to the living-room doorway.

"What's the reason Harry can't have the car tonight, Henry?"

Harry moved a little so that he might look between the heads of his mother and Suzanne, who had joined forces in the doorway. It was a magnificent situation, opening up a capacity for enjoyment that made him shiver. His father slowly lowered his newspaper, stripping back the straggly lock of hair with his third and index fingers as he looked up, squinting a little, at his wife and daughter.

"I've got to have it myself. I'm sorry, mother. There's no reason why Harry couldn't have asked Billy Jackson to take him and Margery."

"Oh, yes!" Harry threw in. "It's all right for me to sponge on somebody else! Why don't you do it?"

"Because the arrangements are made and it's too late to change them."

"What arrangements, Henry?" Mrs. Worthington's quiet voice succored its strength for coming storm. "Another of these important oil conferences that have amounted to so much this last year, I suppose."

At the words "this last year," something lifted like a head gate in Harry's mind and poured in a flood of evidence; all these evenings that his father had taken the car and gone downtown took on convicting significance; yes, all those evenings meant dates with that woman.

"Now, mother," his father humoringly importuned, "there's nothing to have a family row about. It isn't very often that Harry doesn't have the car when he wants it. But tonight it can't be helped."

"Why do you have to have it? Is there any reason you can't answer my question?"

"Yes"—Harry could not restrain himself from abetting her—"yes, why does he? If I thought he really needed it it'd be different. Looks funny, though; darn funny."

Immediately uttered, his words left him fearful lest he had gone too far. But his mother was as sterile to suspicion as she was fertile to rancor; and his father's duplicity was amazing—almost admirable. He merely raised his paper again and lied with even unusual dispiritedness:

"Yes, mother, there's a great mystery about it. I simply am going out to El Cajon to talk over those plans I submitted for the Neville-Brown country place."

"Yes—oh, yes, you're as likely to get that work as—as ——"

She stopped for lack of sufficiently graphic simile, and Harry could see the storm that had been gathering dwindle into diplomacy. She turned undecidedly toward the kitchen, while Suzanne took quick advantage of the silence.

"Why, dad, it's a perfect shame! To have to turn down a girl like Margery Manners! Why, my goodness, you ought to be glad Harry can go with the richest and most popular girl in school. You're just mean, dad—just mean!"

"My dear," said her mother, pausing to straighten the silver on the table, "you surely know by this time that your father cares less about his family's interests than he does about a package of cigarettes." A tear-threatening tremble shook her words, which fell without venom, for her nagging was a mechanical thing, oiled by habit. "I've been dreading the time for years when you children would naturally come to associate with people whom our circumstances —— Oh, Suzanne, will you never learn to set a table properly! Well, you shan't be deprived of tonight's pleasure, Harry. You'll only be young once. I put away ten dollars out of my money this month for a new hat, but you can just take it and hire a taxi."

Harry gulped down his gratitude lest his eyes should mirror the tears that were brimming in hers. This was the way it always was. Mother never failed them. Even yet he might rescue his chances with Margery. Could it be possible that he didn't want to? It was possible. He went over to his mother and gave her a brief hug around her shoulders with his right arm, talking to her but at his father, who would have sat there less quietly could he have surmised the plan that was formulating in his son's mind.

"Gosh, mother, you certainly are the original brick! But it strikes me you've gone without enough things already—same old duds you've worn for twenty years. I've telephoned and broken the date, anyhow, so we should worry. I wouldn't care so much if I thought he really needed the old car, but it's da-arn funny that ——"

"Sh-h, dear!" She gestured him silently into the kitchen with her, leaving Suzanne to carry on in their absence. "Now don't say any more, dear. He's had one of his still spells the last few days and there's no use trying to do anything with him. And heaven knows, if there's the least chance of his getting that work, we don't want to stand in his way. Of course he won't, but still—if he should —— That secretary of theirs did phone here to him, you know; and if he should it would mean your visit to Uncle Bob. Oh, mercy, my head is splitting! Go tell Suzanne I want her. She'll talk him into a regular rage. Bless her dear little loyal heart, she's as disappointed as you are. . . . Oh, dear! oh, dear! These potatoes won't be cooked by morning!"

But the potatoes were on the table before seven, and the four of them gathered into the companionable circle.

"It never fails to be like this when I'm simply worn out," his mother wearily began the conversation, which languished directly thereafter, Suzanne having added an affectionate "Poor dear old mummy; I'll do all the dishes and you go straight to bed after dinner."

"Oh, these aren't half cooked enough"—his mother's voice made a little murmur of melancholy—"but everything else would have spoiled ——"

Harry swallowed his food unmasticated and untasted.

His father sat there, backgrounded by the buffet with its canned peaches and cookies, looking unusually absent and oblivious. Harry's knowledge possessed him, tempted him, triumphed.

"I saw that Countess Colonna tonight," he suddenly emptied into their silent business of eating. Then words left him. The silence throbbed in his ears. His father did not look up.

"Well, what of it?" Suzanne came pertly to his rescue. "We're interested; go on."

"Oh, nothing! Her darned old chauffeur almost ran over me. I'll bet she's no more of a countess than I am. All the funny ones come out here and pull some countess or princess stuff. Any place but here nobody'd fall for it."

"Oh, I guess she's really a countess," his mother gently disagreed. "Mrs. Hosmer told me that her maid, who used to work for the countess, said that all her mail from Italy came addressed that way, with crests and crowns and things on the envelopes. I think she probably is what she says, don't you, Henry?"

Harry, shivering, looked at his father, who was reaching undisturbedly for the salt and pepper, which he painstakingly distributed while he answered:

"Yes, I think likely; but, as Harry says, this is a very gullible place; she might be putting one over at that."

It was unbelievable.

"Why, the old scoundrel could kill a man and get away with it!" Harry thought with an astonishment that touched respect.

"Oh, she isn't putting anything over at all!" Suzanne settled the matter. "Margery Manners' mother had a friend who knew her back East when they were young. She had lots of money and she married this count; he was fearfully handsome. It's nothing to marry a count; they're just ordinary men—only usually they're worse. And Mrs. Manners' friend said they had a perfectly wonderful place in Italy, just like you read about in old storybooks. But he got tired of her, like those foreign men all do, and ran away with another woman."

She had not finished, but while she paused dramatically for a fresh bite her mother filled in reminiscently:

"I remember I did hear something like that about her when she first came. I told you about it when you were working on her house, Henry. But the paper yesterday said she was going to join her husband at some outlandish place or other ——"

"Why, yes, and it said he was wounded in the war! Funny she wouldn't want to stay there with him." Suzanne managed to remark coincidentally with a mouthful of salad; "but maybe it was the other lady's turn."

This risqué remark made her giggle under her mother's frown, while her father continued his dinner with as unconcerned an air as if they were discussing the price of silk stockings. Their chatter persisted while Suzanne removed the dishes and brought the dessert, and all the time Henry Worthington seemed not to notice that they were even talking. It was too much. Harry determined to have the satisfaction of making some small imprint on his father's dissimulation.

"Oh, she's just an adventuress. I've heard a lot about her. You know—flirts with men and has a gay time. Any ordinary nice woman would have paid a man that worked for her instead of giving him a darn-fool picture of an old scraggly cottonwood tree."

"That's a birch tree, Harry," the words came quickly. After an instant he added, "Of course she paid me my regular fee besides. The picture was an expression of appreciation—beyond the value of money."

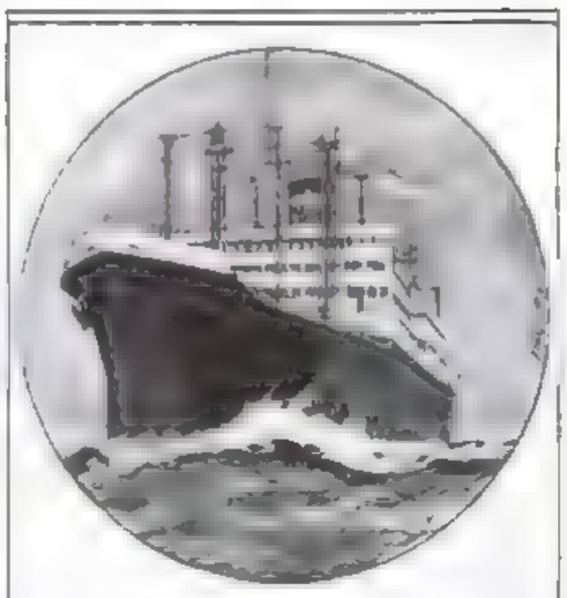
"Well, I must say that sort of appreciation doesn't strike me as very practical," his wife found weary comment. "By the way, Henry, isn't she some relation of that Mrs. Neville-Brown?"

"Yes, a cousin, I think."

"Why, maybe she could help you to get that work!"

"Not unless they like my sketches." He rose unhurriedly and stood behind his chair. "I don't care for any dessert, mother."

"Why, you're not sick, are you, Henry? I thought you looked a little pale."



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"Oh, no! I'll go on up and freshen up a bit. You don't want to drive out there with me, do you?"

An incredulous grunt escaped from Harry's throat, but he camouflaged it in his napkin and coughed lustily.

"Great heavens, no, Henry!" his mother was refusing. "If you'd done as much work as I have today you wouldn't ask such a foolish question. I ache all over. Now do keep that hair out of your eyes when you get there. It makes you look foolish."

"Yes, mother, I'll try to do that," he answered, stripping back the truant lock as he spoke.

He hesitated in the doorway, seeming to reflect about something. Harry stared at his long back with the anger of a young animal, furious beyond reason, wanting to hurt him, to make him suffer for deceiving his mother so casually and unconcernedly. Just at that instant an auto horn shrieked out a friendly greeting. It was Billy Jackson speeding by. Harry seized it as a weapon for vengeance.

"Darn it, mother," he burst out, "why didn't you pick me out a father like Billy's? Then we'd have had a little fun out of life."

His father went on quickly toward the stairs. He stumbled over a chair in the darkened living room.

"You mustn't say things like that, dear," said his mother. "Your father may have his faults, but he loves you very dearly; and no man in the world had better prospects when I married him."

"Well, it's a lot he's done with them!" he scathingly observed.

If he stayed another moment he would surely burst. He pushed back his chair, threw down his napkin and excused himself from the table when he was halfway through the living room.

"Say, I'm going on down to a movie. Gotta do something. . . . Leave the key out."

They were calling something after him, but he closed the door and ran. He ran with loud footfalls—ran down the front walk and for more than a block. Then the corner hid him. Stealthily he doubled back down the alley and returned to the garage.

"

AT 8:30, in the fog-veiled moonlight on the pier, Harry again looked upon the Countess Colonna. He did so by peeking under the side curtains when his father got out of the car to meet her. His father's leaving gave him a fortunate opportunity to clear his constantly filling throat and to try another posture, for this place in which he had chosen to spend the evening did not lend itself to comfort. It was on the bottom of the car, close to the front seat, under the crumpled auto robe which, as usual, was thrown there in a careless heap.

The countess was on the pier, waiting, when they came, though it was not yet quite 8:30, and Harry all boldly scrambled up to peek at her. His mood was regal, for power was his. If he should be discovered, justice was on his side, guilt on theirs. He even anticipated the possibility of revealing himself should occasion warrant it.

But the thing that the presence of the countess did to him was disconcerting: it cleaned away his disapproving antagonism so subtly that he did not quite know what was happening to him, leaving that devastating wonderment which swept his desire for vengeance into passivity. She was wrapped in a long black cape, and tiny feather tendrils floated out from her black close-fitting toque. She walked quickly toward his father, smiling, and gave him both her hands; at which the enveloping black garment revealed her slender shimmering figure in a white dinner gown. It was only an excited, hurried glimpse, and the sight of her bare arms and soft gleaming gown entered the turmoil of his brain with a sensation so vivid and so keen that she endured in his memory less as a personality than as something white and shining, under black.

"Dear old dirty car!" she said softly as his father helped her into the front seat.

The words told tenderness, memory, welcome and farewell; and the timbre of her voice made the excited boy thrill to its note, just as he had done on those three memorable times when he had put his awkward arm around Margery, and Margery, protestingly acquiescent, had said, "Don't, de-ar, you—you mustn't." But Margery's voice had been, compared with this woman's, as is preliminary tuning of violins to perfected harmony. What an overwhelming thing—that any ecstasy of life should survive youth. Yet here, in their old shabby car, such wonder was proven reality. Here was the love of maturity, not mystery; a proud love, not shy; acceptant, not questioning. And something in the woman's tone made Harry think of his mother's voice—not when she spoke to his father, but when she spoke, tenderly, to Suzanne or to him.

How compelling is the simplicity of love! How swift its seeing, once eyes are open!

As suddenly and unwonderingly as Harry knew that this woman actually loved his father, he knew that his mother did not. He had naturally known, since he could remember, that his mother disapproved and scolded and wept over his father; but he had felt, just as naturally, that any man and woman who made themselves the father and mother of children must of necessity love each other in some peculiar, uninteresting, adult fashion.

He heard an unfamiliar voice that he fumblingly placed as his father's.

"Joan! Joan! Nothing's happened, then? You're going—really going?"

It flashed through Harry's mind that his father never called his mother by her first name. He always called her "mother."

"Why, yes, Harry," said the surprised sweet voice.

"Oh, of course; of course you are! I've spent hours, though, praying to God that this time would never come. Almost convinced myself."

"Prayer's a poor thing, dear, unless you pray for things that are right."

"Yes? God knows I won't bother with it any more, then."

The engine started and Harry lost their words, but as the car quieted to rhythmical motion their two voices fell on his straining adolescent ears as they might have fallen on a talking-machine record, unemotionally registered but emotionally preserved. They were voices whose laughter and pain were so closely woven that often the one struck the spark for the other's flame; and their words were so clothed with emotion that ever afterward the quality of any voice affected Harry more poignantly than the words it might carry.

Gradually, as his listening ears shut out sensations from his other senses, the situation took on a detachment from familiar personalities and their voices touched his consciousness with enduring vividness.

HER VOICE: Harry, it was a mean advantage over my firm resolves for you to send me such an irresistible gift. To think, after all my admonishings, that you'd be so violently extravagant at the very last! How could you?

HIS VOICE: So you like it, do you?

HER VOICE: Like it? I love it! It's perfect! But ——

HIS VOICE: Now, there isn't any but about it. You don't need to have any compunctions over it whatsoever. It took no bread and butter out of my family's mouth and it occasioned the purchase of a mahogany standard lamp that Merle's been wanting for a long time. I'll even tell you exactly what it cost to have the cushions made, and you can refund it, if it'll make you any happier.

HER VOICE: Well, I won't refund a cent and I refuse to be intimidated. I just said that it had completely routed all my decent resolutions. You couldn't possibly have given me anything I'd have loved more. The men are crating it tonight so it will be waiting for me when I get—home. It's the first comfortable Savonarola chair I ever saw. Those two ducky little corner cushions make it perfect. Why, it's so companionable it just seems to say, "Come on over and sit with me and I'll tell you some sweet old secrets." Wherever did you find it?

HIS VOICE: In the attic, you darling woman. It was mother's grandmother's. I suppose it came from Italy; that's one reason I first thought of it for you.

HER VOICE: But, Harry, tru-ly, didn't Merle hate to give it up? I can't help wanting to go away without having ever hurt her in the very smallest way.

HIS VOICE: My dear, that chair has been in the attic ever since we were married. I once asked if we couldn't have it in our bedroom and she said perhaps if it were mahogany instead of walnut she could stand seeing it around. But she wanted things to match. Lately she has wanted me to sell it for an antique, and she was delighted when I did so and brought home a nice shiny mahogany lamp.

(Continued on Page 80

THE · STORY · OF · TOBACCO

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UNDER the great oak the Cloud Blowers sat and uttered words of great wisdom, while the smoke of peace tobacco curled upward to the stars that winked their approval.

* * * *

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All Robt. Burns cigars are filled with the choicest Havana tobaccos, aged, cured and blended to a wonderfully pleasing mildness of flavor.

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(Continued from Page 78)

HER VOICE: I see, old dear. Well, now tell me all about it, way back when you went to visit your grandmother. Then whenever I sit in it we can exchange secrets.

HIS VOICE: You dearest girl. . . . Well, I never visited my grandmother, because she inconsiderately died and left the chair to mother. But some of the sweetest memories of my life ought to come out to talk to you. Mother used to keep it in her little upstairs sitting room off her bedroom, and she always sat in it when she heard me say my prayers. I actually believed in prayer when her hand was on my head. . . . Humph! . . . "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." Think of it—"I shall not want."

HER VOICE: I'm glad the little chair can only tell me your belief and not your skepticism. I'll mix its memories all up with my love, and some fine day you'll find your faith come back to you.

HIS VOICE: Nobody, honey, not even you, can make reality out of illusion.

HER VOICE: It wasn't illusion when you believed it. You think my love is just a nice agreeable element of experience. Just you wait and see what it can do. Now don't try to convince me; I know all your arguments by heart. Tell me some more about my chair.

HIS VOICE: Well, it has lots of things for you to work miracles with, I guess. It recalls my first pleasure from punishment too. My father couldn't tolerate a youngster's noise; he'd order that I be made to sit for an hour on a chair, without speaking. Then mother'd take me upstairs and fix me comfortably in this chair with its little fat corner cushions—I had these cushions made as nearly like them as I could remember, though I don't suppose the chair had any originally. Some Anglo-Saxon probably added them with his need for physical comfort. And I'd sit there by the window and have a wonderful time, for mother knew I could watch the orioles out in the silver birch.

HER VOICE: Oh, that's another reason you love birch trees, isn't it?

HIS VOICE: I shouldn't wonder. Chief reason, though, now, is that the most wonderful woman in the world painted me a picture of them—the most wonderful picture. Whenever I'm discouraged

HER VOICE: Oh, but you'll like this new picture! There! I nearly gave myself away. You know I almost wish I hadn't told you not to open my package when it came.

HIS VOICE: We-ell, honey, I did. I ——

HER VOICE: Why, you old wretch! When I marked all over it with my best red paint, not to open until tomorrow!

HIS VOICE: Couldn't do it, Joan. Too much like opening a coffin, to wait till you've gone. I wanted your last gifts to be a part of life, not of death.

HER VOICE: Harry, stop it! You promised on your word of ——

HIS VOICE: I know I did. Don't worry. That was only a jest; really a very good one; quite Shaksperean.

HER VOICE: I'm afraid Hamlet's humor is dangerous tonight. And here I sit waiting for you to enthuse over my presents. Wasn't there a single thing in the box that pleased you?

HIS VOICE: Oh, skillful shrew, if I am Hamlet, you've turned Katharine! How can I do your sweet gifts justice when beset by constant interruptions?

HER VOICE. Funny old thing! Don't be a mutt! Which do you like best of my beautiful well-chosen collection? Now do warm up to your subject and gratify me.

HIS VOICE: We-ell, they're all so precious to me that comparison's hard. I've fastened the little electric lamp to my big leather chair, and whenever I turn it on its light will be like your presence—the end of darkness. And then I'll open your improved copy of Marcus Aurelius —— Oh, honey, your sketches and comments are so sweet! I'm afraid I'll read the margins more than old Marcus; and I'll hear your voice saying, "And what is the use of a book without pictures and conversation?" and that will remind me of Alice in Wonderland, and I'll reach over into my treasure drawer for the dearest little yellow book in all the world, all torn and thumbed by your little-girl fingers, and perhaps you'll guide my hands to open the book to ——

HER VOICE. —— to the place where it says, "That's the reason they're called lessons" the Gryphon remarked, "because they lessen from day to day" I do love that sentiment

HIS VOICE: No, dear; if you open there it spoils the sequence of my story. We open to the page where Alice steals the squeaky slate pencil from the Lizard and he has to write with his finger, and that will remind me that I shall never have to write with my finger because I have a magnificent new fountain pen that my beloved gave me, and that will remind me that I can never write to her any more because we are doing the "things that are right." And that will remind me that I have been given something to help me endure the ache in my heart, so I'll turn the nice adjustable lamp shade until its light falls on my dearest earthly possession. It's ——

HER VOICE: You're so satisfying, dear. That's the one I wanted you to like best.

HIS VOICE: Yes, it's a picture that could have hung in galleries with famous companions, but it was painted for love instead. And when I look at its two eucalyptus trees, patterned like torn lace against the sky, I forget my office and am out on the same hillside and my beloved is sitting beside me in my dirty old car. And we think the trees look like lovers with their arms around each other, and they're entirely contented because they've grown together until they can look over the hilltop that once hid the sight of the ocean from them. And just above them, like the kiss of a little pink cloud, is the first star. I can't find it myself, but my beloved points it out to me, and we sit there and watch it grow brighter and brighter like the hope—that I don't have any more.

HER VOICE: Oh, Harry, I can't bear you to talk as if my love is something that I've packed into my trunk to take away with me! You will always have it. It's part of you, not of me. If it has ever helped you, it will always help you. When that dreadful dead sound comes into your voice it makes me ashamed that my love must be so much poorer than yours. The beauty of your love has taken the bitterness out of things that used to seem unbearable; in a way, it seems to have made me into what you believe me to be. Why, it is the thing that has given me strength to go back, without bitterness, to Italy—and Giovanni.

HIS VOICE: I hoped we wouldn't talk of him—tonight.

HER VOICE: I didn't mean to, dear. But I can't conceive of your feeling against him. I haven't any bitterness against Merle. Of course, I hate what she's done; not the nagging exactly; but the way she's driven your spirit to suicide by constantly holding your faults up before your own sensitiveness. I think that's really worse than Giovanni's faithlessness. But, as a person, I don't dislike her at all.

HIS VOICE: I know it. I simply can't comprehend your detachment from personality, any more than I can understand the miracle of your loving common old me.

HER VOICE: Of course you can't; neither can I. Love isn't something you do. It's—it's a sort of force or relativity between two people. Why, you walked into my heart that first day just as naturally as you walked into my house, all in the poets' most approved fashion, with that dear distressed lock of hair all scattered over your forehead and the little blue print in your hand. Remember how apologetic you were because your idea wasn't exactly practical? . . . Oh, you blessed old dear! And it made the homely old house into a lovely thing forever. . . . No, I'm quite sure that understanding has nothing to do with real love; it's for the commoner emotions like sentiment and affection and passion that so ordinarily pass for love. If love were as prevalent as they are we wouldn't hear so much about it. It's the pretense of those who've missed it and the yearning of those who still seek it that give love such popularity. Now I thought that out myself; don't you think it's a logical premise?

HIS VOICE: Strikes me it's a conclusion, honey. The yearning-and-pretense business lets us out of the argument, doesn't it?

HER VOICE: Why, no, stupid! It puts us in. We have love instead, so naturally we can't understand or know anything about it, how we happened to get it, or why. You say you can't understand why I love you, and I'm explaining it.

HIS VOICE: Oh, I see! You've proved as the first step that I can't understand it at all, and that you can't, either. That's fine, honey. Grows clearer all the time

HER VOICE: You wait, I'm going to surprise you; I've been afraid to enlighten you before for fear of spoiling you. But the truth is that you're no more common than love is, but you'll never be able to realize it. That's your charm—to have no conceit and the soul of an artist. Why, dear, it's a divine combination—irresistible!

HIS VOICE: Well, I'm afraid that is a little beyond my realization. I might manage the divine part, but I'd say you were going a little strong when you make me irresistible, having experienced the success with which my family has resisted.

HER VOICE: But you haven't anything to do with that. The reason Merle doesn't appreciate you is because she's never in any way been able to help you. We can't love people we aren't able to help. You see, I've no modesty whatever about the great help I've been to you.

HIS VOICE: You're modest, dear one, when you say help. I doubt if heaven is a finer thing. But, of course, your argument holds good the other way too. I haven't helped Merle any more than she's helped me. The poor girl's wanted money all her life, and she's had precious little of it.

HER VOICE: Oh, I don't criticize her for being unable to help you! I wasn't able to help Giovanni, either; but God gave me the grace to realize it. I didn't blame him for failing me, after I'd found myself empty of the qualities he needed in me. What I hate so in Merle is her horrible egotistical blindness. Of course she can't help the nature she was born with, but sometimes I think if I could just get hold of her I could shake it out of her and shake another in!

HIS VOICE: Ha-ha! Oh, my dearest logician, after two years of never allowing your eyes to veer from Merle's viewpoint—her disappointment, her concern for the children's future, her hard work, her present poor health ——

HER VOICE: I know it! Neither of us will forget those things. But tonight's different. I've a horror of going away and leaving your sensitive soul unprotected again. I want to armor it with a little confidence; to get you away from your devouring idea that if you'd made money everything would be all right. What more real companionship would you have, now, if you had been able to give her money—to buy shiny things? Sometimes I think you've caught her blindness, as if she'd put nickels over your eyes!

HIS VOICE: Oh, Joan, how precious you are! But there's this, honey: It sounds mercenary, but it's true. If I'd been successful there would have been no occasion for the sweetest revenge she's ever had—she would have left me the respect of my children. As it is, she's bought them body and soul with her little eighty dollars a month—you know, all the little extra things that children appreciate. You can't expect a child to appreciate a roof and food and taxes; not, God knows, that I want them to. But it's made her into a fount of fulfillment and me into an ogre of denial. Lord, but it's been tough watching that boy grow to despise me! He loved me so when he was a little shaver! Remember that picture I showed you?

HER VOICE: Which one, dear? You've shown me dozens.

HIS VOICE: The one where he's just opened the door and seen me unexpectedly.

HER VOICE: Oh, I do, dear! He looks just the way I feel toward you. I know what you mean.

HIS VOICE: You dearest! We-ell, that was how he used to be. And now ——

HER VOICE: Oh, he will be that way again, Harry. He will! I know it. Is he still determined to be a surgeon?

HIS VOICE: Oh, yes; that's another of Merle's triumphs. Her brother Bob has made himself rich cutting people up, and Harry's bent on doing the same thing; not because he has a feel for that sort of thing, but for the money in it; always money, money, money! And the irony of it is that from the very first he had a sense of design in his fingers. The things he built with his blocks always had a definite reason and originality, different from the other youngsters'. And he had a practical sense, the little rascal, that would have saved him from my pitfalls By every law he ought to have been an architect But oh, well, I guess it wasn't coming to me. I don't know why I'm digging this all up tonight Guess I'm so heartsick that I enjoy misery.

HER VOICE: Then it's high time I made you well, and I've a secret that will do it Mr Henry Worthington, I have great and good news for you.

HIS VOICE: Joan! You're staying on? You—you've decided ——

HER VOICE: Look out, Harry! Great heaven, we almost made food for scandal in that ditch, didn't we?

HIS VOICE: I can't drive an automobile and be resurrected from death at the same time. I'll stop. There. Don't jest, Joan! Tell me, quick—aren't you leaving?

HER VOICE: Oh, dearest, I am! Of course I am! Oh, if you only didn't care so much for my physical presence! My dear! . . . My dear!

The machine stopped and their voices ceased—ceased because Harry closed his ears tightly against them with his fingers, and kept them so, in a revulsion of embarrassment for his eavesdropping. It seemed they must surely hear his breathing and the beating of his heart in this sudden stillness, but the engine soon throbbed again and their vibrant voices again took on their necromancy.

HER VOICE: No, don't let's turn, Harry. I—I—let's not go to our hillside. I don't want to have any feeling of farewell toward it; that's why I painted it for you, so there'd never be any last time. Besides, I want to—you see, you rudely interrupted me when I tried to tell you the wonderful secret. Lean over; now listen, listen hard! I don't want your big ear to spill a single syllable. Mr. Henry Worthington, you are hereby unofficially notified that you are to be the architect and engineer and everything else that's necessary for the Neville-Brown country place, with two million dollars at your disposal. There!

HIS VOICE: Oh, Joan! Joan!

HER VOICE: Yes. You will act unconcerned about my good news, will you?

HIS VOICE: Oh, Joan, I—I—I ——

HER VOICE: Yes, dear; you don't need to be conversational about it at all. Little wondering Alice had nothing on me when I sat at the telephone trying to talk to Constance, for my tears almost drowned me. She called me from San Francisco and I guess she must have thought I'd suddenly acquired asthma, and all through dinner I kept picking tears out of my eyes and had to pretend they were dust specks. I was as red-eyed as a witch. Constance said both she and Jim were delighted with your sketches and eternally grateful to me for finding you for them. Their Mr. Davis will write to you tomorrow, she said. Why, I was just simply awed with happiness! It was like listening to God. To think that in my poor little place you will have the building of your beautiful dreams!

HIS VOICE: Ye-es, my beautiful dreams. It's like my kid prayers, beloved, and their faith that came from mother's hand on my head. My beautiful dreams—realized because of you; and built into being—without you.

HER VOICE: No, Harry, not without me! You won't put a thought into your work that my heart won't answer. Tell me, Harry, don't you have any consciousness or any help from my love for you, when we're not together?

HIS VOICE: Honey, that's not quite fair. There's an impersonal quality about you that I haven't. My nature demands the personal. But you know that your love transcends everything in my life, except my longing for you.

HER VOICE: Well, since a proxy's out of the question, I'll have to content myself with the thought that at least longing isn't sordid; it does have an element of beauty. But I wanted to leave you a happier thing. That's why I thought it was so gloriously good that Constance and Jim decided in time so that we can have this opportunity to go all over the place together and plan trees and vines and pools and towers and windows and paths and roads and bridges—with all this moonlight to help us. Doesn't their land start soon now?

HIS VOICE: We're on it now. His fence is just back there where we left the La Mesa Road and lost the smell of the sea; where we turned east and the scent of the sage struck us. It's a desert wind tonight. That's why the stars are so bright. That's the hill where the house will be, over there a little to the right of San Miguel Mountain.

HER VOICE: Then you can plan a much straighter road, can't you?

HIS VOICE: Why, I thought of doing just the contrary, dear. There's no lure to a straight road. Oh, excuse me, honey. What was your idea?

Continued on Page 85

It's time to consider heating in an Entirely New Light

FIRST of all, let's see just what you do when you "heat your home".

If your house is average size, it contains about a thousand pounds of air. Your health and comfort absolutely depend upon what you do with this half a ton of air. If you heat it to a temperature of 100 degrees or more, you can reproduce the air conditions in the Sahara Desert. If you warm it to a temperature of 90 degrees and add a great deal of moisture, you will have the Florida Everglades. Less moisture and a temperature of 70 degrees and you have California.

Quite simply, when you "heat your home", you are making climate. The kind of climate you make depends upon your heating system. If you cannot have in your home the same healthful atmosphere that many people travel thousands of miles to enjoy—your heating system is cheating you, and ten chances to one is wasting fuel in addition.

How You Can Rule Your Little World With Its Thousand Pounds of Air

Your home is a little world apart. You must light it, heat it, ventilate it, give it **climate** that is independent of weather conditions.

What does Nature do to make climates? (1) the air is evenly warmed; (2) it is healthfully moistened; (3) it is kept clean and kept moving every minute; (4) it is constantly changed. This is what Nature does. You can do the same with the air in your home. You can do it with the simplest, most easily installed and operated heating system made—the Mueller Convector—at less cost for fuel than any other efficient heating method in the world—and thousands of Convector owners will tell you so.

How the Convector Manufactures Climate to Your Order

Some day people will no longer buy "heating systems". They will not ask, "Will this system heat my home?" They will ask, "Is it economical, durable, and will it reproduce a healthful, natural climate?"

The Convector does this very thing. First, it warms the air in your home quite evenly. Instead of using costly and complicated systems of pipes, valves, dampers and radiators, it permits the very air you wish warmed to come direct to its large heating surface.

Natural Heat of Convection causes all the air in your home to circulate through the Convector's one duplex register slowly and steadily every minute of the day and night. Warm air rising in obedience to Nature's law is distributed to every corner of your home, while all the cool air in your house, conforming to the same law, descends to the Convector to be warmed.

The Convector operates as Nature does to make a healthful climate: (1) Warms the air evenly. (2) Keeps all the air in your home in continuous movement. (3) Constantly changes the air so that it is always fresh. (4) A large, cast iron water-pan, within the Convector's inner casing, takes the place of the Gulf of Mexico in "your little world" and gives the air its balmy, healthful moisture.

But in one way this Convector climate is **superior** to Nature at her best—you can regulate it at will—more quickly and easily and with less fuel loss than with any other type of heating system.

Do You Warm Your ROOMS or Your HOME?

If you have a heating system which does not effect a constant circulation and interchange of air between rooms, **you are wasting the heat in every room but the one you are in.**

With the Convector every room in your house is heated from one central source—you are not dependent upon an individual heating apparatus or register for each room, and you are getting the benefit of all the warmed, healthful air in your home, because it all circulates through the room you are in.

This is the greatest single reason for the Convector's tremendous saving on fuel—a saving that amounts to ⅓ and more. It is the reason why the Convector healthfully ventilates your home with far less waste of warm, fresh air than any other system.

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CANTON, OHIO

TRACTOR

BEARS

We are more than proud of this photographic list of part of the American and European users, year after year, of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings.

For where Timken Bearings serve so faithfully is in the *vitals* of these vehicles.

Such leadership is maintained, year after year, through merit.

Your car should have the leading bearings—and you should know where.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co
CANTON, OHIO

The *Secret* of Beautiful Hair

How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Soft and Silky—Bright and Fresh-Looking

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water. When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

What a Child's Hair Needs

CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair, and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

MULSIFIED
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

(Continued from Page 80)

HER VOICE: Dear, I'm afraid it was practical. I'm awfully ashamed. Forgive me. Oh, where has their hill gone?

HIS VOICE: That's just it; we've lost it for a minute. Now wait—there it is. Don't you like that little touch of uncertainty? Now you see it and now you don't; it plays with you like a mirage. And I can heighten the effect by utilizing my perspectives with these little round hills. A person will hardly realize that the road is climbing until, at the last, a quickly lifted turn puts you suddenly among hilltops that command a view of the ocean, and you've the thrill of unexpected destination—almost like discovery. Don't you think, Joan, that there's a splendid exaltation in surprise?

HER VOICE: Yes, I do; and I think there's a splendid exaltation in your voice, my old dreamer. Let's stop here and walk up where you've planned to have the driveway. I found a spot the day I came out here with Constance that I thought would be perfect for a wide arch of scarlet bougainvillea. Then, as one gained the hilltop, he would suddenly see nothing except the far blue of the ocean in a scarlet frame; as if a wizard had played him a trick and led him into the sea.

HIS VOICE: That's a splendid idea; there's magic in well-handled color. That's how the old Moors played such a keen joke on Spanish architecture. I want to get their same harmony effects by the plantings, but I want to avoid garish tints and ornament in the house itself; it must belong to its hills as a ship does to the sea. . . . Wait, honey! I'll help you out. . . . Oh, my dearest, my dearest, what would all the rest matter if I could only hold you like this?

HER VOICE: You hold my heart, Harry, and that is what matters; the place for my feet is right on the ground. Put me down, dear. . . . Oh, what a night this is! How intimate and yet how aloof those mountains seem from the sea! It's like the visibility of a great Bach organ fugue.

HIS VOICE: Ye-es, it's all that and more—to me, beloved. It's my heaven and my Gethsemane—this barren, brown old hill.

HER VOICE: De-ar, please let's ——

HIS VOICE: I know! I know! I won't forget again. Honey, are your shoes heavy enough for these weeds and rocks?

HER VOICE: Yes; I changed them purposely after dinner. Dear, let's leave our hats; put them back in the car. I love to see those few brave hairs that won't let you be bald. It'll be good for them to frolic around in the breeze.

Their voices vanished, like birds slowly disappearing in the distance; like live things dying. Harry was alone in the car. He reached for the top of the front seat and pulled himself to his knees, looking after them through the windshield. His body was stiff and aching, but his awareness of it was like the knowledge of another's pain. The tender absurdity about his father's untidy lock of hair was the last sound he was ever to hear from that sweet, proud voice. Now that his ears failed him, his eyes clung to their vision. He knelt there, staring, his muscles rigid. Just before a knoll of the hill hid them they turned their faces from the mountains toward the sea again. And the desert wind, that made the stars so bright, blew the woman's cape back from her body and revealed again her white and shining slenderness.

They stood there together, hand in hand, and his tall father's high-held head seemed to touch the sky; he was like a bridge between the brown hill and the heavens. And the soul of his visioning suddenly touched the watching boy to maturity, though its medium was a thing of his childhood—it was the love he had had when he was a "little shaver," building blocks.

He did not know what had happened to him, but he found himself wiping hot tears off his cheeks with the sleeve of his best brown suit, and he heard himself muttering a prayer that frightened him with its heresy.

"Please, God," he was praying, "don't take her away from him. Don't ——"

III

IT WAS three o'clock when Harry heard his father drive into the garage. He himself had been in bed only twenty minutes, for it had been a long and weary way home. The short cut he had taken over the hills to the main highway had proved five miles long, and he had waited nearly an hour to catch a ride from a friendly auto.

He had telephoned his mother from a farmhouse with the excusable fiction that "We're out here in the country, a bunch of us fellows, with a bum carburetor, and we'll be home late, so don't worry."

She had not worried. Her heavy, even breathing pulsated through the open doors; it was a comfortable, normal, reassuring sound. It did not change as his father's slow steps came up the stairs. Her sleep was like a sentry that kept watch over them but paid them no heed.

An excitement surpassing all the emotions of this strange night swept over Harry as he lay there listening. How slow his father was—tormentingly slow! The familiar sounds of undressing—shoes dropping, buttons freeing, clothes tossed on chairs; the bathroom faucets; the door opening to the screen porch—all these dragged cautiously through the quiet minutes. Then again his mother's steady, even breathing submerged the silence; and still there came no wail from the springs of the lounge on the porch. His father had not gone to bed. For perhaps five minutes Harry endured his trembling suspense. Then he stealthily crept to the bay window of his room and looked across into the sleeping porch.

The morning moonlight, serene and soft, showed his father sitting motionless in the canvas camp chair. His long arms lay along the chair arms, dropping off sharply at the wrists, so that his hands—long-fingered, tired, hopeless hands—hung limp. In his faded old pajamas he was a shapeless, sordid object with bent head and sagging shoulders.

For a heart-stilling instant Harry thought that he was dead. Then he saw that his lips were moving. He thrust his head forward until his nose touched the window screen and heard with his eyes rather than with his tired ears; heard only the whispered name of a woman—"Joan! Joan! Joan!" But it was a sound transcending grief or sorrow or mere pain; it was a call of agony for that which Saint Paul called "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." He was praying for the faith that had gone from him; was praying through the love of the woman who had never failed him; and the voice of his son answered him:

"Hi, dad! Why—why the deuce don't you go to bed? You—you look awful tired."

Harry heard his own words wonderingly, as if another brain than his had sent them through his lips.

"Oh!"—the big heavy head raised a little—"Oh, hello, son! Did I wake you up?"

"Nope. But—but I didn't hear you get into bed, and—oh, I just thought you'd better; you might catch cold!"

"Yes, yes; thanks. I guess I will."

They were both too surprised to say good night.

Harry felt his way back to bed, for the moonlight strangely failed of light. He dreaded to lie down and try to sleep, for his brain sang with excitement as keen as pain; but a certain satisfaction—vague, perplexing, soporific—took him like an anæsthetic and sent him into untroubled sleep.

When he woke the old familiar morning noises filled him with disgust for having fallen so far short of the night's adventuring as to sleep like a great baby. Gosh-h, what a night it had been!

But how skeptical of the night's passion is the hearty light of morning.

Pans in the kitchen, rattling; the bang of a door; a smell of coffee; a rooster's crow, late but undaunted; Suzanne's shrill plaint down the back stairway:

"Mother, may I wear a pair of your white stockings? All mine have runs in them."

Harry's fingers took on miraculous motion. He must be late, indeed, if his mother were already downstairs; she never went down until it was time to poach the eggs, after his father had prepared the rest of the breakfast.

"Why, yes, Suzanne; don't take my best ones. And hurry, dear!"

His mother's voice told the tidings. She knew about the Neville-Brown work.

Harry's eagerness increased to a fury of haste, and the first thing he saw was the change in his mother's face. She stood in the kitchen door talking to his father, who sat at the table. Her face was softly pink, like the hue of her house gown, and her eyes were brightly blue like cornflowers, and her voice mellowed the words that were pouring out like honey from the comb. The good news had brought her into blossom. Harry did not look at his father.

"—— will the first money come?" She smiled a greeting at Harry as she concluded her question.

"In today's mail, probably."

His father's voice, following her glad one, was like the smoky trail of a torch.

"Oh, I do hope so! This is the last day of the Hardinger sale. Harry, good news this morning to open your sleepy eyes. Your father did get the work, after all. Gracious"—she laughed easily, buoyantly; she was another woman—"gracious, dear, don't look so solemn! If everything turns out all right, it means that your father'll be a rich man."

Harry hunted for words. Where was his speech? Something in his mother's elation struck an uncomprehended discord. He had never seen her look so pretty. He looked at his father. He had never seen him look worse; yellow, and somehow thinner.

Suzanne's arrival shattered the small silence. She had heard her mother's last words.

"Why, did dad get the work?" she demanded incredulously.

Her mother nodded, smiling.

"Oh, heavenly day!" Suzanne cleared the space in a rabbit leap and swept her mother into a tempestuous embrace. "Oh, isn't it grand and gorgeous! Let's celebrate by burning all our old shabby duds before we eat breakfast!"

"Be still, honey! Don't tear me to pieces. . . . Will your fee be large enough to justify our getting a new car, Henry?"

"I shouldn't wonder, mother."

Harry slid into his chair at the right of his father, hearing little that was said, but peculiarly aware of the chasms that their words uncovered. It cost his mother real effort to silence Suzanne's rejoicings over the thought of a new car. Finally she sat down with them, exhaling a deep and contemplative breath.

"Well, it just doesn't seem possible. I guess it must be that my prayers are answered. It's really a tremendous undertaking, though, isn't it, Henry? I do hope you can please them. I wish you could go through some of the places designed by those big Eastern men. Wouldn't it be awful if ——"

Harry's coffee soured in his mouth.

"Eastern men—nothing!" he mumbled, the blood hot in his face. "I'll bet dad can build the finest place on this coast!"

He stared hard at his plate, but he felt the slow lift of his father's big head.

"It's terribly hard sometimes to suit these very rich people," his mother cautioned. "I always think it's wise to study successful ——"

But her doubts were shot into surety by an ecstatic query from Suzanne:

"Say, mother, why can't I buy the periwinkle scarf today, then?"

"We-ell," her mother decided, "I guess you may; but not a too-expensive one. We don't want to be reckless. We must remember Harry's visit to Chicago. Henry, there won't be any doubt of that now, will there, dear?"

"No; he can go as soon as school's out."

His father raised his long length wearily from the chair. His lips smiled a little at his flushed wife, whose neck was encircled by the arms of Suzanne, who stood behind her; then, turning his head slightly, his smile included his son. It was the first time their eyes had met, and while their gaze clung his mother's voice went pleasurably on:

"I'll write Bob this very day, so he can plan definitely for you, Harry; it'll be such a wonderful opportunity."

Harry dropped his eyes; then he looked up again at his father—standing above the three of them—standing alone—smiling.

As sharply as if a hand had lifted him by the coat collar Harry stood on his feet. His chair overturned and fell behind him.

"No!" he said, and stopped, bewildered by the rasping shrillness of his own voice, like the feel of a rusty wire drawn through soft fingers.

His mother and sister stared.

"Har-ry!"

It was less a word than the essence of incredulity, and it reduced his impetuosity to self-conscious indecision. He occupied himself excessively in picking up the fallen chair, and then floundered on in his bog of inexpressiveness.

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This gruelling service bespeaks in unmistakable terms of the longevity and superior efficiency of the Vesta Battery; especially when it is known that the Yellow Cab Company has used the Vesta for four years after previously testing almost every make of storage battery. And every cab built by the Yellow Cab Mfg. Co., too, is Vesta equipped.

More interesting to the car owner is the fact that these cabs, with less than one cent per mile per cab margin between profit and loss, carry passengers at the lowest rate in the world, through such economies as have been effected by the use of the Vesta Battery.

Here is proof positive that this battery "costs less per month of service." For this very reason 100,000 car owners last year replaced their original batteries with Vesta.

It is not enough simply to make the statement that the Vesta Battery lives longer and "costs less per month of service." You must know why. The evidence is in the exclusive and patented construction features (namely, Vesta Isolators and Impregnated Mats) which prevent the various sorts of short circuiting that shorten battery life.

Vesta Service Stations, 3500 of them, cover the country. They operate under the famous Vesta Service Code, impartially providing service and repairs on all makes of batteries.

Vesta Isolator Batteries Are Guaranteed for Two Years

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
CHICAGO

There are Special "A" and "B" Vesta Batteries for your Radio Set, too

VESTA
STORAGE BATTERY
Costs Less Per Month of Service

(44)

"We-ell, mother, I don't see why you're always talking about Uncle Bob being so wonderful. I don't know how it's so much more wonderful to cut folks to pieces all the time than it is to build things. It makes me tired. I think dad must be just about as wonderful as Uncle Bob is, or they wouldn't have liked his sketches better'n everybody else's." He wasn't saying what he wanted to at all; how could he bridge his distance from the vision he had seen in his father's eyes? "And I think I'll forget this surgeon stuff, and work in dad's office with him this summer, I think—if he'll stand for it."

He saw only his father's hands, white-knuckled, fastened to the back of the shiny mahogany chair. They seemed struggling to loosen themselves. Words came explosively from his mother.

"Why, Harry! How—how silly, dear! You don't want to give up your hopes of a splendid, successful future on a ridiculous impulse. Think how long father's been a poor man; how long he's had to ——"

"Why, you're crazy!" Suzanne could not wait to supplement.

Harry opened his mouth combatively, but his eyes caught his father's, and something that he saw there put gentleness into his voice, and the feeling of serene age into his young soul.

"Now-w, mother, I'm certainly old enough to know what I want, old dear; I'm past seventeen, you know. And I've decided! That is, if dad can stand for me messing around his office."

At last his gaze had the strength to remain in his father's unwaveringly, companionably, and his father said: "Why, son, that's the thing I'd like most in the world!"

That was all. But for a moment they all watched him wonderingly—the three of them—because a man's face is strangely beautiful and commanding when his lost faith returns to him.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 26

"I would have called you up long before this, but I lost your telephone number, and I didn't know how on earth to get in touch with you."

"Isn't that the strangest thing that you didn't get my letter? It must have gone astray. Really, something ought to be done about the mail service."

"It's some genuine prewar stuff."

—*Dorothy Parker.*

Speaking of Immigration, or the Greedy Giant

(A Rimed Editorial)

IN DAYS of not so very old—
No need with dates to toy—
There lived, it is reliably told,
A little giant boy.
And his initials, people say,
Were U. and S. and sometimes A.

Although one must admit it is
A trifle impolite,
He took prodigious pride in his
Gargantuan appetite.
Unpleasant though it be to state,
He ate and ate and ate and ate.

No job of gorging was too hard;
He ate with scarce a pause
In frank and utter disregard
Of hygienic laws.
Though while he stuck to home-cooked food
He suffered no disquietude.

Thus matters went for several years;
But as he larger grew
His ravenous hunger, it appears,
Kept growing with him too,
Until his cooks and waiters tried
In vain to keep his wants supplied.

Despairing of domestic marts
They scoured the seven seas
For vegetables, meats and tarts
His hunger to appease.
But though they combed the world for stuff
He could not seem to get enough.

Good, bad, indifferent it might be—
He did not care a shred
For wholesomeness or quality
So long as he was fed.

"They come from everywhere," he'd leer,
And lap his mouth, "into the here!"

At last he got so tightly packed
That, as he should have guessed,
His overworked digestive tract
Was driven to protest.
He suffered from—and no mistake—
A real old-fashioned stomach ache.

The doctors—crude, as doctors are—
Quite frankly spoke their minds:
"He's eating far too much of far
Too many different kinds,
Which, since they won't assimilate,
Start an interior debate.

"Nutritious foods; less frequent feeds;
Some foreign things, for spice,
And exercise are all he needs
To cure him in a trice;
Be sure the quality's the best,
And soon he'll normally digest."

Well, though at first he raised a howl,
He soon grew tough and svelt.
The foreign aliments ceased to growl
And fight beneath his belt.
He's feeling very fit today—
Is U. and S. and sometimes A.

—*Baron Ireland.*

Song of Hate for Eels

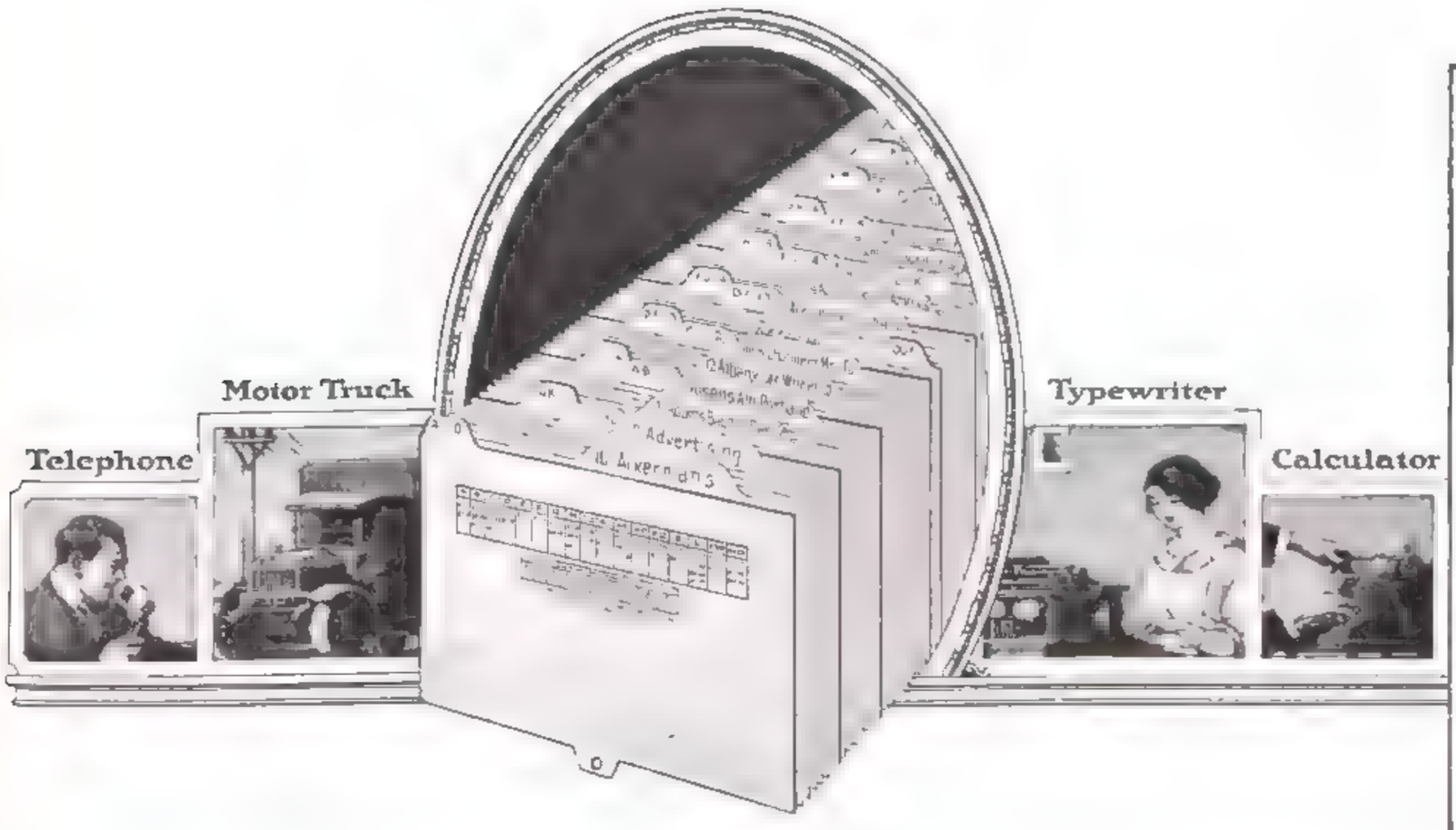
OH, THE slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
He swallows your hook with malignant zeal,
He tangles your line and he gums your reel,
The slimy, squirmy, slithery eel.

Oh, the slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
He cannot be held in a grip of steel,
And when he is dead he is hard to peel,
The slimy, squirmy, slithery eel.

Oh, the slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
The sorriest catch in the angler's creel;
He never was fit for a Christian meal,
The slimy, squirmy, slithery eel.

Oh, the slimy, squirmy, slithery eel!
Malevolent serpent! Who dares reveal
What eloquent fishermen say and feel
Concerning the slimy, slithery eel?

—*Arthur Guiterman.*



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2: It practically eliminated filing errors. With it, to file incorrectly is actually more difficult than to file correctly.

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Speed — a time saving of 40% over previous methods in the actual filing and unfiling of correspondence or records.

Economy — obviously, increased simplicity, accuracy and speed result in savings of time, labor and money in any office.

Serving the users of the L. B. Automatic Index—and all L. B. customers—is a group of filing and indexing specialists whose sole duty is to see that you get from your files and records the service you expect.

The panel at the right skeletonizes the scope of this institution. Regardless of the nature or peculiarities of your business, Library Bureau is equipped to serve you.

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Send for catalog No. 702

THE LAND OF BUNK

(Continued from Page 7)

"Old Yahoo Pete and me," he was murmuring, and his glance was very far away, "out in the trackless desert, and only one cup of water. It seems funny when I tell it now. In fact, it's hardly right to tell it, but there he was, good old Yahoo Pete, out in the desert—dying."

He glanced at her sharply with sudden suspicion, but he had no need. Already his words were doing their work. He felt a glow of professional pleasure and pride in his perfection. Could you beat it? She was believing it! Yes, she was believing it already. Unaccountably he felt very cheerful and triumphant. It was nice to have her hanging on each word. It made each succeeding word come easier than it ever had before, until he was astonished at his latent power. The desert, the sun, the sand and the pinto pony—they were more real than they had ever been before, and the story itself more beautiful in its simple dignity. And when he came to the soap—it was wonderful when he got that far, and told of his days and nights of study and experiment, because when he got that far her eyes were bright and sparkling.

"And now," he was saying, "it's there, right in every cake—that soothing, healing wonder balm—the poison of the deadliest of reptiles, brewed with sweet nuts, roots, herbs and berries, so that a child can drink it by the quart—so that I can eat the soap and like it. That's what it is, pure sweet soap and balm—a wonder healer—good for sprains, bruises, rheumatism —— Why, miss, one of those little cakes is good for anything!"

As his voice went over the list of ills which that wonder soap could cure, it trembled in its enthusiasm. He was sorry that the charm would be broken so soon, but he finished as an artist should, decisively and abruptly, with his whole simple story told, nothing more and nothing less.

She was silent for a little while as his last words died away. In some unaccountable way Launcelot began to feel uneasy.

"Would you mind telling me," she asked at length, "what happened to the pinto pony?"

"He died," Launcelot answered sadly. "I walked the last hundred miles."

There was another pause.

"Or maybe it was two hundred," said Launcelot; "I never knew. I was crazed with thirst."

Launcelot began to feel more uneasy. She was looking at him wonderingly, quite as though she had never seen him till just that minute

"I wouldn't," she said softly—"no, I wouldn't believe anybody who told me that story, but you."

Slowly Launcelot looked up from drawing patterns with his toe in the dust. He had a strange sensation. Everything seemed brighter. The sun was yellower and the grass was greener; but that was not all. He had another, more curious feeling. Could it be that he was sorry? Was it possible? Yes, his face actually felt warm and uncomfortable beneath his tan.

"Say," Launcelot began feebly—"say, listen now ——"

But she didn't listen.

"Can you spare me a cake of that soap?" she asked.

Launcelot started. His brow felt moist. Not only his face felt uncomfortable but he felt uncomfortable all over

"Gosh!" he said hoarsely. "You don't want it for yourself, do you?"

"Of course I want it," she answered. "I'm going to use it right away."

"But you're all right," Launcelot insisted soothingly "Why, say—there isn't anything wrong with you This soap's for sick people."

"But you said it was good for sprains," she persisted.

"So it is," said Launcelot. "For some kinds of sprains." His voice faltered. He glanced about him helplessly, seized with a growing dread. "For some kinds of sprains on some kinds of people," he continued hastily. "On ordinary people, miss—but you aren't ordinary. On folks like you that soap would only help particular sprains like a sprained ear, a sprained eye or maybe a sprained toe"

He paused in short-lived hope

"Just my luck!" she answered joyfully "Just what I want it for!"

Volatile though he ordinarily was, Launcelot did not share her enthusiasm. Instead he looked longingly at his painted automobile, and unconsciously moved nearer its tin running board.

"I hurt it on the wire," she went on confidingly. "And it hurts—it hurts something awful!"

"Hurts?" Launcelot asked blankly. "What hurts?"

"Why, my toe, of course," she said. "Why, maybe you don't know who I am?"

"No," said Launcelot faintly, "maybe I don't; but, say—listen now!"

With conscious dignity she shifted her blanket about her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "I'm Millie L'Etoile, the slack-wire artist That's who I am—and here's your dime. I better be going now."

Launcelot seemed to be seeing a vision. Vague and speechless he ran his hand abstractedly through his hair.

"Aren't you going to say anything?" she asked in pained surprise.

Launcelot started. She had picked a cake of the soap out of the basket. He felt a guilty desire to run away, but what was the use?

"Now, listen, miss ——" he began again.

"I wish I didn't," said Millie, "but I've got to be getting back now. But you'll tell me sometime later, won't you?"

"Maybe you won't want to see me later," Launcelot suggested sadly.

"Oh, yes, I will," said Millie. Her very kindliness was worse than a rebuke. "Why, we've only just begun to be friendly," she went on. "Why, I want you to meet pa! I'm going to rub some of this soap on him this very night."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Launcelot. "Has he hurt his toe too?"

Millie shook her head.

"Poor pa," she replied; "he works so hard, and he's got rheumatism. Why, you must know him. He works right over opposite."

Launcelot caught his breath. A horrid suspicion was crossing his mind. Another cloud was coming across his sun.

"Pa's the wild man," said Millie; "and he'll be awfully glad about the soap. I wish I didn't have to go, but it isn't like saying good-by for good."

The sun seemed to take on a darker hue and no longer to have its pristine warmth. Launcelot felt a curious weakness in his knees and sank slowly back on his soap box. Her last words were piercing him like cold steel. She said it wasn't like saying good-by, and she was going to use that soap that very night. A dead weight of discouragement bowed Launcelot's shoulders. His chin sank listlessly upon his open palm. She had been so beautiful, so wonderful, beyond his wildest dreams; and now she was going, with his soap clutched in her hand. And Launcelot was left alone, caught in the net of his own weaving, struck by the very boomerang he had thrown.

IV

FOLKS always said back home that Launcelot would make good if he only stuck long enough to anything. He was such a talented boy. In the room back of the drug store almost any evening you could hear him play Onward, Christian Soldiers on the cornet. Moreover, he could copy the pictures in the Farmer's Companion so that they looked almost genuine, and he nearly always won the potato race at the Sunday-school outing. The only trouble was that people thought his talents were scattered, and that he himself was flighty and volatile. They never knew the adamantine determination that lurked beneath his genial mask, nor understood the light that urged him forward. For Launcelot was loath to confide his hopes and his altruistic ambitions.

And if the people in the old home town didn't understand Launcelot, what chance had the circus crowd? That evening by the light of his gasoline torch he seemed as gay as ever. Enthralled by his vivid flow of words few if any noticed that his eye was sad and pensive, and that his brow was furrowed. Not one of them knew that sheer force of will alone lent allure to Launcelot's speech that night. A few hours before he had gone on his way, buoyant in body and spirit; and now his life and his soap were both hollow shams, vacuous and empty. He hated them. He hated his romantic raiment, but still he struggled on, but only because he was too valiant a knight to admit defeat.

In those few brief hours everything about him had assumed a stark reality. The tents were gaunt and bare. The elixir itself was stale to his nostrils. Perhaps at the very moment he was chanting its praises, Millie was removing the Kill Pain Soap from its printed wrapper. He writhed inwardly and his voice became harsh and metallic. Perhaps even then she was applying it—that very Kill Pain Soap? Why had he not thought? He was generally careful. Why had he not realized that she would fail to understand? And now it was too late ever to explain at all. Would she speak to him again, he wondered. He knew she would. Already he could see the flash of her eye and hear her scathing words. And the wild man! Involuntarily Launcelot shivered. She was going to tell the wild man. They would come upon him both at once. Brave as he was, Launcelot shivered beneath his blankets that evening, and Launcelot was a valiant knight.

For any one of a number of reasons Launcelot became modest and retiring. He felt it was better that things should be left unsaid till the charitable curtain of partial oblivion had time to fall. Launcelot forsook the haunts he used to know so well He no longer purchased a hot dog from the genial vender or shot craps with the keeper of the elephants. He sought instead the seclusion of brooks and fields. Yet he knew that it was a vain attempt. Sooner or later he knew the time would come. All he could do in the meanwhile was to fortify himself, but his best efforts seemed sad and futile.

It was on a Sunday afternoon that Millie next encountered Launcelot. She would not have done so then if Launcelot had seen her first. It happened, however, that he had strolled down the road in the late afternoon toward the little town where Sweeney's Two-Ring Circus was then stopping, and that the road had a blind curve in it. Launcelot did not see Millie until she was right in front of him.

"Well," said Millie, "you're a nice one, aren't you?"

Though Launcelot had thought of what to say, now that the time had arrived he could seem to say nothing at all. Millie no longer had on a blanket. Instead she was clad in a simple dress of gingham, and a hat that flopped over her eyes. She looked almost like a country girl, but still she didn't, because she was much more simply dressed than girls of the Corn Belt. Launcelot paused uncertainly. Her very simplicity made her more wonderful than she had seemed before. Somehow it made her hair darker, her cheeks redder and her eyes brighter. It made her seem lithe and childlike as she walked along the road. Somehow, as Launcelot looked, in spite of his dread everything around them seemed more beautiful than it had before. The soft rays of the afternoon sun seemed brighter, and the fences and the cornfields like something in a picture. Launcelot was clad in his Sunday blue serge suit and buttoned shoes. He removed his gray felt hat and cleared his throat. His stiff white collar seemed to clamp itself more firmly around his neck, and his pearl-button vest constricted the action of his breathing.

"Well," said Launcelot grimly, "go ahead. I'm listening."

For some reason, however, she seemed embarrassed and doubtful how to start. Launcelot placed his forefinger in the meager crevice between his neck and collar, and strove to enlarge the aperture.

"Don't you see, miss," he demanded humbly—"don't you see I'm just a poor bird who has to earn his living?"

He knew what she would say. As best he could he braced himself to listen.

"You don't have to earn your living all the time, do you?" Millie asked. "You might take five minutes out to be polite."

Launcelot gave his collar a final tug.

"Say, miss," he said diffidently, "I wish you would say what you were going to without going easy on me. I reckon I can stand it. Only I wouldn't have done it—honest, I wouldn't—if I had known. It's made me feel bad ever since. Oh, I know what you think about me, all right."

For some reason Millie seemed puzzled. She pulled at a blade of grass and twisted it in her fingers.

"I don't think you've been very nice, if that's what you mean," said Millie.

"I know it," sighed Launcelot; "I know it. I ought to have been on the level."

"I think it would have been nicer if you'd asked me how my toe was," said Millie.

Launcelot pulled uneasily at his hat. His voice betrayed his suffering.

"Say!" he cried. "What's the use in kidding me? It don't do anybody any good. I said I was sorry."

"Why!" exclaimed Millie, "what do you mean?"

"You know what I mean," said Launcelot.

"No, I don't," said Millie. "My toe's all right. Why, that soap was wonderful!"

"That soap was—what?" gasped Launcelot.

"Wonderful!" said Millie. "I used it with a little hot water, and it took the pain away just like that! I never saw anything like it."

Launcelot's mouth had fallen half open. His eyes were unwinking and glossy. Speech itself seemed difficult.

"You—you say your toe's all right?" he asked thickly.

"Just as soon as I used that soap," said Millie, "it got better and better. Why, I'm going to keep a cake with me always."

Launcelot drew the arm of his blue serge coat across his forehead.

"You say you used that soap, and your toe got all right?" Launcelot repeated.

"Of course it did. Why shouldn't it?" asked Millie.

"Can you beat it?" murmured Launcelot.

Slowly he seemed to be recovering from what appeared almost like a shock.

"Why shouldn't it?" asked Millie.

"I guess," Launcelot began vaguely—"why I guess there wasn't any reason. I guess I sort of hoped it might do you good. That's all."

He felt suddenly weak. There seemed to be a strange soft music in his ears. She had pushed back the brim of her hat and was looking up at him, not at all the way a slack-wire artist should look at an Indian-remedy man. She was looking at him as though she were hurt and puzzled.

"Did you hope it would—honest?" asked Millie.

"Did I!" exclaimed Launcelot fervently. "Don't I look it?"

"Well, you didn't show it much," said Millie.

There was awe in Launcelot's voice when he answered, awe at his temerity, and awe of the social barriers that lay between them.

"You don't mean you wanted me to?" he asked incredulously.

His collar felt still tighter. Even his buttoned shoes felt tight. He seemed to be back in some strange dream where realities were losing their positive value. There was only one thing he knew then—only one thing he was holding fast to. If Kill Pain Soap had done it—why anything at all might happen. And it was happening. It was happening now. Millie continued to look up at him, and she no longer seemed hurt or puzzled.

"I guess that's what I did mean," said Millie.

It was happening all right. The music in his ears was growing louder; the sun seemed brighter and the grass of a greener hue.

"Gosh!" murmured Launcelot. "Gosh all hemlock!"

"I don't see many interesting people," Millie was saying wistfully, "people who have really done things. It's grand to know someone who has; someone who knows the desert and the Indians; someone who's been brave, who's been face to face with danger."

Launcelot started, and tugged again at his collar. He felt himself being sucked into deeper water, and that his feet no longer touched the bottom. The tide of circumstance was pulling him. He struggled. He drew a deep breath.

"Tell me some more," Millie was saying—"some more about the desert."

Launcelot pushed his hat away from his forehead. He seemed abashed, suffering from the acute embarrassment of the modest hero.

"Aw come on now," he said pleadingly. "You don't want to hear any more of that—guff. Why, say—this is Sunday."

Again the brim of her hat had flopped back. Her eyes were wide and pleading like

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a little child's. Her hands were clasped in an attitude resembling supplication.

"Honest," said Millie very softly—"honest, I want to. Please tell me some more—about that Yahoo place."

"I wisht I was back there now," said Launcelot sadly.

"Oh!" cried Millie. "You don't mean that, do you?"

And then he knew that temporizing was of no avail, and that only one course was left.

"No," said Launcelot; "you know I didn't mean it."

"Then tell me some more," said Millie.

What could a gentleman do after that, save banish doubts and fears? What else could one do but live life for one crowded, glorious hour? Launcelot hesitated no longer. The enthusiasm of genius had swept over him, which can build without stick or stone. He spoke, and his voice rang true and strong. He spoke with the zest, the pride, the animation of an artist who loves his work. As he went on the old fire returned to his eye. His voice lost its diffident tremor. The sandy road and the cornfields were changing. A pathless track of sand was taking their place, seared and cut in wind-swept gullies, from which stretched the wild, tenuous arms of the giant cactus. Back, almost beyond the horizon, blue and gold in the sunset, were the mountains where there was water. Water! And only a single cup of it left. And there was Yahoo Pete—good old Yahoo Pete—staggering, his breath rattling in his throat. And there was the pinto pony again plodding gallantly onward. They were all there, just as his words had brought them back, brilliant, dazzling, wonderful.

How trivial consequences seemed before that gallant band! Could it be that only an hour before their very recollection had given him a guilty start? And now how splendid they seemed, now that she was walking with him arm in arm up that enchanted road, now that her half-stifled exclamations urged him to greater deeds! Were they real or were they not? Launcelot did not care, nor had he any need. For the land of Yahoo had come into its own again, and he was back in his own kingdom. He was back, filled with elation and thanksgiving. Was he not the hero of it all, dauntless, generous and gay? Was he not everything he wished for most?

Nor was that all. She believed him! She, too, was beside him in that trackless waste, sighing as Yahoo Pete breathed his last, giving a moan of sympathy as the merciful shot of his forty-five rang out ending the pinto pony forever.

"And you got back safe?" she asked. "How did you do it?"

"How?" asked Launcelot vaguely.

They were walking slowly up the road toward the sunset, bathed in its mellow light. But Launcelot failed to notice, for his spirit was very far away in a strange and joyous land. His jaw was firm. His teeth were set.

"There was only one thing got me back," he said, "and that was nerve. Yes, that stayed with me when I was mad with thirst. That's what got me back."

You had only to look at him to see how it was as he strode toward the sunset. You could see that every word of it was true. Her fingers tightened about his arm.

"Oh," breathed Millie, "I never used to believe there were folks like you!"

"There are," said Launcelot modestly, "piles of 'em, out there in the big open spaces where a man's a man."

And he believed it, and she believed it, there in the waning light. He forgot the past and future, for he was very far away and exalted by gallant thoughts. He was thinking of her beauty, and all about him seemed passing fair. He knew it was too late to draw back then, and he was glad that it was so. He had gone too far into that strange country where the day was like the night and the night was like the day, farther than he had ever been before.

"Tell me some more," said Millie. "Please don't stop."

"It's getting late," said Launcelot.

"I don't care," said Millie.

And Launcelot didn't either. What was an hour in the land where they were journeying?

OF ALL the fragile things in a world of fragile and fickle matters, nothing is quite so variable as the truth. Like fortune, it hovers over everything and, like fortune, is naught but a fickle jade. Given a sense of artistic fitness, and truth changes like the chameleon. That was what bothered Launcelot most. Sometimes it was hard to remember what was true and what wasn't, when Millie listened. But most of the time he knew, and shuddered when he knew it.

It was only occasionally that he forgot that he was dwelling in an illusion, and dealing with matters no more permanent than the fluted notes of the calliope of the show. When he thought of it the lines of care and anxiety deepened on his face and made him seem unnaturally old. Launcelot knew well enough what he was doing, and what was going to happen. Others might have quailed at the thought, and there was only one thing that kept Launcelot himself from quailing. He had said it was nerve alone that pulled him through the Yahoo desert, and his nerve was not all expended on those thirsty sands. Once again it was standing him in good stead. Once again it pulled him through succeeding days of terror and suspense, undaunted by the dread that beset him. It was nerve that kept his chivalrous honor untainted, and prevented his disappointing a lady. She wanted to hear more and more details of his colorful career, and Launcelot told her. But sometimes the Yahoo desert would have a way of vanishing before his sight. His voice would waver, and he would be face to face with black certainties.

He would understand then that it couldn't go on forever. Perhaps sooner, or possibly later, the crisis was bound to come. Every day's delay made it worse. Cold perspiration would start on his brow. Suppose the wild man came along; and he would come along. Oh, yes, he would! What would she say when she found out and the smoke had cleared away? Sooner or later the sword of Damocles would fall, and then —— It took nerve to go on, but Launcelot had it. The splendid thing about it was that Launcelot had nerve and courage up to the bitter end.

The afternoon show was over, and Launcelot had planned to meet Millie before supper. There was a spice of adventure about meeting Millie, which always made him gay and debonair. Though neither had mentioned it, both had tacitly agreed that it was better to be secret about their meetings. That was why Launcelot encountered Millie about half a mile down the road in a field by a little wooden shed, which discreetly hid them from the traffic.

"Oh, Launcelot," said Millie, "I thought you were never coming."

"It was that soap," said Launcelot apologetically. "This is a pretty live town, all right. Say! They went after it like mad. My arm's tired just handing it out."

He stopped abruptly and thrust his hand into his pocket.

"Listen, Millie," he said diffidently.

Launcelot seemed to find it difficult to continue. He looked at Millie, and at Millie's new starched gingham dress, and then up at the sky.

"Millie," he said, "I've got something for you—a present."

"Oh!" cried Millie. "Why—why, it's a ring!"

"Yep," said Launcelot, "and it isn't everybody I'd give that ring to; believe me, it isn't. It's a genuine ring—solid nickel; and d'you see that stone? That stone's a petrified snake's eye."

She gave a little sigh of ecstasy as she bent nearer to look at it.

"Oh, Launcelot!" she whispered. "How could you be so generous? Is it—is it ——"

"That's what it is," said Launcelot solemnly, "old Yahoo Pete's. It's the memories that make it precious to me. Look! You can see the nick in it where he used to grip his forty-five."

"And you're going to give it to me?" Millie inquired softly. "Oh, Launcelot!"

She was going to say more when something in his look interrupted her. Launcelot was not looking at Millie any longer, but at the corner of the shed. His face was no longer flushed with pleasure at doing a generous deed. Instead, it had become slightly yellow. His hand, which had been holding hers, was trembling. Then Millie heard an angry snorting sound behind her, and she turned to look also, and caught her breath. Directly in front of her was standing the wild man.

To Launcelot in that dread second he seemed more massive than before, a mountain of righteous wrath. He was standing very still, but his stomach was moving up and down from his deep, heavy breaths. There was something appalling in his silence. His steadfast gaze was appalling. The rocklike protuberance of his jaw denoted deathly purpose. With a motion majestic in its dignified slowness, and dreadful in its portent, he raised his right arm and pointed at Millie sternly.

"So that's what you've been doing!" said the wild man in a slow, measured voice. "So this is how you've been studying and improving your mind, is it? Wanted to get away where you wouldn't be disturbed, did you? Well, you won't be disturbed; not any more, you won't. Everything's going to be nice and quiet in just a minute."

Launcelot felt his knees give a faint shake of premonition. A roar of fury would have been better—anything but the menacing calm. A sudden panic seized him, a poignant burning desire to run away. For the first time in many a day a blush was mantling Launcelot's cheek, a blush of shame.

The wild man's face was taking on a purple tinge, and his voice was growing louder.

"To think I should of lived to have seen it!" he cried. "You an artist, one of a family of artists, out here flirting with a side-show fake. I'm glad your poor old mother's gone, I am. What would she of done, I wonder, seeing you here disgracing her? What would the other folks do if they could see you now—good honest folks, real artists? Why, there isn't one who wouldn't hide his face. Haven't you known enough nice folks? Haven't I seen you was in the best society? And what good has it done for you to be mixing with nice cultured folks? You don't know the difference between them and a fake! Well, I'll give him something that's genuine!"

It was in the times of tribulation that Launcelot's bravery showed out the best. Others would have trusted to their heels, as many had before them. But Launcelot, shaken though he was, had lightly voided the wreck of his hopes, and now was prepared for a further onset. Undaunted and unfaltering in that time of bleakness and disaster, he moved a step forward.

"Just a minute," said Launcelot.

The wild man doubled his right fist and spat upon it thoughtfully.

"Can the chatter," said the wild man. "Don't you see it's going to be less than a minute? Why, you little nut, it's going to be over before you can holler!"

Millie gave a faint scream, and then her words were strangled with horror. The wild man had thrust his chin forward. He was moving toward Launcelot now as steadily and relentlessly as a steam roller, but Launcelot had not moved.

"Popper," shrieked Millie, "he didn't do anything! It's not his fault! Oh, popper! You mustn't! You mustn't!"

"Didn't I say what I'd do if I caught you talking to him?" inquired the wild man. "I said I would polish him off, and now that's what."

No one who saw Launcelot then could have doubted that he was very brave. He had not blenched or shivered. He simply stood, proud, motionless and erect, facing danger as became him, still ready to play the game.

"Don't worry about me," he said courteously, so courteously that no one could have realized that he was placing his fate and his bodily safety on one last throw; "I'm all right. It's only the old gent has forgotten something, that's all."

"Forgotten what?" said the wild man.

"Forgotten," said Launcelot in a slightly louder tone, "that if you come any nearer maybe I'll snap your neck. Didn't I tell you I teach jiujitz? Why, mister, I'm the Californian champion. I like 'em when they're big and heavy. Their weight makes it hurt all the more. Come on if you want to, only you'd better send your daughter first to seek medical assistance. I generally always break something when I get started, mister."

The wild man had stopped advancing. Launcelot had folded his arms in front of him, and continued speaking, simply and gently.

"Yes," said Launcelot without rancor and without elation, "you're just about the size I like best, mister. Once I get my finger behind your ear and press your nerve, you'll wilt like an Easter lily. Yep, I certainly guess you'd better call the doctor. I'd certainly like to be gentle, but I have to be rough with the big ones."

"Say," said the wild man, "if you don't want to go to the first-aid station you turn around and beat it. When I listen to that bunk it makes me that sick I haven't the

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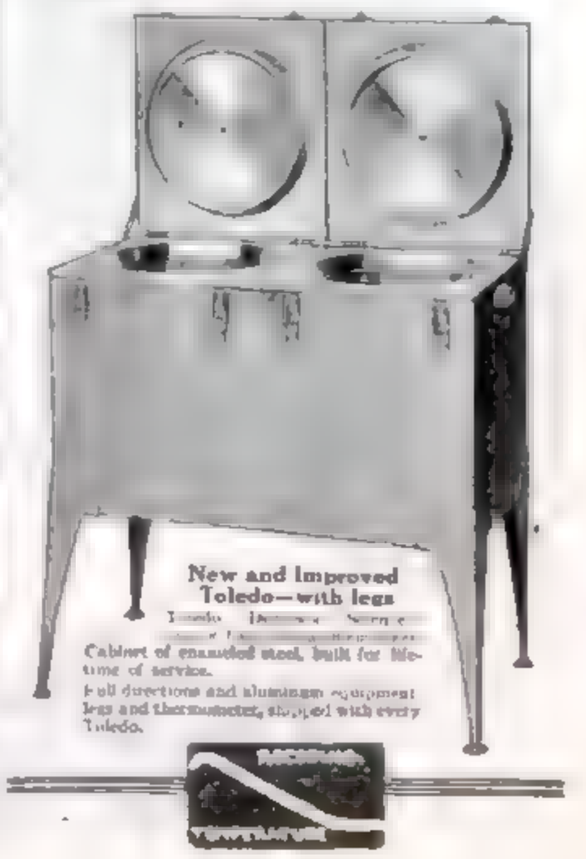

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heart to hit you. Now just pack up and leave the show, and I won't lay a finger to you. I'm hasty sometimes. I hadn't figured that it might be a painful sight for my little girl."

Launcelot indulged in a faint smile.

"Tell her to step up the road," he suggested. "It'll be over in a minute, and I'll see she gets home safe, mister."

There was a moment's silence while the wild man looked at Launcelot, and Launcelot glanced back serenely at the wild man.

"Say," said the wild man at length, "you heard what I said, didn't you?"

"I heard all right," said Launcelot.

"Well," said the wild man, "why don't you beat it?"

"Because I reckon I must be enjoying myself," said Launcelot.

There was another pause. The wild man rubbed his hand over the gray stubble on his chin, and slowly shook his head.

"I certainly wish I could beat you up," he said.

Launcelot remained silent and the wild man shook his head again.

"But it wouldn't be right," the wild man continued. "I see it now. Poor little girl! She's delicate! She couldn't stand the sight of blood."

"Yep," said Launcelot; "and there's nothing sounds worse than the cracking of a bone."

"Nope," said the wild man, "I just can't do it."

Launcelot's grin grew broader. Already the bright vistas of victory were spreading before him. It hardly seemed possible that he had passed unscathed through the ordeal, but he had. Millie was looking at him as she had never looked before. The wild man was still rubbing his chin. There was a time to be magnanimous, just as before there had been a time to show no mercy.

"I hope there's no hard feelings," said Launcelot. "Let's be friends, mister."

The wild man seemed to grow larger still, larger and more menacing.

"Why, say," said the wild man, "you didn't think I was through with you yet? Why, you little simp, I was only just started'"

Launcelot grinned no longer. Again he was seized with a sinking feeling and gripped fast by dread.

"Now," said the wild man, "I'm merciful, all right, but you take it from me—you do what I say or else ——"

"Or else what?" asked Launcelot, but his voice no longer had a ring of victory.

The wild man's bushy eyebrows drew closer together.

"Maybe you've forgot the name of this town," he suggested.

"Maybe you have yourself," Launcelot retorted.

"And maybe," said the wild man, "you didn't know that one of the biggest corn-products factories in the state was here, did you? Well, they have their annual picnic tonight, and they're all coming to the show."

"Why shouldn't they, I'd like to know?" asked Launcelot.

"They'll be feeling their oats," said the wild man. "They'll be just spoiling to bust something."

Launcelot gave a little jump as though something had tickled him. The wild man stuck his thumbs in his belt, and his chin dropped on his chest.

"Well, now," he continued placidly, "you move away from opposite my tent, and never speak to Millie again—or else ——"

Already Launcelot had a premonition.

"Hey!" he interrupted. "You wouldn't be mean enough to ——"

"Or else," said the wild man, "when you begin sellin' 'em that soap tonight I'm going to tell 'em about it—see? And maybe that won't start something. Why, buddy, those factory boys will chase you into next week!"

A dead invisible weight had come to rest on Launcelot's shoulders, and his face seemed weary and haggard. It was the horrid ingenuity of the scheme that caught him off his guard. Normally he could disappear, and come back the next morning, but what would Millie say if he retreated from the field? And if he didn't—Launcelot knew what those crowds were like. Either way he turned were disgrace and ruin. He knew it, and yet he retained his composure.

"Well, what do you know about my soap?" he asked defiantly.

"A lot of things since I saw you last," said the wild man comfortably. "You'll find out tonight all right."

"So you're going to spoil my trade?" Launcelot demanded indignantly. "That's a fine thing to do to a fellow worker! Say—where are your ethics?"

"Buddy," said the wild man, "I'm gettin' cramped standing here. I've said what I was going to do. Are you going to do what I tell you or not?"

Just then Millie, looking smaller than ever, seized the wild man's arm.

"Popper!" she cried imploringly. "You don't know what you're doing—what you're saying? You don't — "

"Shut up, you little muskeeter!" snapped the wild man. "Now then, young feller ——"

"Oh, Launcelot!" cried Millie. "Maybe you'd better —— Oh dear! Maybe you'd better go!"

He never knew what it was in her words that decided him. Perhaps it was not her words at all but her eyes, which were filled with tears. She was so small and pathetic then. Somehow she seemed to feel so badly, much worse than he thought she would.

"Mister," said Launcelot menacingly, "you'd better be careful!"

Before that blast of grim realism the walls of the Land of Bunk were crumbling like the Jericho of old. The light of high resolve was glinting in his eye. The joy of battle was making his heart beat faster.

"Are you going to do what I say?" roared the wild man. "Come now—yes or no?"

"No!" thundered Launcelot. "Say what you want, and be damned to you! D'you think I'm scared of you? Go ahead—just try it, that's all!"

"You bet I will!" roared the wild man. "Millie, stop making eyes at that little simp, and come along!"

"Launcelot!" cried Millie.

The wild man had grabbed her arm in a grip of steel. He was pulling her, unresisting, toward the road, but Launcelot stood stock still. He was staring after them, awe-struck and incredulous; and well he might. For just as Millie had turned away she had raised her left hand. On her third finger was gleaming the petrified snake's eye, set in its genuine solid nickel.

She believed him. She believed that last swan song of defiance. As he tasted the bitter irony of it an attack of self-pity made his eyes smart and his vision grow dim. In another hour or two hours he would be exposed, made ridiculous before mankind. Why was he even facing it? Launcelot did not know. Something beyond his comprehension was urging him back to meet his doom. Why had he shouted his defiance instead of politely temporizing? He had done it involuntarily, without a single thought, prompted by some stirring in the very fiber of his being. He was obeying blind instinct, and nothing more. His head was bowed and dejected. His step was lagging and slow. Lonely and friendless he was walking up the road to pay the price one always pays, the toll levied by a heartless world for being a denizen in the land he loved.

When he reached the midway, however, Launcelot was himself again. It was twilight, when shadows fall slant across the path, and give the familiar sights of daytime a vagueness and a mystery. Already they were working with the gasoline flares. Already there was the subtle excitement that comes before the show. Shadowy forms were flitting before him on nameless errands. There was a faint sound of music, the noise of a hammer against a stake, a voice and the creaking of a guy rope. He could smell the sawdust now. A gasoline torch was flaring up. He could see the pictures. Brighter than ever before they seemed, as wonderful as a mirage on a distant sky. Half dormant, half awakening to a new activity, it was still the Land of Bunk, always the same with the same welcome. There was still time to leave it.

But Launcelot did not. They stirred him too much, those old-time sights and sounds. They were rousing him to high resolve. Without stopping, without looking to right or left, he walked to his painted automobile, unlocked its doors and drew out his white banner. A minute later its slogan was flashing again on the midway. Launcelot was in the lists.

VI

THEY knew there was to be a battle of giants that night. The news was flashed through the midway's devious and secret channels. And back of the tents in the dull

(Continued on Page 97)

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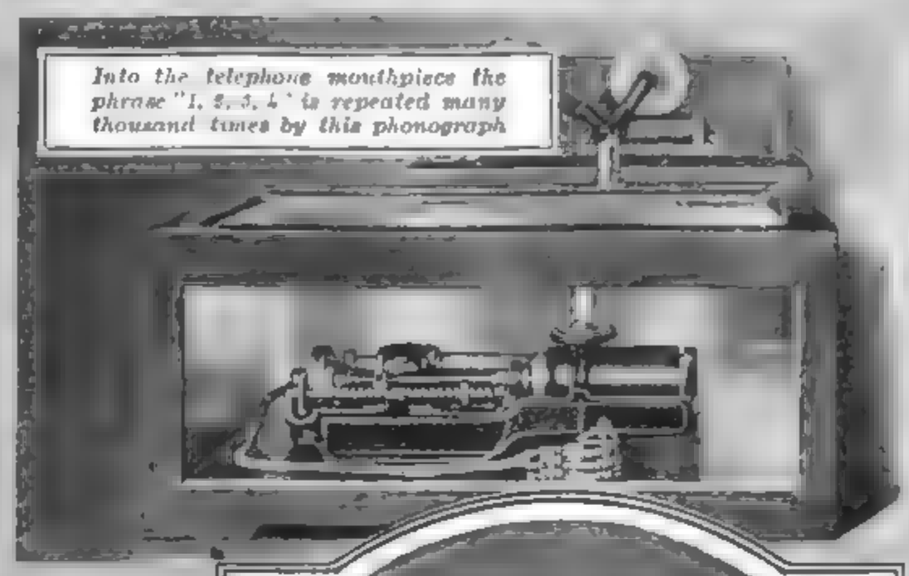

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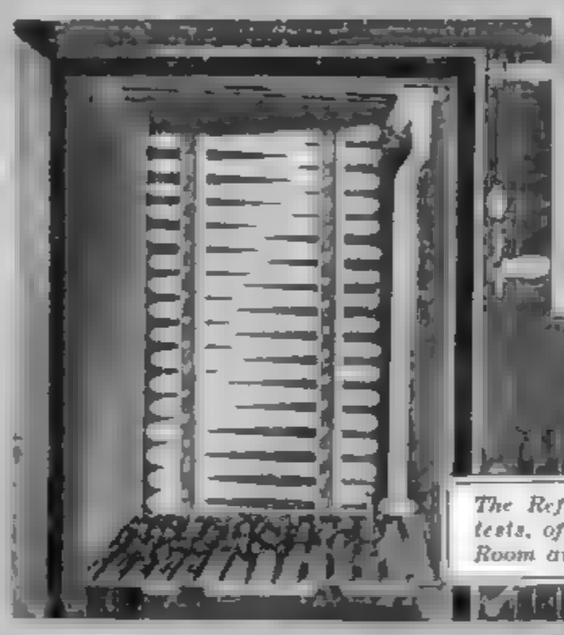

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Tests to which representative samples of telephone equipment are put at the Western Electric plant

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Frozen, baked, steamed, undergoing endurance tests and accuracy tests of every sort—samples of telephone equipment must prove themselves under the hardest conditions before each lot is passed out of our factory.

Testing telephones, cable and switchboard parts is one of the important things which Western Electric does as maker of the nation's telephones.

That these tests are thorough and that the equipment is accurately and ruggedly built are facts which the daily experience of millions of users proves.

This perfection is not by chance. It was reached only through years of constant raising of standards in manufacture and test. The Western Electric Company began making telephones in 1877.

Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

(Continued from Page 94)

somnolent hours when serious matters are over and gossip has full sway, they speak still of that conflict, until it has become almost as fabulous as the knightly deeds of another age. They knew he would not go without a struggle. They themselves had felt his power, but how could they know the dull despair that racked his brain that night? He must have known it was coming, but he gave no sign. His face looked a little paler, that was all. And he had a new bandanna around his neck, as befitted a man who was to battle for his beliefs.

Launcelot understood crowds. He could tell from the way they shuffled their feet and wore their hats that the crowd that night was tough. But Launcelot could handle them. No real orator could have swayed them more than he. They clustered about him as he stood on his soap box, first from cynical, jeering curiosity, and then from wonder. As he always did, he scanned their faces carefully to watch the effect of his words, while he launched forth to new heights of eloquence.

He had almost finished when the blow came. Their eyes were wide. Their mouths were agape. What was he doing? By gum, what was he doing? He was eating a cake of that soap! Not content with crossing a trackless desert and fighting thirst and starvation, he was giving a visual proof! He was eating it from his two hands!

"It's not my secret, friends!" he shouted. "It's Yahoo Pete's. Good old Yahoo Pete's. It's the wonder secret of the trackless desert! Soothing, healing, and I can eat it—you can eat it. Sometimes when I'm hungry on the road I eat a box of it. It's not your money I want, oh, no! I want ——"

It was just there that he stopped. A dead silence followed his pause. They were looking at Launcelot, and he was looking over the crowd, half fascinated, half expectant towards the wild man's tent. The wild man was coming out of the door in his undershirt and his baggy trousers. He was carrying a soap box. He was putting it down. He was stepping upon it gingerly. Launcelot's speech was stilled and his mind was blank just then. When it was too late he knew what had urged him on. It had been nothing but the slender hope that such a thing could never happen, that the wild man would not dare. But it had happened. Against all the laws of chivalry the wild man was preparing to strike. The wild man's gray hair waved over his head like a foam-flecked sea. From his cavernous chest was emanating a hoarse bellow.

"Gents!" he was shouting. "You listen to me!"

They turned. They were looking at the wild man now.

"It ain't soap he's eating," shrieked the wild man. "It's a ham sandwich!"

With difficulty Launcelot maintained his balance on his soap box. Something had dropped from his palsied hands. About him like the rippling sound of water came an incredulous murmur.

"I know!" roared the wild man, with the lungs of leather that were his stock in trade. "Ain't I been watching him for weeks? Ain't I seen him palming that soap again and again? Don't let him fool you, gents! Pull him down and ride him on a rail! Soak him, gents, soak him! That's what the likes of him deserves!"

The wild man paused for breath, but no longer. Though Launcelot strove to speak in that brief interval, as yet the shock of the attack had allowed him no time to frame his words. The sea of heads about him was heaving restlessly, and above it was rising a tide of invective, cutting and forceful. He sought in silence for some method to stem it, but in vain.

"Gents," roared the wild man, inspirited by success, "you listen to me! Don't let him fool you like he's fooled the rest. You heard about the Wild West and that Yahoo place. Yahoo! Hell, gents! You listen to me! This is the first time he's been nearer the Wild West than Jersey City—and I can prove it!"

It was all going now, all the illusion and the glory. The very smell of the sawdust was growing stale—the pictures and the tents but garish and pretentious places of vulgarity and sham. It was all going, going like a cloud before his sight, that land he loved so well. He could feel the change, the cold hostility. The murmurs about him had grown to a roar, so that for a moment the wild man's voice could hardly carry above it.

"And that soap—how about that wonder soap? Ha, ha! It makes me laff, gents! Have you tried it, like I have? Have you seen what he's giving you for your hard-earned money, the pennies that come from the sweat of your brow? It's laundry soap, that's what it is! It's a fake, all a fake! Are you going to stand for it? Are you going to let him put it over on you? Don't I see you're honest, self-respecting gents? Then jump on him! Knock him stiff!"

As the wild man finished, his suggestion met with a glad acclaim that rent the welkin.

"Get a rail!" someone called in joyous camaraderie.

"Get a rope!"

"Lynch him!"

Before that tidal wave of wrath Launcelot was standing, deadly pale. In a black chaos everything was falling, whirling, sinking from his sight. Yahoo Pete and the pinto pony, the trackless desert and the days of thirst—how little they booted now! He seemed to see them flashing before him, swept along like chaff before a gale. Trivial tinsel things they were, illusory fragments from some gentler kinder sphere, the golden dust of a twilight world. Yet, like old friends trusted and true, they were strangely potent. A rough hand was pulling at his arm, but Launcelot's thoughts seemed far away.

"Hey!" shouted someone. "What's he doing? Hey! Watch yourselves!"

Launcelot was doing something. He was bending down, examining something at his feet. He had pulled himself upright again. He was holding something in his hands.

"The snake!" shouted another voice. "Look out, boys! He's got the snake!"

Launcelot, still pale but grimly resolute, was standing above them. A serpentine body was wound closely about his arm. His voice was hoarse and broken but still undaunted.

"Keep off!" he was shouting. "Keep off or I'll throw him!"

There was a lull, a backward movement in the crowd. They must have known that he was at bay; that, staggering on the very verge of ruin, he was making a last bid for victory.

"That's a fake too!" roared the wild man in horrid glee. "He's got his teeth pulled. Go to it, gents! Soak him!"

Just then in that second before the deluge, in that half lull before disaster, Launcelot spoke again.

"Sure he's a fake," said Launcelot, and his words rang proud and strong over all the calls and shouts.

It may have been the unexpected in his reply or it may have been some unhallowed power, some trace of majesty and greatness about him that made them pause. For all fear had left him then. A light from somewhere beyond his ken was making everything about him bright. Sudden unlooked-for inspiration was stirring his thoughts anew, and giving new life to the tongue which had cloven so long to the roof of his mouth.

"And I'm a fake too," said Launcelot. "And what about him?" He was pointing at the wild man with a brief and airy gesture. "What about him, folks? Why, he's a fake. And what is it all, friends, all about you here, but fakes?"

Launcelot's voice, now that the tumult was stilled, sank to a lower, more confidential key.

"Folks," said Launcelot, "d'you think that gent over there swallows those knives? You know he don't! He's got a stomach like all the rest of us. And the human pincushion? D'you think he sticks those pins in him? Not much you don't! What are they all but fakes, gents? What is it all but bunk?"

He was forgetful of all but his thoughts just then, but his career had never known a greater moment. They were listening again, soothed, quiet and intent, and Launcelot was going on.

"You know it's bunk! Oh, yes, you do! Before you walk up this here track you know it isn't real. You laugh at it before you come, you laugh at it when you go away. But you'll come back again, gents. You know it, and I know it. It's a fake, but you'll come back, even if you have to walk on crutches—back to pay out your dimes to see it all again—back to drink the lemonade that's made by chemistry—back to see that old sourhead there put on his monkey skin and roar—back to ring the knives you never hit. And why do you do it, gents—why?"

For some reason he was smiling, that same sad sardonic smile of yore, and instinctively they knew that his speech had risen above the commonplace, surmounting the crude affairs of everyday.

"Folks," said Launcelot, "when the stars are out, and they're hitching up the mules, and the show is moving off, I've often wondered why, and I know. I know what makes you do it! You know it's a fake, folks, but you come because you hope it's true. You come because you like the old games and the old ways that are different from the things you do. You come back because you want a place where things are different from the things you know. You want to be fooled, folks. That's why you come. And that's what we're here for—just to deliver the goods."

Perhaps he had some inkling of the depths of his words just then, for his eye was sparkling with a kindly light.

"We deliver 'em," said Launcelot; "I'll say we do. It used to make me feel cheap sometimes, but it doesn't any more. There must be thousands and thousands of folks whose minds I've taken off their troubles, thousands and thousands who've gone away happier for what I've done to 'em. And why have they gone away happier?"

It was a purely oratorical question, an opportunity to pause the better to watch them. Had he rung the bell, he wondered. It must have been so, because not a voice, not a rustle of sound stirred the silence. Up and down the midway everything was still. He had not known he had been speaking so loud. The gentleman who swallowed the knives was craning his neck outside his tent. The soft-drink vender had ceased his clamor. The balloon seller was standing dumbly with a squealing balloon deflated in his hand. Everyone everywhere was looking at him, and he fancied he could read kindness in their looks, a silent, wistful sympathy.

"I'll tell you why," said Launcelot; "because I'm an artist. That's why! Because what I do is art, and what I say is art!"

He looked thoughtfully across at the wild man. His last words had produced a peculiar effect. The wild man's hair was standing straighter from his head. In his eyes was the look of a somnambulist.

"Fake!" roared the wild man.

"You heard him?" asked Launcelot politely. "Once again he says it's a fake. But listen, folks; the old man speaks from envy. He'd do it, too, if only he could. Of course it's a fake. I buy my soap by the bar and slice it up. The clothes I wear come off Broadway, and Bill here has to take to liquid nourishment. But what's that to do with it? It only means greater art—that's all. You know better first, but when you buy it you think that soap's real stuff, and when you find it isn't do you mind? You don't, because it was a pleasure. You come back again next year because you want to be pleased some more. Folks, it isn't because you're suckers that you come back here. It's because you're artists too!"

And then Launcelot knew his time had come. The wild man's hour was over. He was listening, aghast and powerless to interfere. Launcelot was pointing at him with a straight accusing finger.

"There's only one thing hurts me, folks!" cried Launcelot, "and that's when jealous birds butt in—the old guys who never were artists, and never understand. What right has that old bird got to spoil your pleasure? Are you going to let him keep on?"

"Fake!" roared the wild man, but the word had lost its power. It was met by countershouts of new-roused wrath;

"Knock his block off!"

"Poke him in the eye!"

Launcelot raised his hand impulsively.

"Don't hurt him, gents," he said. "He's only an old guy. He don't know any better. And it's not what you're here for. It's my soap you're after. The wonder healer! Pure soap and balm—so pure you can eat it. Now—watcher say, gents? Ten cents—only a dime! Step up while they last! Ten cents! Ten cents! Ten cents before the show!"

Launcelot stopped. What could be the matter? About him was a roar of sound, staggering and deafening in its volume, a continuous sound which grew louder. And then he understood. They were cheering. Yes, they were cheering. From head to foot the midway was ringing in glad acclaim. The man who swallowed the knives was dancing in front of his tent. The

(Continued on Page 100)

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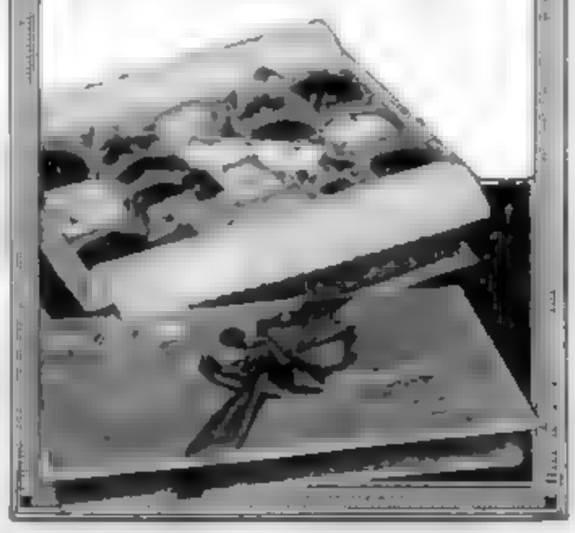

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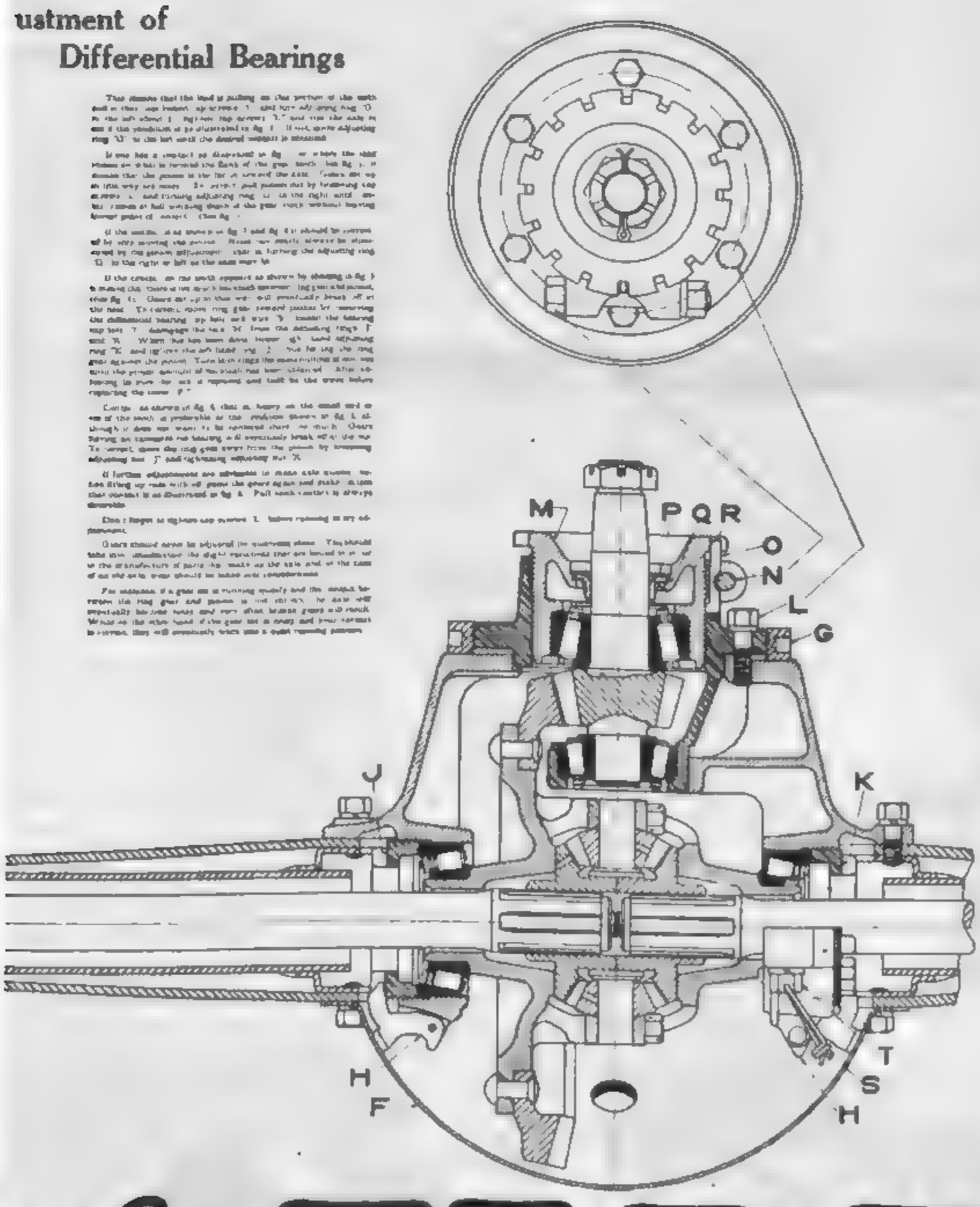

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UNION SUIT

(Continued from Page 97)

bearded lady was tossing her beard on high. From the balloon vender were coming the ill-assorted squeals of a dozen novelties. Launcelot knew what it meant, and the knowledge was like some heady stimulant. It meant triumph, triumph of his philosophy; and more than that, a glorious personal vindication. No wonder he felt a genial glow, and that the lotus of the present dimmed the past and future. No wonder that he forgot his troubles in that greater glory. Was he not tasting the sweetest of all rewards, the victory that crowns an honest fight? Once again, louder and gladder still came his war cry above that stricken field:

"Now—whatcher say? Ten little pennies to cure agony. Speed it up, folks! There's only a few of these little wonder cakes left. Ten cents before the show!"

VII

IT WAS not until later that night that he discovered how fleeting is adulation's stimulant. It was a Saturday, and the show was going to stay, and there was none of the preparation for departure that might have made one forget. Instead there was settling over everything that old Saturday-night dullness and lassitude which makes the Land of Bunk almost a mournful place. One by one the gasoline torches were going out, and the land was going out with them. Night was hiding its gay vistas, and the stars were taking their place—cold, impersonal stars, those harbingers of conscience and regret.

Launcelot was seated on his soap box, surrounded by torturing thoughts. He was feeling a great and pervading weariness. Dimly somewhere in back of his mind he could still hear that cheering, but now it sounded hollow and mocking. Now that silence had fallen he knew that his very triumph had sealed his doom, that all subterfuge and effort had been futile against the inexorable laws of fate. He was a self-confessed faker now, a charlatan whose very life had been a lie. The wild man had wreaked his vengeance after all, because—Launcelot hung his head—because, what would Millie say?

"Launcelot!"

He started. Was it only memory and illusion which made him hear that faint voice behind him? He started to his feet and turned hastily about. No, it was more than memory. There was Millie, wrapped in a long coat, her face in the starlight very dim and beautiful. Launcelot felt the blood pounding in his temples. It would have been better to have gone at first, as Millie had suggested. He had forgotten that Millie could look like that.

"Launcelot!" said Millie again.

And with a last effort Launcelot steeled himself for the curtain of the show.

"Miss," said Launcelot in cold formality, and yet with a tremor in his voice, "I know what you're going to say—that I've fooled you when I shouldn't of. You heard what I said tonight, because I saw you there. I feel pretty bad, miss, and I can't explain. I did the best I could, I guess, but maybe I better be going now."

"Wh-where are you going?" asked Millie.

"Oh," said Launcelot, "there's lots of places for a bird like me. The county fairs'll be beginning soon, and it's the hayseeds that fall the hardest."

But she seemed oblivious of his sad cynicism.

"Are you really going—honest?" asked Millie gently.

Launcelot stood up straighter and looked towards the stars, and he was very handsome then, almost like the paper cover on some novel of Western romance.

"Don't I look it?" inquired Launcelot wearily.

Millie nodded her bobbed head.

"I guess," said Millie, "I'll go and get my grip."

Launcelot raised a hand to his forehead. "You guess you'll what?"

"I guess," said Millie, "that if you're leaving the show that I'll be going too."

Launcelot sank heavily back on his soap box.

"Oh, Launcelot!" cried Millie. "Don't you see? What you said tonight is—is what I've always thought, all the time."

Something in the situation appeared to bewilder Launcelot. He started to speak, stopped and started to speak again.

"You mean," he asked at length—"you mean you always knew I was a fake?"

He was looking up at her, and as he looked it seemed to him that the stars were twinkling more rapidly, and that the wind blew the side-show tents in a passing merry way.

"Say," demanded Millie in horror, "you didn't think I believed it, did you? Me, who's been brought up in a show!"

Again words seemed to fail him. He was looking blankly into space, struggling apparently with a number of odd emotions.

"Can you beat it?" he murmured in an awe-struck voice. "Now who'd of thought I was a sucker too?"

"You mustn't feel so bad about it," said Millie, "because it was awful nice. Sometimes I used to pretend I did believe it, because—because you looked so handsome when you said it."

Launcelot rose slowly from his soap box. He felt dizzy and tired, and yet everything still seemed passing merry.

"Are you going, Launcelot?" asked Millie.

"Why, no," said Launcelot vaguely; "I reckon not—I reckon."

Millie was laughing softly, as though he had said something exceedingly amusing.

"Then," said Millie, "let's go over there and sit in the shadow—and you tell me some more—some more about Yahoo Pete."

A certain hopeless blankness was leaving Launcelot's features, as though driven forth by some blinding, inspiring thought.

"Say!" demanded Launcelot. "You're not kidding me, are you? You don't mean—you don't mean you don't care if I am a fake?"

"No artist is ever a fake," said Millie reprovingly.

And then Launcelot said a very profound thing, for that night he was very close to essential facts.

"I guess," said Launcelot solemnly, "that maybe fakes and artists are the same things after all."

He paused, looking back again at the twinkling stars.

"Launcelot," said Millie, "it's wonderful to know a man who really does things, a man from the big open spaces where men are men."

Just then, as everything was seeming exceptionally passing fair and merry, Launcelot had a qualm, faint perhaps but still a qualm.

"Gosh!" whispered Launcelot. "What'd your old man say if he saw us now?"

Millie laughed lightly and merrily.

"He won't say anything any more," answered Millie. "Didn't you tell him you were the jiujitsu champion? Why, Launcelot, what's the matter?"

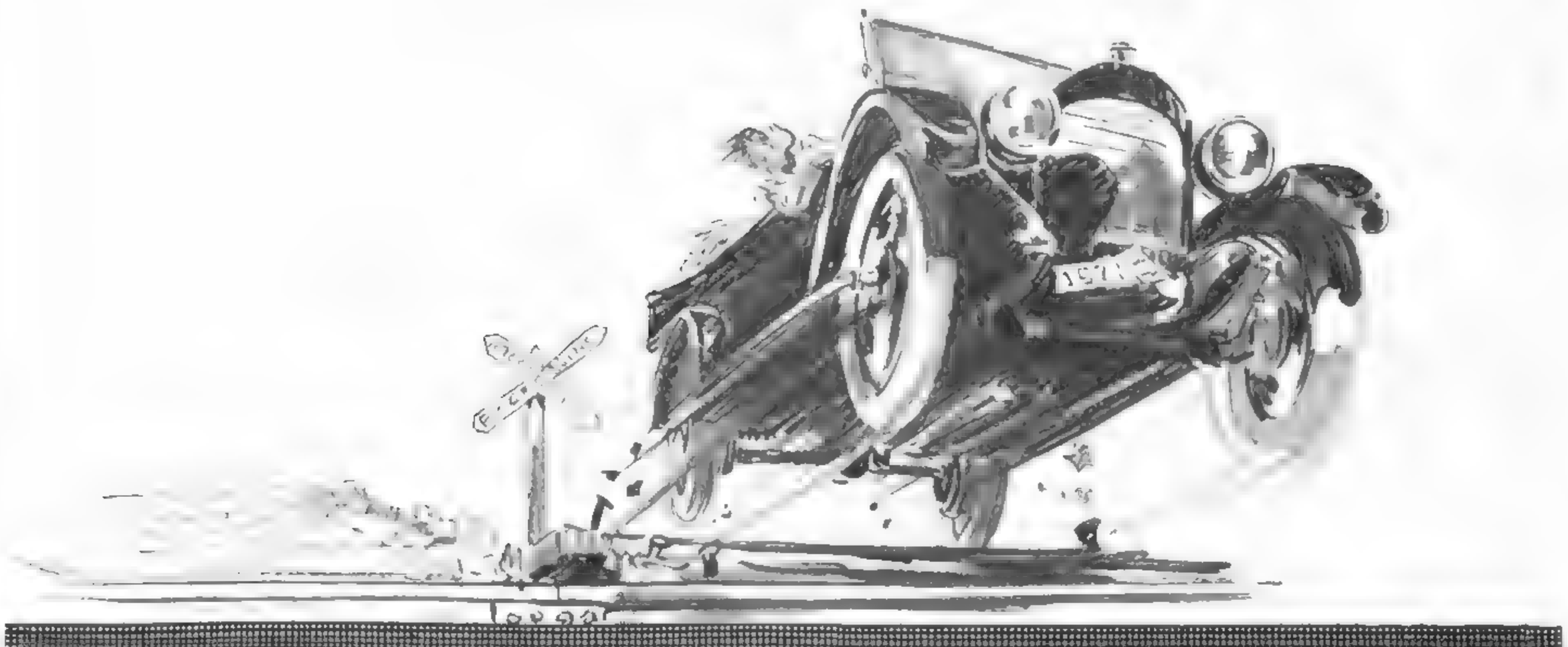
Launcelot started as though aroused from some deep reverie.

"Oh, nothing," said Launcelot. "Why, nothing at all."

And again he seemed to hear faint music in his ears and merry voices calling. Again he had that feeling of great joyance which one always feels when embarking on some new adventure.

"Launcelot," said Millie softly, "aren't you ever going to start? Please, please tell me some more?"

But Launcelot was laughing. For the first time in days he was laughing in full merriment and joy, and then there was a silence—the beatific silence of the Land of Bunk.



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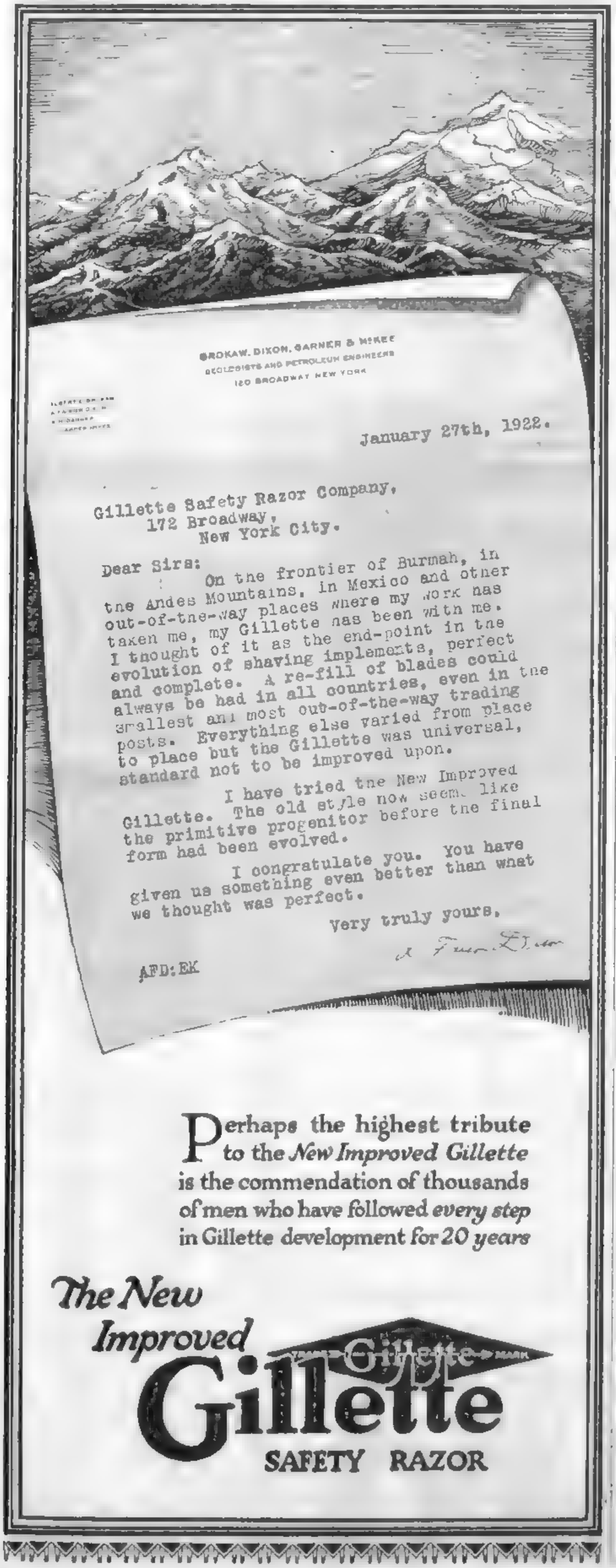
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The New Improved **Gillette** SAFETY RAZOR

WINTER AND THE COAL SHORTAGE

(Continued from Page 4)

A great many people hold the idea that business can go ahead as usual, even if we produce only just as much coal each week as we use. That is true only in case our reserve stores of coal are at hand in sufficient quantity to insure fuel safety. Supplying a nation's fuel requirements is like supplying a great city with water. If the pipes are empty the people won't get their water in a satisfactory way until the pipes have first been filled. In the matter of fuel the pipes will not be filled and the situation will not be easy until the country has a four weeks' supply of coal on hand, or about 35,000,000 tons. Under extremely favorable conditions, with everyone busy and the railroads holding up their end in good shape, we might be able to build up adequate coal reserves in twenty weeks. Theoretically this might be accomplished in less time, for the soft-coal production in certain weeks during the war, and again in 1919, was forced up to a total in excess of 13,000,000 tons. However, as has already been stated, the key to the situation is transportation, and not mine capacity.

At times during July and August car loadings on some of our railroads reached figures which, if normal coal loadings had been added to them, would have equaled, if not exceeded, the best records the carriers have ever made. We know what the nation's railroads have been able to accomplish in the past, and we know what shape they are in today; so one would have to be a superoptimist to believe that we can pass through the coming weeks without encountering a car shortage. During the railroad strike freight service was allowed to deteriorate, as shippers quickly discovered. The damage to the equipment of the railroads that has resulted from the strike will be felt for months to come.

During the years from 1916 to 1920 inclusive, with the exception of a few months commencing in 1918 and ending in 1919, the United States experienced a continuous car shortage, which rose on several occasions to as high as 160,000 cars and 3000 locomotives. In the meantime some new equipment has been purchased, but the total is only a drop in the bucket compared with what is needed. Insufficient transportation facilities have caused strangulation of industry every time business has become active in recent years. During the lull in trade last year, when tens of thousands of railroad cars and locomotives should have been purchased, the railroad-equipment companies continued idle and were obliged to content themselves with odd jobs of repair work. Now that there is some evidence of a desire to add materially to our transportation facilities, immediately the whole country concludes that an improvement in railroad-construction work is a signal for every other line of business to go ahead at full speed.

Limits on Production

The first thing the young mining engineer learns is that you can't produce coal until after you have laid out your mine and driven your haulways. Once I knew a colliery superintendent who never could hold his job more than a year. The reason was that as soon as he took charge of a mine he set all the men to work mining coal in the chambers and other wide places where the cost of production per ton is very low. For several months he would make a great record, and his employers would think that they had at last found a real winner. But soon all the wide places would become worked out, and then this superintendent would have to turn his attention to extending his narrow gangways, which was expensive work, and the immediate result was a loss of tonnage and a quick jump in production costs. Then the coal company would at once discover that its wonderful superintendent was only a costly experiment, and the fellow would get fired.

Sad to relate, our national policy here in America is very much the same as that pursued by the unwise mine superintendent. We want to dip off all the cream and rake in the easy money without taking care of the future. We want to sell lots without first laying out our streets. We acknowledge that transportation facilities are inadequate to take care of any expansion in business, and yet we aim to carry on a boom in industry, simultaneously with the reconstruction and expansion of railroad facilities. Such a plan means nothing more than a temporary boom, probably followed by a reaction. The whole scheme is unhealthy, and no one profits except professional speculators in stocks and materials, who gain by taking advantage of quick reversals in the trend of business. The fact is, we can't remedy our transportation deficiency and run a boom in business at one and the same time.

Fortunately, this fall and winter we will have laid before us in practical form a clear lesson in the fundamentals here laid down that will be easily understood. Too often we are reluctant to accept even facts until the effects touch our pockets. All summer, because we were warm and the coal reserves had not yet given out, we went complacently on our way, smug in the belief that eventually a remedy would be found and the situation relieved. Some day a clever, cruel economist with no regard for false pride will jar our national consciousness by laying before us the plain facts as to the tremendous sums in commercial losses and unemployment we pay year after year for neglecting to construct and maintain an adequate transportation machine. Twenty years of experience have shown that each year we must build 4000 miles of railroad and purchase 120,000 cars and 2500 locomotives in order for transportation to keep pace with the country's average growth.

Facing the Facts

It is a lack of cars and motive power that has caused so many periods of high coal prices. It is the same thing that has necessitated the payment of cash premiums for the use of cars for moving grain and other commodities. It is transportation deficiency that causes much of the profiteering, intermittency in employment and instability in the coal industry. One authority estimates that each of our periodic transportation shortages costs the American people no less than a billion dollars.

It is plain, therefore, what we must look forward to in the months immediately ahead of us. Because of the coal and rail strikes we shall see high prices for fuel and a resulting sharp upturn in the index curve of the cost of living. Liquidation last year was wholesome and in many lines of business fairly complete, but no thoughtful person has believed that the readjustment of wages and prices was finished and a proper balance in industry restored. What the nation needs most is a normal production and low prices per unit. Instead we are facing just the reverse. We are facing what we had in 1919—a period of limited production, rising prices and high profits per unit. Such an outcome, which now seems fairly certain, will not only stop further wage reductions but may undo the liquidation of wages in many industries that have submitted to a readjustment.

Another factor that will have a far-reaching effect upon business is the priority order of the Government. Let no one doubt the need of this move by our Federal authorities. They know, as everyone should know, that there would be no top to coal prices at all if producers were left to pursue their ways without restraint. It is also practically certain that the priority measures will be continued throughout the winter, and nonessential industries may find themselves very much in the same positions they were in during the war. Even with priority rulings there will be bootlegging in coal, and thousands of consumers will be bled for whatever they can pay. The average coal operator will demand that he be permitted to try to recoup the losses he sustained through the strike. The fact that coal production this fall may reach a total even as high as 12,000,000 or 13,000,000 tons weekly will not bring prices back to normal, unless the whole history of the coal industry is misleading. In every case where the average stocks of soft coal have been seriously reduced there has been an upturn in prices, and usually a buyers' panic, as long as reserves remained below a thirty days' supply. During the last six years we have

had high coal prices each time the average stocks of bituminous fell below a thirty-five days' supply.

A few months ago the whole nation was demanding that coal be supplied to consumers at a lower price. Now we are wondering if a sufficient supply of anthracite and bituminous can be obtained at any cost. Early in the summer most of the people were demanding that the Government keep its hands off; before the winter is over the majority of our citizens will be blaming the Government for having permitted such a condition to develop. All this will be interesting and perhaps constructive if it teaches the lesson that a coal strike is one thing that can't be left alone for the miners and operators to work out a solution to suit themselves and in their own good time. Our coal industry is the curse of the nation, when it should be our chief blessing. For a generation we have suffered from this fuel blight without even having gone so far in search of a remedy as to establish a simple and permanent fact-finding commission.

The operators have said, "Leave us alone and we will work this thing out in a satisfactory way." In the meantime coal prices at the mines have gone up over 300 per cent. Coal dealers have said, "Don't interfere with our business, and we will give the public a square deal." Yet we find that in a few years the cost of delivering coal to the consumer advances from less than one dollar to more than three dollars a ton. The miners have said, "We don't want any restrictions placed on us, for individually we are the greatest coal producers in the world, and if left alone we will stabilize the industry and improve the lot of the average American workman." But all that the public can see as a result of its hands-off policy is that the most basic business of the country has been divided into two bitter factions, one of which has come to depend on strikes for its chief sustenance.

Each time there is a shutdown of the union mines the nonunion operators produce at top speed, make millions and then pose as saviors of the nation. On every occasion when the nonunion members of the coal fraternity have had an opportunity to come to the relief of the country and supply fuel at a fair and uniform price during a time of distress, some groups have exacted the last penny the market would afford. Such a policy of greed makes one lose patience with the whole industry and nullifies the sympathy that should in justice be extended to the many operators of high principles who are the unfortunate victims of a vicious industrial system.

We have never had good business at a time of low coal output and we never shall have until someone discovers a satisfactory substitute for coal. Shall the will of one man or any group of men be permitted to shut down industry and distress the people of the United States by summarily ordering a cessation of mining? The aims of John Lewis may be just as praiseworthy as those of his opponents, but the country is learning that when a man controls coal he rules the nation, and even the semblance of such a situation cannot possibly be countenanced

We talk about the interest of the public being paramount, but in the case of fuel what have we ever done to make this a fact instead of merely a pretty theory? During the war Americans were willing to lay down their lives for their country. Can it be that we are patriotic only in the face of a foreign menace? Is it not yet plain that we are only ending strikes and not finishing them? Of what avail is it to us if the miners go to work and we stagger through the winter only to face another strike next spring?

Twice a mine came near being my tomb, and for this reason if no other I feel a closer tie of relationship to the coal fraternity than to any other business. I know what the miners endure, how they live, and to some extent even what they eat and think, but I have never found it necessary to question whether the nation or the colliery workers had first claim to my loyalty and primary consideration. Furthermore, in the coal industry I can number a thousand friends, with most of whom I have broken bread, and yet I would rather lose the last one of them than to falter now in using my pen to plead for real action that will cure the fuel evil in America for all time. In working for that end one is striving for the eventual welfare of both miners and operators, though that may not be apparent to them now.

I have no desire to strut as a paragon of righteousness, but I know of no more simple or effective way than this to bring home to the public and our legislators that the vital need of the moment is men who will do what is plainly right and necessary rather than what is personally advantageous or politically expedient. This is not a time to count possible votes, but an hour to measure needless misfortune. After the coal industry has been cleaned up we can think of other things. Until then business stands on a weak foundation.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Parsons on coal. The second, dealing with coal remedies, will appear in an early issue.

PARASITES OF THE THEATER

(Continued from Page 20)

Men like that either think the house treasurers and the public crazy or they are a very stupid lot of men. An experienced treasurer can usually tell whether the tickets are being bought for scalpers or not. As to the big blocks of tickets that go to the brokers, they have been delivered long in advance. Often I have seen my rack half empty before we had even opened the window for the first day's sales.

In the box office we have a rack with slots for every seat in the house and numbered accordingly. The tickets are all placed in their proper slots and taken out as they are sold. The blank spaces show exactly how much of the house is to be occupied. By glancing at this rack the ticket man is enabled to dress his house—that is, instead of leaving the empty seats all in one section he can mix them in with the occupied seats and make the house look as if it were sold out. Nine times out of ten, if the show is successful, the first six or seven rows on the rack are blank for fully a month, meaning that they have been sold, mostly to brokers. This practice of selling out to the brokers in advance is particularly hard on the treasurer, the man at the window. He has to answer all the unpleasant questions and take all the hard looks. Theatergoers always think we are lying and holding out if we say there is nothing left.

"If you'll come back at eight o'clock tonight there might be something," I say to them.

"Yes, I know; they'll come back from the speculators by then."

And they are right.

Frequently wise patrons come at eight o'clock and get good seats. They have been returned, according to agreement between the management and the brokers. That doesn't make life easy for the treasurer. It doesn't make the theater very popular with the public either.

There are thousands of people in New York and in other large cities who love the theater but have simply quit trying to see shows because of the difficulty, the expense and the unpleasantness in getting tickets.

And the strange part of it—the inconceivable part—is that the producers know this and still do not stop it. They don't make one nickel out of the system. I am quite sure that they lose a lot of money. Despite the increase in ticket speculation and the selling of blocks of seats in advance to brokers the profits are no greater—not so great, I believe, as when a person could come to the box office and buy tickets for the performance that very afternoon or evening. In the old days the merit of the show alone determined the first week's sale. That is not altogether true now.

Theatrical people as well as the public know that I speak the truth. Most of them have agreed with me in private that the whole business is being undermined by this disease which has gripped it. But they won't do anything to correct it. They have lost their nerve. Some of the younger ones never had any.

The enormous loss to the theaters in money and good will is so apparent that a child can see it. Right near our theater is the office of a so-called ticket exchange. This place is equipped with fourteen telephones, and six well-paid men are required to conduct the business. The rental of that place is twelve thousand dollars a year.

(Continued on Page 106)

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For that reason, greatest living artists are now recording exclusively for Brunswick. And for the same reason, you will find Brunswick *in the homes* of foremost musicians, critics and educators, in this country and abroad.

Hear—Compare

Hear the Brunswick, phonographs and records. You will find them featured, as the Standard of the Day, by those shops devoted to that which is best in music, in every city and town.

There is a Brunswick dealer near you, who will gladly give you a demonstration.

The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records can be played on any phonograph.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI

THE NEW HALL OF FAME
OF CONCERT AND OPERATIC STARS

ELLY NEY, *Pianiste*

Fresh from a series of European triumphs, and hailed by critics as 'the woman Paderewski,' Elly Ney recently established an American record for performances, playing fifteen times in New York City alone. Her superb art and her gestures have made her the predominating figure in the pianistic world of today, and like other noted artists of the New Hall of Fame she records exclusively for Brunswick.

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BRUNSWICK
AND RECORDS

Heat Can't Escape, Cold Can't Get In

This underwear keeps you warm in zero weather

WHEN even the thermometer complains of the cold, Wright's Health Underwear will keep you warm —comfortably warm. And once you've enjoyed the pleasure of perfect bodily warmth in cold weather, you'll wonder why you shivered so long.

Wright's Health Underwear comes in *all pure wool*, in cotton-and-wool and in worsted mixtures. Wool is a non-conductor of heat. Your natural body-heat cannot escape through these garments. Nor can the cold penetrate them.

The natural absorbency of the wool is increased by the patented loop stitch with which Wright's Health Underwear is knitted. The combination of the two helps greatly to keep you free from colds.

For Wright's Health Underwear absorbs every particle of perspiration and excretion given off by your body. It keeps you absolutely dry. It keeps your body at a warm, *even* temperature indoors or out, thereby lessening your chances of taking cold.

For the sake of your personal comfort, and as an aid toward keeping yourself physically fit this winter, ask your dealer to show you Wright's Health Underwear. It comes in union suits and separate garments, and in all weights, ranging from light to heavy, to meet all climatic conditions and all personal preferences. It wears exceptionally well.

Drop us a postal requesting our booklet entitled "Comfort." Please include your dealer's name. Step into your favorite store to see the underwear itself.

WRIGHT'S
Health Underwear
FOR MEN AND BOYS
WRIGHT'S UNDERWEAR COMPANY, INC.
74 Leonard Street, New York City

Copyright, 1922, Wright's Underwear Company, Inc.

FOR FORTY YEARS, THE FINEST OF UNDERWEAR

(Continued from Page 103)

That is but one. There are dozens of them in New York. Two that I know of pay fifteen thousand dollars rent.

In overhead expense alone I would say that these concerns have a collective outlay of around a million dollars a year. On top of that they must have quite a profit.

Now who pays that? The public of course. And who loses it? The theaters of course.

If that expense, that useless expenditure of money, was stopped I believe the theatergoing population would be nearly doubled in a season. That would mean that most of the money wasted on parasites would go into the box offices and that more people would be able to enjoy shows.

Let me explain by incident: A neighbor of ours came to the house one night—my home, I mean—and asked what were the best shows.

This neighbor had but twenty dollars to spend on shows. A lot of families in New York set aside so much every season for their theatergoing.

"We can't go but two or three times," our neighbor explained, "and we want to be sure and see the best ones."

For that twenty dollars they could see four shows. But for the parasites, tickets could be brought down to reasonable price and they could see six or seven shows. Money that went to the speculators, in other words, would go into the box offices. I have preached this time and time again to house owners and producers. They all agree with me, shake their heads wisely, but they go right out and deliberately put themselves in the hands of the speculators again.

No money lender ever had a stronger grip on a workingman than these ticket agencies have on the managers and producers. And, believe me, they exact their pound of flesh.

To say that they don't know how to stop the practice is silly. Anybody knows how to stop it. Don't sell them the tickets; that's all.

Out in Chicago there is one theater that does not sell to speculators. It has made a tremendous success, is most popular with the public. The owners set about sincerely to stop the practice and they stopped it in two weeks. They had the nerve. At that theater the public has come to know that it can go to the box office and get tickets if they are not already sold. And—the biggest victory of all—patrons have a feeling that when the treasurer tells them certain seats are sold he is telling the truth. If that theater can instill confidence in the public why can't others?

The Old Patron's Lament

Not far from this theater there is a house which deals with speculators just as is done in New York. The profits of the reformed theater are 20 per cent greater than those of the house burdened with parasites.

Even a fairly good show—not a big hit—does well in the house in which the public has confidence. The public had rather go there to an ordinary show than be bothered with the unpleasantness and expense of getting seats for a big hit.

One or two theaters in New York have tried to follow the example of the Chicago theater but have not been successful. No one theater could do it in New York because of the pressure from several sources. But as I have said, any five big producers could get together and stop speculation in a week or two if they really wanted to.

Having spent all my life in show business I love it. I have a sentiment about it. I don't like to stand back of that ticket window and lie to people whom I have seen grow up from boys and flappers to middle-aged men and women.

An old patron came to the window not long ago. There was nothing downstairs, but I told him to come back that night at eight o'clock. He did so and I was able to give him his choice of six seats in the fifth row.

"So it's come to that, has it?" he remarked. "The tickets are sent up there to the agencies and held out so that the broker can make an extra fifty cents a ticket. If they can't do anything, then you let the regular customers have them at the regular price."

To this man I had to admit the truth of such a condition.

That I consider about the last word in disregard for the real patrons of the theater. Nevertheless, it is done in New York every day. The parasites don't even have to take a chance now!

An old excuse offered to the public has been that if the ticket agencies want to buy the seats there is no reason why they shouldn't have them as well as anybody else, especially, as it is argued, when they are a convenience to the public.

The big bulk of the public doesn't know, though, that in most cases these agencies have the privilege of returning a good percentage of their tickets if they do not sell them, a privilege that the patron does not enjoy. They play a sure-thing game. Some brokers buy the tickets outright, but as a rule they have the privilege of some return.

Though this evil system was originally thought out by some fellows who wanted to make money, its development was made possible by the grasping, sure-thing policy of a few producers. Fearing to take a chance on production, and having no bank roll, they preferred to take a cash advance from the brokers, letting them take the risk—and the profits.

The Brokers' Point of View

If a play looks good on its try-out performances prior to opening in New York a ticket-brokerage company goes to the manager and makes a proposition to take over, we'll say, 25 per cent of the house or, maybe, 50 per cent of the choice seats.

"I don't like to do that," my own boss said to the ticket broker the first time he faced the situation. "It doesn't seem fair toward the public."

"Never mind about the public," the broker suggested. "How much are you in so far?"

"We are in around thirty thousand dollars."

"And you have a big pay roll?"

The boss nodded, showing plainly his apprehension in case the show flopped.

"All right," said the broker. "I'll take enough seats now to guarantee you twenty thousand. And you can have the money now."

That was quite a temptation. The boss fell.

On those tickets there was a 30 per cent return privilege. It was never used, though, because the show was a hit.

Right there is the main trouble. New producers—some old ones—are too timid to take a chance. The ticket brokers take the risk for them and get well paid. Instead of a mere anchor to windward they have become a mainsail for the business.

I have several personal friends among the ticket brokers. Some of them are mighty fine fellows and good business men. They do not consider themselves gouging speculators. Really they are not. I have tried to get their point of view. Many of them sincerely consider themselves a downright benefit to the theater and to the public. It is easy for a man to get that viewpoint when he's doing well in his business. The trouble is that the whole system is fundamentally wrong.

Well-to-do citizens often take the side of the brokers when the subject comes up for discussion. Visitors particularly appreciate them, insisting that the charge of fifty cents for service is not excessive. I even have had theatrical producers argue that the theater could not operate successfully without them. That is simply shortsightedness.

It is just as easy for the resident New Yorker to go to the box office and buy tickets as it is for him to go to a brokerage office, except that he has no confidence in the box office.

To analyze, though: Whom are these accommodating brokers working for—the theater, the public or themselves? The answer is obvious.

"If it were not for the ticket agencies," a patron said to me the other night, "I should never be able to go to a show."

I hear that often. The willingness of the public to accept the yoke is one of the odd features of the situation.

"You see," went on this man, "I come here for a ticket and you haven't anything. I haven't time to run from one theater to the other. I merely step in a broker's place. If he hasn't tickets for one show he can tell me of another good one for which he has the tickets. By paying fifty cents I am saved the trouble of running around."

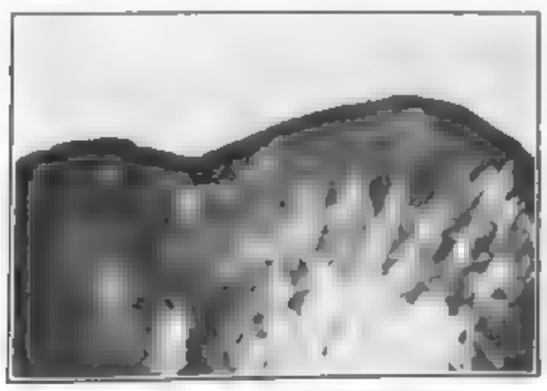
On the surface that sounds logical—for a moment. But suppose there were no brokers' offices? Why, the man very likely

(Continued on Page 109)

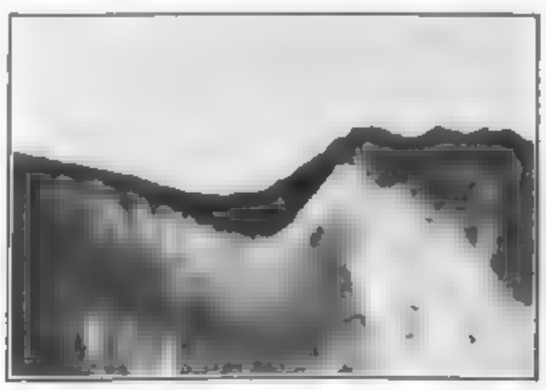
New Discoveries Make it Possible to Counteract Tooth Decay

By W. M. RUTHRAUFF, A.B., A.M.

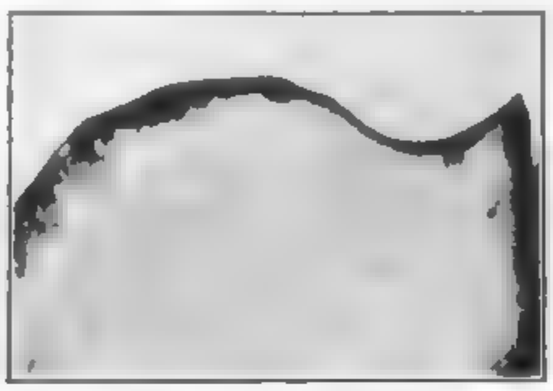
NOTICE:—Mr. Ruthrauff is the inventor of one of the most widely used and advertised tooth pastes in the world. Owing to differences with associates in the company which manufactures that product, a division of interests was made in 1919, which left him free to develop a new product on which he had been working, and to organize his own company. Mr. Ruthrauff announces his new invention, ACIDENT, which not only quickly removes the film, without injury to the teeth, but calcifies the teeth. Normally, the saliva calcifies the teeth, by which process decalcification (tooth decay) is counteracted. Tooth decay occurs when the saliva is deficient in calcifying properties. ACIDENT is the first product designed to supplement the saliva in its calcifying action as a means of counteracting tooth decay, and is protected by basic United States Chemical Letters Patent.



No. I. Section of Tooth Enamel Showing Natural Porous Structure



No. II. Section of Tooth Enamel Showing Partial Solidification by Saliva Alone



No. III. Section of Tooth Enamel Showing Almost Complete Solidification by Saliva and ACIDENT

Teeth Naturally Porous

The teeth are not solid stones, but a complex structure, with spaces for nerves and the circulation of fluids. Even the enamel, the hardest tissue of the body, has a skeleton composed of enamel rods. The spaces between these rods are filled up with a calcium phosphate cementing substance. It was once believed that these spaces were completely filled with calcium phosphate when the teeth are erupted (cut through the gums). Now it is known that these spaces are only partially filled. These spaces are large enough that Pickerill found he could force graphite quite a depth into the enamel by simply rubbing it over the surface.

Every dentist knows that, when an extracted tooth is exposed to the air, it dries out and becomes whiter and loses weight. He also knows that, when immersed in water, it quickly becomes saturated. Wherever the water penetrates the tooth, it will carry with it any substances it has in solution, whether it be acids, stains, fermentable foods or the tooth building and repairing substance of the saliva.

Why Teeth Decay

Tooth decay is caused by the penetration of the porous tooth structure by destructive acids, or substances such as sugar, which ferment and form acids. These acids dissolve the calcium phosphate of the tooth and cause its disintegration.

This explains why the eating of candy is so harmful to children's teeth, which are very porous.

Tooth Building and Repairing Function of Saliva

Dr. Pickerill discovered that teeth of children in whose mouths there was no decay underwent a gradual hardening over a period of several years. This hardening, which was caused by the filling up of the porous spaces of the enamel with calcium phosphate from the saliva, was produced by the same chemical change which caused the formation of calcium phosphate deposits upon the tooth surface, known as tartar. By extracting teeth and immersing them in silver nitrate, he found that, as the teeth became harder, they absorbed stain to a lesser depth.

Dr. Russell W. Bunting, of the University of Michigan, found that the saliva of those free from tooth decay contained more calcium than the saliva of those who were susceptible. He further found that the saliva of one immune to tooth decay possessed the property of solidifying porous, unerupted teeth so they would not so readily absorb silver nitrate stain.

Acid Saliva Necessary

Acid saliva was once considered the cause of tooth decay. But Dr. Michaels announced at the International Dental Congress in Paris in 1900 that high acidity was always found in mouths free from tooth decay, and low acidity in mouths susceptible to it. Since then there has been a constantly increasing amount of evidence pointing to acid saliva as a provision of nature to counteract tooth decay.

The W. M. RUTHRAUFF COMPANY has found that the calcium compounds necessary for tooth building and repair are only carried in a soluble form in an acid saliva. When the saliva becomes neutral or alkaline, the calcium compounds and the phosphates combine in the form of insoluble calcium phosphate.

The acidity of the saliva is caused by carbon dioxide, which is very volatile. When it evaporates, the calcium phosphate is deposited in an insoluble form. All that is necessary is that the acid saliva, carrying in solution calcium phosphate, penetrate the porous tooth structure before the carbon dioxide evaporates.

Freedom from tooth decay, then, is due not to the protective action of alkaline saliva alone, as has been generally believed, but to the reparative or constructive action of acid saliva, carrying in solution calcium phosphates.

Why Teeth Decay During Pregnancy

It is known that the percentage of calcium phosphate of the blood and of the saliva is lower during pregnancy and the period of nursing than at other times. Consequently, the calcium phosphate supply of the saliva available for tooth repair is not always sufficient to replace the inevitable destruction of the teeth caused by food acids and acid fermentation in the mouth.

Experiments with Artificial Saliva

Experiments were conducted with artificial saliva, to determine just how the different ingredients acted under given conditions. The purpose was to determine if it would be possible to supply, in concentrated solution, the calcium compounds necessary to perform its tooth building and reparative functions in mouths in which the saliva was deficient in calcium phosphate.

It was found that an Acetic acid solution of Tri-Calcium Phosphate, when combined with saliva, resulted in a much greater calcification than could be obtained with saliva alone. The results were so conclusive that we have reproduced microphotographs showing these experiments.

Figs. I., II., III. represent sections of enamel from three parts of an unerupted third molar—a tooth which had never been exposed to the action of saliva. The tooth was split longitudinally into four parts; three parts were selected for this experiment. Part I. was kept in distilled water. Part II. was treated for thirty days with saliva of one at present immune to tooth decay. Part III. was treated for thirty days with saliva and an acetic acid solution of tri-calcium phosphate (ACIDENT). The three parts were then stained for 36 hours in silver nitrate.

Since the three parts of the tooth were the same to start with, the differences in absorption of stain indicates changes produced by the saliva alone, and saliva and ACIDENT. Note that, in Fig. No. II., less silver nitrate was absorbed than in No. I. This indicates partial solidification. In Fig. III., there was practically no absorption of the stain, which indicates complete solidification.

ACIDENT a Perfect Tooth Paste

ACIDENT is not only valuable in counteracting tooth decay, but is unexcelled as a cleanser and polisher of the tooth's surface. It embodies the best preventive measures known, and, in addition, supplements the saliva in its reparative or calcifying action. It combines the best that modern dental research has developed.

ACIDENT is not gritty and the flavor is delightfully refreshing. Most druggists are already stocked. Price 50 cents per tube.

Compelled to Abandon Free Samples

The demand for ACIDENT has broken all records with which we are familiar. Our manufacturing resources are already taxed to the limit to supply the demand for ACIDENT; so, for the time being, we cannot manufacture samples which we had planned to offer as a free trial. However, one tube will convince you of its superiority. If you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded. If your dealer does not have ACIDENT, send us fifty cents and we will see that you receive a tube promptly without additional cost.

W. M. RUTHRAUFF COMPANY
Twenty-Second & Arch Streets
PHILADELPHIA, U.S.A.

W. M. RUTHRAUFF CO.,
2206 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find fifty cents, for which send me a large Tube of ACIDENT.

Druggist's Name _____

Address _____

My Name _____

Address _____

"The Heat is there—
Why not use it?"

Cold Days Are Coming— Will Your Car Be Warm?

WISE motorists who are buying new closed cars are looking forward to the cold days to come. These buyers are choosing their cars from the many makes which provide, without extra charge, the assured comfort and satisfaction of Perfection Heaters.

The continuous dependability of Perfection Heaters is not a matter of chance but the result of scientific development. Twelve years' experience and a splendid organization which devotes all its energies to heater production assure dependable equipment.

Every Perfection Heater is tested and guaranteed perfect in workmanship and free from leaks, rattles and any other faults which may occur in a less carefully made product.

Owners of cars which are not heater equipped can enjoy the comfort and safety of Perfection Heaters by having one installed at their dealer's or garage now. The added comfort this heater brings on one cold day will more than repay you for the small installation cost.

Dealers — Perfection Heaters are the standard motor car heating equipment. Write or wire for our selling plan

These manufacturers provide the utmost in closed car comfort by equipping with genuine Perfection Heaters without extra charge.

Buick	*Mulbahm*
Case	*Marmon*
Cole	*Mercer*
Columbia	*Meteor*
Crow-Elkhart	*Mitchell*
Cunningham	*Moon*
Daniels	*Nash "6"*
Davis	*National*
Dixie Flyer	*Oakland*
Dorris	*Oldsmobile*
Dort	*Paige*
Duesenberg	*Pierce-Arrow*
Dupont	*Premier*
Durant "6"	*R & V Knight*
Earl	*Re Vere*
Elcar	*Roamer*
Gardner	*Standard "8"*
Grant	*Stephens*
Handley-Knight	*Stevens-Duryea*
Haynes	*Studebaker*
Holmes	*Stutz*
Hupmobile	*Templar*
King	*Velie*
Kissel	*Westcott*
Liberty	*Winton*

Yellow Cabs

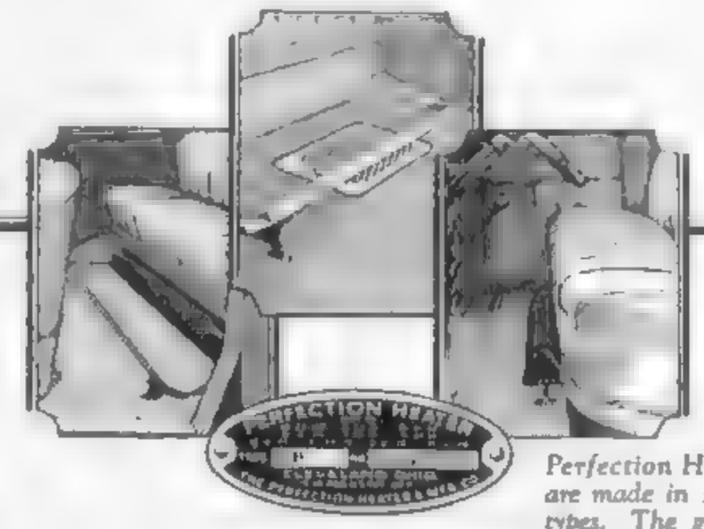
PERFECTION MOTOR CAR HEATERS

The Perfection Heater & Manufacturing Co.

6545 Carnegie Avenue Cleveland, Ohio

Manufactured in Canada by

Richards-Wilcox Canadian Co., Ltd., London, Ont.



Perfection Heaters are made in several types. The genuine can always be distinguished from the imitation by this nameplate.

(Continued from Page 106)

would be able to get a seat at most any show that he selects.

This very system also makes it possible for the broker to force one show at the expense of another. If he has invested a lot of advance money in a certain production he will naturally see that tickets to it are sold first.

I am not peaching on the business or exposing any secrets that are not supposed to be discussed. I am no sorehead. I love my business. It's the only one I know. We fight the question out in our offices every day. It goes on in every theatrical business office in New York.

There are a few wise and farseeing men in the theatrical business. They are not all small, grasping peddlers of amusement. These men with vision know what is coming and they feel keenly the gradual divorcement of their patrons. They have fought speculators and have favored the laws to squelch them. In the meantime the brokerage system has slipped up on them.

A few of these men have experimented with schemes to stop the practice. They have refused to sell to anybody except at the box office. A lot of them do not need the advance money of the speculators, but the whole business has become so involved with the system that they cannot escape it. They cannot do it alone.

A well-known producer put on a show last year and refused to do business with anybody who did not come direct to the box office. As a result the brokers forced the other shows. It was impossible to make the public believe that a theater in New York was really on the level.

The psychology of the thing is a sort of disease. For years there has been an undercurrent belief in some of the big cities that nothing can be accomplished except with a little graft on the side. It took several years, for instance, to convince violators of automobile speed laws that the mere fact of their knowing somebody in politics or public office would not keep them from being fined.

Some of the very wealthiest New Yorkers are the strongest supporters of the ticket-brokerage system. They have their own brokers and are able to get tickets to any show whenever they want to. As money means nothing to them, naturally they are in favor of a system that is personally convenient. They don't realize, though, that they are knocking out hundreds of people who are not able to give big parties but simply want to see a good show.

An Expensive Party

There was one show in New York—an enormous success—to which good seats cost five dollars each. To get them was next to impossible despite the high price. A friend of mine from Chicago came to town on a visit. His wife brought several girls with her. Upon arrival the party was augmented until it numbered twelve. A theater party was suggested. Naturally, the girls picked out the high-priced show.

The Chicago man, a wealthy building contractor, came to me for help in getting the tickets. He had been unable to locate more than two at any of the agencies.

I went with him to see a broker at one of the hotels, a man who formerly had been a theater treasurer. He assured me that he didn't have a thing. I explained the dilemma to him and asked as a personal favor that he do something.

"Well, come back at 7:30 tonight. I'll do my best, but it is a big order."

The contractor went back and got the tickets. The broker had communicated with all the other brokers with whom he worked on friendly terms and had been able to deliver the goods—get the seats together. In addition to the fifty-cent service charge on each ticket he got a liberal fee from the contractor. Those twelve tickets cost more than a hundred dollars.

My Chicago friend thinks the ticket agency a great thing. Why shouldn't he? He forgets, though, that such a premium on tickets makes a good show out of the question for ordinary people, even if the tickets were available. The immediate families of the performers in that show could not get tickets to save their lives.

"Our New York life depends upon outsiders to keep it pepped up by their spending," a broker said to me. "What would happen to the visitor if he couldn't get tickets from the hotel agency? He doesn't pay a cent more than would be his tip for having the head porter buy his railroad tickets. I can't see the difference."

"But," I pointed out to him, "when he buys his railroad ticket he is not making it hard for others who want to go on that train. If there were no agency offices any of those visitors could write to the box office in advance and get their tickets. They did that in the old days."

There is something in the argument that the broker's office is a sort of exchange. It really is a convenience to have a list of all the shows in front of you so that you have an alternative in case tickets cannot be secured to a certain show. In fact, there are hundreds of people who have no particular choice as to attractions. Any good one will do them.

A system just as convenient to the public could be arranged, I believe, by the theaters if the managers would only get together. They could have a central exchange, in addition to the regular box offices, just as the railroads do. It would be a convenience to both the public and the theaters, and there would be no extra charge.

If the brokers are able to organize such an institution at the expense of the theaters and the public the producing managers certainly could. Aside from the convenience to all hands concerned it would put many wabbly shows on their feet. If the community interest was sincere the big producers could help out many a weak brother with an advance.

Scalpers and Their Diggers

The statement is frequently made among show people that if they did stop the sale of tickets to brokers it would be impossible to keep them out of the hands of the gouging speculators—the buzzards. That's all foolishness. Most any treasurer can spot the diggers—people who buy for the scalpers—if he really wants to.

I have been a treasurer for many years and I think I know what I am talking about. In that Chicago theater that I spoke of the house manager and the treasurer killed off the diggers in two weeks.

Of course we shall always be bothered to a certain extent by the conniving treasurer. He is but human, after all. With nearly everybody else picking up a little graft he doesn't see why he shouldn't get in while the getting is good. The treasurers have little chance of getting any pickings from the tickets that go to the brokers, but they can go strong with the scalpers.

In a smaller way the gouging speculator, the bandit of the show business, takes more chances than do the big brokers. In case of no sales he has to eat his tickets, as we say in the profession. A broker never has to eat 'em—that is, he never has to destroy tickets that he has been unable to sell. His financial arrangements with the bosses provide for turning them back and giving the public a chance at the last minute. If anybody is stuck it is the theater.

The scalpers work in many ways. Frequent repetitions of their clever schemes, though, soon make it comparatively easy for the wise treasurer to recognize the stamp. The diggers employed are mostly shopgirls, stenographers, telephone girls and messenger boys. They often get a fee as high as a dollar for buying two seats at the box office.

A weakness of these girls is that they all think in the same way. Often they will write a note on the letterhead of the firm for which they work, asking for the tickets, and present this at the box office. I have seen eight of these same letterheads come into the office in a single day.

One day I got a telephone call from a Mr. So-and-So, saying that he would send a messenger boy for a couple of tickets. A few minutes later another prominent citizen called and made the same suggestion.

"What is your telephone number?" I asked, smelling a mouse. "I'll let you know in a few minutes."

Oddly enough we got a half dozen more telephone calls within two hours. All came from the same number. I questioned the messenger boys, and all came from the same address. That work was so coarse as to be laughable.

Now a treasurer, looking for a little easy pickings, would have tipped that man off to come to the box office in person and slip the fees to him instead of scattering the tips around promiscuously.

No matter how careful we may be, there will always be a little of that kind of speculation. There is nothing to prevent a person selling his seats if he finds he cannot go

Easiest to Install

An "American" Pulley may be mounted anywhere on your line without stripping or otherwise disturbing the shaft. The "American" Pulley divides; each half is then placed in position and, by a simple tightening of bolts, you secure a steel pulley which grips the shaft so tightly that no amount of reasonable service can loosen it.

A tremendous saving of time and labor.

Write for our book, "Getting Maximum Pulley Efficiency." It explains why nearly six million "American" Pulleys are now in operation, here and abroad. Your copy will be mailed at once.

The American Pulley Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

AMERICAN
STEEL SPLIT
PULLEYS

For Every Housecleaning Task

MAKE certain that your vacuum cleaner is one of general usefulness.

Such is the Sweeper-Vac. It not only cleans rugs, carpets and hardwood floors, but it also thoroughly frees tapestry and upholstery from dust, freshens mattresses and tufted furniture, easily cleans walls, ceilings and hangings, and performs in minutes cleaning, sweeping and dusting tasks that usually require hours of hard work.

You will soon discover why the Sweeper-Vac is known as two complete cleaners in one. It gives you two distinct types of cleaning—by powerful suction alone, or by powerful suction plus the gentle sweeping action of its motor driven brush.

The correctly speeded motor driven brush is necessary to thoroughly and quickly remove threads and lint. If you wish the powerful suction alone, as when housecleaning attachments are to be used, stop the brush by simply moving the convenient lever.

Remember, the Sweeper-Vac with motor driven brush is two complete machines in one, which coupled with its ease of operation, sturdy construction and design make it truly the cleaner for every housecleaning task.

A demonstration free in your home may be easily arranged. The Sweeper-Vac time-payment plan enables you to own a Sweeper-Vac at once. Phone the nearest dealer or write us for booklet.

PNEUVAC COMPANY
WORCESTER, MASS.

SWEEPER-VAC
With Motor Driven Brush

to the show. There is no such thing as guaranteeing the absolute honesty of all treasurers. A few complaints would soon check them, though, if the boss was really in earnest.

These scalpers get soaked hard sometimes and have to eat a lot of tickets for which they pay big money. It happened at the World's Series baseball games. They had tried to figure on that as they do on the theaters, and found themselves all wrong.

Hearing that tickets for the opening games were selling for twenty dollars, and more, these boys stepped in and set their diggers to work. On the second day of the series the public, feeling that it was impossible to get tickets, stayed away by the hundreds. Ticket speculators were offering tickets for sale at the last minute at half price, preferring to take that much loss rather than eat them all.

But tickets sold by those methods are so few that they don't amount to much. It is the fellow who buys them in bulk weeks in advance that is hurting the whole business. And, mind you, they could not buy them unless those who run the shows were in league with them. Don't forget that.

I was treasurer in one theater where the management was saved financially at the start of a play by selling the higher-priced seats in advance to ticket brokers, only to face failure later by being unable to dispose of the balcony seats. The lower floor was always filled, the balcony always empty.

That very situation made possible the cut-rate ticket brokers. That feature of the show business, by the way, has grown into a powerful institution. Many shortsighted producers and house managers will tell you that the cut-rate business has been of big help in that it has helped take up the slack. That is to say, tickets are sold for half price that otherwise would never be sold at all.

Just the same, I consider it a parasitical practice gnawing at the show business that is as bad as the ticket-brokerage business, if not worse. It all goes back to the same thing: It is an extra tentacle put out to hold the timid showman in a tighter clutch. He can't get away.

You see, if the tickets were not sold out to the speculators in the first place the public would be free to come to the box office and get the best seats available. They would understand the situation.

It has now come to pass that the average theatergoer has no idea that he can get a first-floor ticket without going to a broker or a gouger. It is equally difficult for him to believe that he can get a balcony or gallery seat without going to the cut-rate dealer.

Cut-Rate Ticket Sales

The theater is squeezed both ways, all because managers feel that they must have a little money in advance. Those who are strong-kneed cannot take a chance on holding aloof, because they would lose money while trying to make the public understand that it was unnecessary to buy tickets from agencies. These brokerage offices, you know, have a sign up every night showing a list of first-class attractions. If the name of a certain show is not there the public gets the idea that it is not a success. In fact they might never hear of it at all. This applies to the ticket brokers.

If the name of a show does not appear on the board at a cut-rate ticket office, that is an indication that it is a success. The theatergoers, looking for bargains, simply wait until it does appear. Sooner or later it will be there.

The men who first saw the opportunity of disposing of the unoccupied theater seats at a cheaper price have grown into near-millionaires by their cut-rate system.

This practice is very little known outside of New York, as it can operate on a big scale only where shows have long runs—or try to have. I remember very well when it started. A fellow well known for working new schemes around New York came to see our manager one day. He asked about how many tickets in the balcony were being sold. As a matter of fact we were not selling any.

"I'll take a hundred of them at half price," he suggested. "You might as well get that as nothing."

With that he started a cut-rate sale. Having bought a dollar-and-a-half seat for seventy-five cents he offered it for sale at one dollar. The public was suspicious at first, but the news soon spread. It was a bonanza.

A few years later this same man, now grown rich, came in one day, very indignant.

"A guy has opened a cut-rate office down the street," he said. "What do you know about that? Yes, and he's got the nerve to offer your tickets for sale. Can you beat that for gall?"

"Yes, I sold him a hundred in the balcony," I said.

"Well, if that ain't nerve! Can you beat it? Another guy opening a cut-rate business right in my section."

He insisted that I refuse to sell this new man any more. I laughed at him and remarked that we would sell to anybody who wanted them, a hundred at a time.

Buying the Whole House

He went to the manager and had a long talk. The next day I got orders not to sell any more tickets to the new cut-rater. This man had grown so financially strong that he had advanced the manager five thousand dollars. He took over the entire balcony. He soon put the new competitor out of business.

I am told that a cut-rate ticket seller now keeps a big bank roll in an uptown bank for the purpose of manipulating loans and corners on tickets. And he sells them to the public at a little more than half price!

Isn't that an indication that theater prices are too high?

As a result of this new development our balconies at the beginning of a new show are often nearly empty. The public waits until the price of the tickets comes down; waits for them to get into the hands of the cut-raters.

One of our most powerful producers had a show running on Forty-second Street for six months. Toward the end of the run he let it be known that the show would close in two weeks. When the receipts of a show drop below five thousand dollars a week, as a rule, it has to close because there would not be enough money in it for the house. That show, I remember, got 75 per cent of the receipts, and the house 25. A theater, you know, is seldom owned by the producer of the show. It is rented on a percentage basis.

Into the office of this big producer walked the cut-rate man.

"I hear you are going to close in two weeks," he said. The producer nodded. "I think that show ought to be good for three or four weeks more," suggested the cut-rater. "It's a shame to close it now."

"Can't keep it going if it doesn't make money," the producer informed him. "I've got to get five thousand a week or more, or she doesn't go."

"All right; when you get ready to close turn the house over to me and I'll pay you six thousand a week for the show for four weeks. If you think I don't mean it here is the twenty-four thousand dollars."

The sight of the money had its effect. The whole house was turned over to him. An ordinary ticket shaver was running one of the best-known theaters in New York. How is that for a tribute to art?

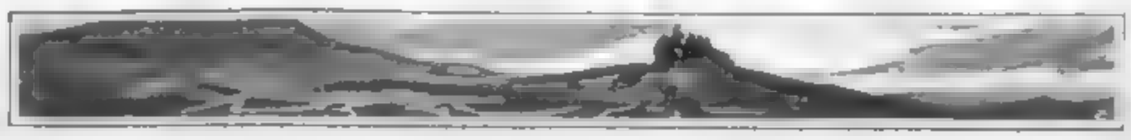
The cut-rater put his own treasurer in the box office and sold as many tickets as he could at the regular price. All the rest he put on sale at his cut-rate offices. He cleaned up. He did so well that he continued the odd run for six or seven weeks.

Now there's a funny situation for you. This man offered you seats at the box office for the regular price. If a patron didn't like it he could go around the corner and get them from the same concern at a little more than half price. What is the public to believe? Can you blame people for being suspicious? Can you blame them for thinking the cut-rate man a helpful public institution?

"If the cut-rate fellows can sell tickets at a lower price," a reporter asked me the other day, "why couldn't the house sell the tickets at a lower price and make the money?"

"Why, because," I explained to him, "we would never be able to get a show started at the regular price. The public

(Continued on Page 113)



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The Grand Prize Cleaner

EUREKA
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(Continued from Page 110)

would wait, just as they do now for the cut-raters to bring the prices down. In other words, we've got to have the first crowd so as to make the show a hit. Even they would not come if they knew the prices would be cheaper later."

"Well, if the prices were more reasonable in the first place," he asked, "don't you think a lot of this trouble would be eliminated?"

"I do," I admitted. "Many well-to-do people are willing to pay more than any price you may name. They support the brokers. There are hundreds of others who cannot pay the regular price, even. They support the cut-raters."

"And between the two the theater is getting skinned both ways," he suggested, smiling.

And he had hit the nail on the head. The theaters are foolishly skinning themselves and the public.

We do not get the prices that we charge. What we gain by selling in advance to the brokers we lose by selling at cut rates to the other fellows. An average would be about the proper price to charge for tickets and sell them at the box office only.

One cut-rate ticket man in New York has organized a club, the members of which are entitled to buy cut-rate tickets at ten cents less than those who have no cards. To join this club and get a card costs fifty cents, which is more than saved during the season. This was a stroke of financial genius.

This club has one hundred thousand members—meaning of course that the cut-rater took in fifty thousand dollars in cash on which he could operate in buying blocks of seats.

For the average person to get a ticket to a current theatrical attraction in New York these days is almost as difficult and as red-tapy as getting a passport to visit foreign countries. And frequently the house is not sold out!

And the whole purpose of it, even though distasteful to a majority of theatrical people who do it, is to fatten the pockets of parasites—men who have no interest whatever in the theater as an institution of amusement or art.

To my way of thinking, the only cure will be two or three bad seasons. When several big producers go broke there may be an awakening.

TUMBLEWEEDS

(Continued from Page 23)

Carver was conscious of a vague sense of relief, coupled with knowledge of previous deductions gone astray.

"Where were you yesterday?" he asked.

"Sleeping in the house you once owned in Caldwell, with my horse in the shed out behind," Bart informed. "It's untenanted now, so I entered by the simple process of breaking a window. I recall that it had been a wild night in Caldwell and was near daylight when I went to bed. It was equally near dark when I waked. The festivities had palled on me and I was ready to go home, so I rode out of town."

"But how did you happen to be way off to the south?" Carver asked.

Bart's moroseness was dissipated by a grin, the scowl which had stamped his face vanishing before the advent of some happy recollection.

"I had two pints in the saddle pockets for medicinal uses. After taking one of them it occurred to me what a nice thing it would be to surprise you by bringing down those yearlings of yours, so I headed for Hinman's west place. After taking the other I evidently dismounted thereabouts for a nap; and after napping I couldn't locate my horse. I'd left the reins looped on the horn, likely, and he headed for home. While I was hunting round for him I heard folks riding toward me and angled to cut their trail and get help, like I told you. Instead I got shot. Then I rambled on afoot for a couple of miles and arrived at a house. Someone is making a late evening call and has left his horse tied outside, so I borrowed the old wreck and headed toward home. I was feeling faintlike and weak, so I tied him up to a plum bush and slept. I made another start about daylight and then got off for a rest. It was then I see a dozen or so riders surging down on me. With half the county out on the hunt thataway it come to me that maybe my motives in borrowing the critter had been misunderstood, so I made a break to escape."

Carver leaned back in his chair and laughed, swayed by a mixture of irritation and relief.

"Could you, by any off chance, prove that you were asleep in Caldwell yesterday and didn't ride out till dark?" he asked.

"Positively not," Bart stated. "No one will ever know who entered that ex-house of yours by way of the window. My tracks are well covered."

"Which is unfortunate in this particular instance," Carver remarked. "You've stepped into it up to the armpits. I had been wondering how to help you avoid serving ten years for something you did. Now I'm wondering if you won't get twenty years for something you didn't. Did you happen to hear of the little event up in Wharton?"

"I've heard of the place," said Bart. "But I thought it was against the rules for anything ever to happen there. What did?"

Carver told him, and Bart nodded as he listened. The black frown once more stamped his face.

"And we know who it was," Bart said. "But I hope they don't get caught. Noll might get sent up for twenty years—which span of time I'd find tedious, waiting for him to get out again. I'd hate awfully to shoot him in the court room or through the bars. My fancy runs toward killing him somewheres outdoors, so I better get started before he's apprehended."

Carver knew that Bart meant exactly what his statement intimated. The breach in the Lassiter family was now irreparable, but its operation might prove to be even more detrimental to Bart than the influence which his half brothers had exercised over him in the old days when they had all trailed together.

"You're never clear of one mess before you're into another," Carver commented. "Forget Noll! Think what it would mean to Molly if there was a shooting in the family!"

"There's been one shooting in the family within the past few hours. She despises Noll and thinks considerable of me. Why should she feel worse about my shooting him than about his taking that shot at me?" Bart logically contended.

"Ask her," Carver returned. "I'll send you home now before some of the boys roll in and start remarking broadcast about your being shot through the shoulder. I have to ride over to Oval Springs sometime soon, and if you don't keep that crippled shoulder under cover meantime, so's the neighbors won't get to speculating about your case, why I'll up and jail you myself just to keep you out of trouble."

Bart faced him gravely.

"There's not much in this life I wouldn't do for you," he said. "I'd ride on into Washington and loot the mint if you was needing pin money. If you had an enemy I'd assassinate him just to save you the trouble. You've used me white. But there's some things that just have to be done. This here is one: I'm out to get Noll. He's had it coming all his life. The day Noll passes out I'll put myself under your orders and never stray outside my homestead fence for a solid year except when you say the word. I'll give you a guaranty to that effect."

An hour after Bart's departure Carver was saddling a fresh horse in the corral, when a voice called to him from the edge of it.

"What's the trouble, honey?" he inquired, resting his arms on the top bar of the corral gate and facing Molly Lassiter across it.

"Don! Don't let Bart go out after Noll!" she said. "Before I have time to thank you for helping him out this morning I'm asking you to do something else." She essayed a laugh, which ended in a sob. "But don't let him do this. Can't you think of some way? I never knew him to be in this mood before. He's so quiet about it that I know he means to do it."

"Likely it will wear off before morning," Carver encouraged; but he knew that morning would find Bart in the selfsame mood. Only years would suffice to alter the determination he had read in Bart's face an hour past. "He'll forget it in a day or two."

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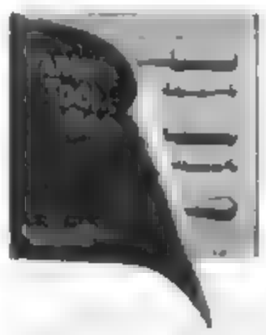

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He spoke unconcernedly to reassure the girl, for she was nearer the breaking point than he had ever seen her. Her habitual self-control had broken down.

"You know he'll never forget," she said. "But I can't have that—a shooting between brothers—don't you see? Not that Noll really is a brother, but people will always think of it that way. I wish something had happened to Noll before I ever saw him—just for what he's done to dad and Bart. I'm wicked enough to wish him dead; he should be; he's not fit to live. But Bart mustn't do it. He'd never live it down."

She spoke disjointedly, her voice high-pitched and unnatural. Carver vaulted the corral bars and laid an arm about her shoulders.

"Sho! That'll all pass off," he said easily. "Bart wouldn't—not after he'd thought it over. He's excited about it now."

She knew that he spoke only to quiet her fears; that he himself lacked the convictions which he expressed.

"He's not excited," she insisted. "He's thought it all over now and made his decision. Oh, anything but that! It's the one worst thing I can think of. There must be some way. Honestly, Don, I couldn't stand that after all the other things the name of Lassiter has been linked with "

"Then we'll put a stop to it," he said. "We'll just fix it so he can't."

She noted the change in his voice. He was no longer speaking merely to reassure her. This knowledge exerted a quieting effect. She someway had vast confidence that Carver would find a way out. Bart's quiet insistence had terrified her, but Carver had thought of some means to dissuade him.

"I'll be riding on into Oval Springs now," he said. "Meantime you put your mind at ease." He drew her to him and when she made a motion of dissent he gave her shoulders a little shake. "Right now," he insisted a trifle roughly, and she lifted her face to him.

"You promise you won't let him?" she implored.

He stood looking down at her with a queer little smile.

"Rest easy," he said. "I'll take a contract to that effect."

He dropped the corral bars and a moment later she watched him ride off through the night toward Oval Springs.

XI

THE atmosphere of Oval Springs reeked of new lumber and fresh paint. A dozen business buildings were being hastily constructed and new houses were started daily in the residence district of the town.

Carver strolled down the main street. Shafts of light, emanating from store fronts, splashed across the board sidewalk and relieved the gloom of the street. Scores of horses stood at the hitch rails. The blare of a mechanical piano sounded from an open doorway, accompanied by the scrape of boots and clank of spurs. The shrill laughter of a dance-hall girl rose momentarily above the din. From another door there issued the clinking of glassware at the bar and drunken voices raised in song; the smooth purr of the roulette wheel and the professional drone of lookout and croupier. The new county seat was a wide-open town.

Carver visited one place after the next in search of Noll Lassiter. He discovered him in a saloon near the end of the street, but the man he sought was in the center of a group near the bar. Carver nodded, but did not join them. What he had to say to Noll must be imparted when there were no others to hear.

Noll was discoursing at some length to his companions, and at the sight of Carver he raised his voice with palpable intent to include Carver in the circle of his hearers; wherefore Carver listened.

"They hadn't no business to throw me in," Noll stated aggrievedly. "I ask you now! Of course, Crowfoot and Alf Wellman never was any special friends of mine, but they had no call to lock me up."

"This may prove worth while. He's anxious to have me get it," Carver decided, and as the case was restated he gathered the cause of Noll's grievance.

Two days before, in midafternoon, the two Lassiters had become openly conspicuous and Noll had indulged in target practice in the street; whereupon Crowfoot, acting town marshal, had declared that such sports were out of season during the daylight hours, and with the help of the sheriff had conducted the two Lassiters to the county jail—that structure serving also as a city prison—where they had languished till noon of the present day. Their urgent representations, delivered verbally to acquaintances who had chanced to pass the jail during the morning, had resulted in their release at noon.

"The alibi club is in session," Carver told himself. "It's real accommodating of Noll to stage a monologue just to deceive me. It's cleared up some points I was hazy on. The town marshal, the sheriff and his deputies are still trailing with the old crowd. It works out like this: Wellman and Crowfoot jail the two Lassiters in view of the populace. After nightfall the two prisoners depart by the back stairs and make a hard ride to some point near Wharton, hole up there till afternoon and raid the bank, hide out again till after dark and make another hard ride back to Oval Springs. They're safe in jail before dawn. This morning they comment through the bars to pedestrians passing the jail. A perfect alibi—unless Noll overacts his part and talks himself into trouble."

He mused further on the subject as he waited for Noll to detach himself from the group.

"This deal signifies that every man round the sheriff's office is cutting in with the boys," he reflected. "Wellman has appointed the two Ralston brothers deputies in addition to Freel. The fourth party in that Wharton hold-up was likely one of the Ralston boys."

Noll eventually moved toward the door, but the others accompanied him. Carver followed them out and called to Noll.

"Just a minute," he said. "I have a bit of news to impart."

Noll turned back and stood facing him, while the others halted a few feet away. Carver lowered his voice so his words would not reach them.

"You've tried for me twice," he said. "From now on it's reversed."

"What d'you mean?" Noll demanded.

"That I'm going into action the next time you loom up anywhere within range," Carver stated. "I'm just telling you so that you'll know how to act the next time we meet. Right soon after we next sight each other there'll be one of us absent from human affairs."

The group on the sidewalk saw nothing unusual in this interview—merely a low-voiced conversation between two acquaintances.

"Absent!" Noll repeated. "That one will be you!"

"Maybe," Carver assented, and turned off up the street.

He spent the night at the hotel, and in the morning sought the deputy United States marshal whose posse guarded against the destruction of railroad property and the consequent interference with the delivery of the United States mail.

"You helped me into this job," Mattison greeted. "Now it's up to you to help me hold it. You're to be my right-hand assistant until this mess is cleared up. Did you know it?"

"Not for sure," Carver said. "But I suspected it somewhat when you sent over for me. I'll make a deal with you. You can deputize me now till we iron out this fuss, provided that at some future time you agree to let me deputize myself on some occasion when I may have to go into action right rapid and you not at hand; when it's a case where county officers wouldn't fit in and a deputy marshal would. I'd proclaim that I was acting under orders from you, meantime having dispatched word for you to make haste toward the spot. You arrive and assume command."

"What've you got in mind?" Mattison inquired a bit doubtfully.

"Not anything special," Carver returned. "I may never avail myself of my end of the bargain. If ever I do I'll guarantee that the parties I move on will be eligible to arrest for shattering some Federal law and I'll be able to prove it. That will let you out."

"Yes; likely it will let me out of my job," Mattison said. "But you're responsible for my getting it and I oughtn't to object if you should also be responsible for my losing it. We'll close the deal."

"One more small favor before you put me to work," Carver requested. "I wish you'd pass out the word, quietlike, among the boys that the first time Bart Lassiter shows up here he's to be arrested and sent up to Caldwell."

(Continued on Page 116

What other tires could have done this?

The Midwest Refining Company recently had a lot of machinery to transport from Casper, Wyoming, to their oil fields at Salt Creek, a distance of about fifty miles. Six pieces of this machinery weighed over thirteen tons each and two weighed slightly over fourteen tons. The one on the truck above weighed 28,450 pounds.

The road over which this machinery had to be hauled was "one of the worst in the Wyoming oil fields, full of ruts and bumps, and at the time was covered with ice and snow."

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(Continued from Page 114)

"What have you got against Bart?" Mattison asked. "I thought you was friends."

"That's why I want him tossed into jail and kept out of trouble till I give the word to free him again."

"All right; we'll toss him if he shows up in town," Mattison agreed. "Let's head for the tracks and I'll explain your job as we travel."

For the next three nights Carver patrolled the railroad tracks for a distance of over a mile north of town, visiting the six men stationed in couples at intervals throughout that stretch. Mattison conducted a similar patrol to the south. Throughout that period no move had been made to tear up the tracks. Trains rolled through without a halt and no incident happened which would furnish the least surface indication of the existence of a bitter feud. But both Carver and Mattison knew that the undercurrent of lawlessness had not subsided; that it merely smoldered, waiting an opportunity to break forth.

During the past month there had been five men killed and as many wounded in the progress of the county-seat war. Three of the slain had been members of the marshal's posse, for Mattison's operations were handicapped by red tape, his instructions prohibiting the firing of a shot except in case his own men were attacked. The participants on the reverse side of the question were burdened by no such restrictions. The marshal was unable to gather a single shred of information as to the identity of the men concerned in any one of the wrecking parties. The population of Oval Springs was solidly in favor of any move whatsoever if only it should result in the stopping of trains at that point.

In midafternoon of the fourth day Carver sat cross-legged on the ground in the marshal's camp beside the tracks a few hundred yards north of town. He leaned back against a bed roll and inspected the general surroundings through half-closed eyes. There was the usual congestion round the three town wells which furnished the only supply of water for the county seat. Tank wagons plied between these wells and the surrounding country, supplying settlers with moisture at fifty cents a barrel. Carver straightened, suddenly alert, as a rider dropped from his horse at the end of the street. His left arm was bound stiffly at his side.

"Bart couldn't wait for that shoulder to cure before he started hunting for Noll," Carver said.

He noted that two men had stepped in behind Bart. They were Mattison's men, and Bart had not progressed a distance of fifty yards from his horse before he was under arrest.

"That much is accomplished," Carver said. "Bart's safe out of the way as soon as they get him to Caldwell. Now it's narrowed down to Noll and myself. I don't care overmuch for my job, but she'd rather it would be me than Bart to go through with it—someone outside the family; and this will rule me outside for all time."

Bradshaw rode into camp and joined Carver, leaving his mount with several other saddled horses that grazed close at hand. Mattison's posse, down to the last man, was composed of old friends of Carver's, former riders of the Strip. Their old calling gone, they now gravitated to any point that promised to afford a touch of excitement.

"They've let us alone for quite a spell now," Bradshaw said. "Time something was breaking."

A stiff wind screeched across the country and the two men sought shelter behind a pile of baled hay, sprawling comfortably in the sun until Mattison located them there and reported a bit of news.

"Headquarters has thrown off the bridle and issued orders to shoot down every man that tampers with the tracks," he informed. "I just got the word. Now that we've got free rein we'll clean up this mess."

These instructions were passed out to all of the marshal's men. Two hours after midnight Carver stood on the tracks with Mattison.

Both men turned to view a vague light that seemed to flicker up from near a string of buildings at one end of the main street. The high wind which had prevailed throughout the day had died down within the past hour, and in the resulting hush sounds could be heard at a considerable distance. The light increased and shed a pinkish glow over a portion of the sleeping town. A similar light, smaller and less evident, as if but a reflection of the other, appeared near the courthouse at the far end of the town. From somewhere there sounded the muffled thud of many hoofs.

"I wonder now," Carver said as he caught this sound. "An hour ago, before the wind went down, a fire would have wiped Oval Springs off the map—no water." He listened again to the rumble of hoofs. "It's come," he announced. "Casa has been in a ferment for weeks, threatening to ride over and sack Oval Springs. Now they're at it."

Black smoke rolled above the pink glow which was rapidly swelling into a lurid glare. Tongues of scarlet flame now leaped above the buildings as the fire, started in the rear of them, licked hungrily up the back of the frame structures. There was a sudden clamor of voices as sleeping citizens were roused by the glare of the fire, then a roar of hoofs as forty horsemen thundered the length of the main street and emptied their guns at the store fronts. They wheeled and rode back through the street, shooting as they came, this last demonstration for the purpose of keeping citizens within doors until the flames had attained sufficient headway to spread beyond control.

The rumble of hoofs died out as the raiders pounded away toward the north and the population of Oval Springs boiled out to check the spread of the fire.

"It's no affair of ours," Mattison said. "Dog eat dog! Let 'em go! Wellman, our good sheriff, hasn't exerted himself to help find out who's been shooting my boys at night. Let him handle this deal himself."

The Casa raiders had planned well, and if the wind had held Oval Springs would have been reduced to ashes in an hour. But the fates had intervened. The wind had slacked off, then died, and now a reverse wind blew up and piled the flames back upon themselves. The fire at the courthouse had not attained sufficient headway, and a determined body of citizens checked the spread of the flames. The blaze at the north end of town was confined to the one section in which it started, the strong wind from the south beating back the flames which leaped high above the buildings. Men on adjacent structures stamped out the sparks, which were belched far and wide as each burning roof sagged and fell with a hissing roar.

The conflagration lasted till dawn; was still smoldering when Carver retired to the bed tent, where he slumbered till high noon. An hour after rising he sauntered along the tracks to the north for the purpose of chatting for an hour with Bradshaw, who was stationed within a short distance of camp. His friend was nowhere in sight.

"The sun's nice and warm," Carver said. "I'll find Brad napping on the sunny slope of the grade."

A bare flat extended for four hundred yards each side of the tracks. Beyond it the country was broken and rolling, studded with dwarf brush and scattered thickets of scrub oak. Carver located Bradshaw reclining on the west slope of the railroad embankment in the sun, his hat pulled over his eyes. When within a few feet of Bradshaw's position Carver flinched convulsively as a rifle ball snapped past within a foot of his head. The thin crack of a rifle accompanied the sound and a faint spurt of blue smoke drifted hazily from a blackjack clump on the far edge of the flat. Carver cleared the edge of the grade at a bound.

No matter what else might occupy Carver's mind, the thought of Noll Lassiter was ever in the foreground of his consciousness—would remain there until the matter between them was settled: and he knew without question who had fired the shot from the blackjacks.

"Close shooting for four hundred yards. That didn't muss me an inch," Carver said. "Get down!" he called sharply; for Bradshaw, thirty feet farther north, had been roused by the sound of the shot and Carver's plunge down the sheltered side of the grade and he had risen to his knees to peer off to the east. "Down, Brad! Duck under the bank!"

The warning command came too late. Bradshaw sprawled on his face and slid loosely down the embankment as the rifle spoke again from the thicket. Carver ran to his friend, but Bradshaw was beyond need of assistance. He opened his eyes with an effort as Carver knelt over him.

"I'm sorry, Brad," Carver said. "He was out after me and got you instead when

you raised up in sight. I'm sorry, old man."

Bradshaw essayed a smile and made a feeble move to extend a hand for a farewell shake with his friend.

"It's all right," he said, and passed out.

Carver ran back toward the camp, keeping under cover of the embankment. Several men had heard the two shots and had mounted the tracks to determine their source.

They saw Carver running toward camp and knew that the two stray reports had carried at least some significance.

"What's up?" one man called as Carver came within hailing distance.

He did not answer till after reaching the spot where a half dozen saddled horses were grazing round just outside camp, his own mount among them. He slowed to a walk lest he stampede the horses by a too precipitate approach. Mattison had come from the bed tent. Carver jerked a thumb back in the direction from which he had come.

"Someone downed Brad from the brush out across the flat," Carver informed. "I'm going out to bring in the party that did it."

The marshal turned to the men standing round. "Saddles!" he ordered. "On your horses! Go bring him in!"

But Carver lifted a hand.

"This is my job," he said. "I want him myself. He was trying for me—and Brad's been my friend for fifteen years. Hold 'em back," he insisted as the men headed for their horses. He swung to the saddle. "Send up word to let Bart Lassiter out," he called back as he jumped his horse toward the tracks.

Mattison countermanded his previous order and the other men stayed in camp, cursing fretfully over this sudden turn in affairs that prevented their going.

Carver rode without caution, knowing that Noll would have departed immediately after firing the shots. The man would have a mile lead by now. The country to the southeast was a stretch of good land, solidly settled and thoroughly fenced. A rider heading that way would find his route confined to fenced section lines. Noll would head northeast, where the country was rough and mostly unfenced. Carver lined his horse out at a run and after two miles he sighted his man, off to the left and a half mile ahead.

When he saw him again the distance between them had lessened. Noll would hold on without stopping till he discovered the fact that a man followed him. Even then he would hesitate to dismount and attempt to bushwhack his hunter through fear that Mattison had turned the whole posse loose on his trail. Another half mile and Carver glimpsed him again, this time less than four hundred yards in the lead. They passed out of the brush-covered area into a country that, though still rough, was covered only with coarse grass. It occurred to Carver that another few miles would bring them out into a good-land district, settled and fenced. Noll would never be crowded out into that section if he knew Carver followed, for he would be forced to travel along fenced roadways, and settlers would witness his flight, establishing his identity.

As Carver crossed over a ridge he saw Noll again, only his head and shoulders visible as he rode straight away a scant two hundred yards ahead. Apparently he had no suspicion that there was a man on his trail, yet it seemed certain that before now he would have halted under cover of some ridge to scan his back track and ascertain if he were followed. If he discovered a rider behind him he would halt again at some other point to determine if others rode with the first.

It suddenly occurred to Carver that the swift lessening of distance between them was occasioned by this very thing. Noll had stopped under cover to view his back track; had halted again to make sure that but one man followed his trail. Even as this thought flashed into his mind Carver flung from the saddle and dropped flat on the ground.

He had ridden the length of a shallow draw and he left it only to discover that the landscape had flattened out into low waves of ground. It was the sight of the upper half of a riderless horse standing in the shallow depression beyond one of these waves which had occasioned his sudden fling from the saddle. Noll had dismounted in the next dip ahead, intending to shoot as Carver rode into sight.

Carver lay flat on his face and crawled thirty feet to the north through the shallow basin that sheltered him, then lifted his head cautiously and inspected his surroundings. His range was limited to a distance of fifty yards north and south. He might crawl back west for some twenty yards. The character of his surroundings rendered it impossible for him to move beyond this restricted area without showing himself to the man who was cached in a similar depression somewhere less than seventy yards east of him. And in all the shallow dip there was not one point of sufficient depth to permit of his straightening up on his knees without danger of bringing his head into view of the man who waited for him over across.

Inch by inch, Carver worked his way toward a spot where a few straggling stems of tall grass were scattered about. Poor cover this, yet even a few spears of grass break up the view to a surprising extent when one is prone on the ground. In thirty minutes he had covered as many feet. He removed his hat and elevated his head.

First he studied the character of Noll's retreat—a depression similar to the one which afforded him shelter, a trifle deeper perhaps and of slightly greater area. But Noll could not progress a hundred yards in any direction without coming into his view. Carver knew that somewhere over there Noll was watching for the first glimpse of him.

He could see the empty scabbard on Lassiter's saddle and knew that he was armed with a rifle. His own rifle remained on the saddle of the horse he could not reach without showing himself to Noll, and he was armed only with the gun on his belt.

"He's got me handicapped a trifle on location and weapons," Carver reflected. "It'll narrow down now to which one has the other outguessed for patience. What happened to Brad has put me in the humor to go through with my job."

There was no breath of wind and the sun glared down into the depression with summerlike warmth. Carver crawled back to the lowest point in his basin and divested himself of his jacket. An old brake block, dropped from some chuck wagon in the old days of the round-up, was grown half over with grass. He pried the block from its resting place and regarded it, then set to work, first draping his jacket the length of the twenty-inch slab of wood and observing the effect from one side. Then he padded one shoulder with matted dead grass. His knife, its point stabbed solidly into one edge of the block, served as a handle. He crawled north through the depression, one arm extended, his hand clasping the knife and holding the contraption two feet before him and elevated to a point some ten inches higher than his own head as he lay flat on the ground. He progressed slowly, squirming forward a few inches at a time, wondering meanwhile if anyone peering through the grass from a short distance away would mistake it for the flat of a man's back and the hump of his shoulders. He covered ten feet—fifteen. When one peered through the grass from a prone position the view was none too distinct at the best. He hitched forward another two feet. Surely he was holding the decoy sufficiently high to bring it into Noll's range of vision. Another hitch of two feet—and suddenly his wrist was jarred by the sharp sidewise wrench of the knife as a rifle shot crashed forth from sixty yards to the eastward and the heavy ball tore through the jacket and the block across which it was draped. Carver emitted a single coughing gasp. A split second later he flung one arm aloft, the fingers outstretched, closing them tightly as the hand was withdrawn. Then he turned back and crawled to his first point of vantage, where the scattering stems of coarse grass would tend to break up the view.

An hour passed without a sound save the stamp of a hoof or the creak of leather as the two horses moved about a few yards away. A huge black buzzard wheeled high overhead. His spirals narrowed and a second buzzard joined him. The two great birds soared on motionless wings a half mile above the two quiet figures sprawled in the grass a stone's throw apart, each invisible to the other but both quite visible to the carrion birds that hovered over the spot. Carver longed for a smoke. The craving for a cigarette became almost irresistible, and in order to combat this urge he forced himself to speculate as to the sensations of the man in the opposite dip in the ground. He concentrated on this line

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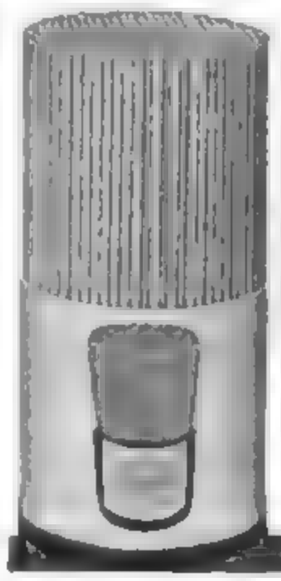

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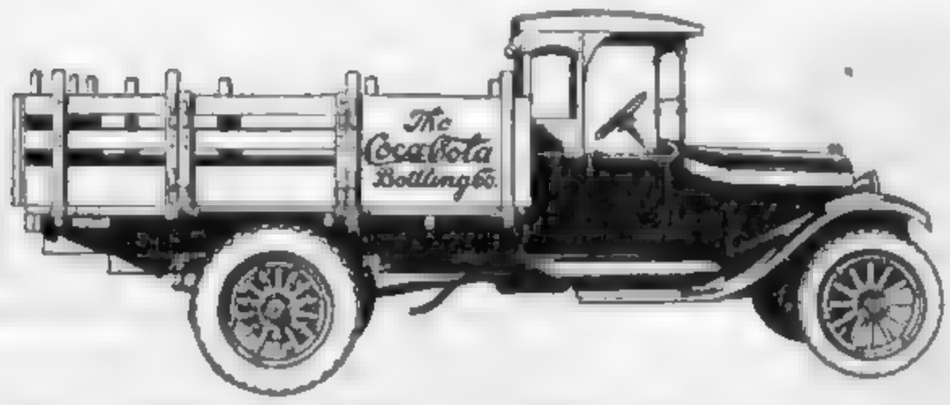


of thought until the study assumed actual interest.

Noll, being uncertain on several points, would soon become restless, Carver reflected. He was half convinced that Carver was dead. His thoughts would constantly revert to that coughing gasp that had followed his shot—that upflung arm with the fingers clutching spasmodically at nothing. Carver had no such uncertainty to disturb him and congratulated himself upon this fact. Point by point he compared his own plight with that of the enemy.

Time was passing—time which meant nothing to him and meant much to Lassiter. Noll must be wondering if any others of Mattison's men had set forth on his trail. Perhaps they were working it out bit by bit and were even now nearing the spot. A dozen other contingencies might arise. A stray horseman might sight the two riderless horses and set forth to discover the reason. Carver had nothing to lose by discovery. He would profit from such intervention instead, but the injection of any such element would seal Lassiter's doom. By thus dwelling upon Noll's discomforts Carver was able partially to assuage his own—all save that gnawing desire for a smoke. Another hour had passed. Then Carver's mind snapped back from abstract imaginings to the world of realities.

A tuft of grass over across had twitched sharply. It jerked again, and Carver slid his gun out before him to the length of his arm. For a space of five minutes there was no other move, and Carver relaxed, that insane urge to have a smoke at all costs mounting again. A bird hopped close to inspect him, its bright little eyes fixed on his own as it turned its head from side to side for a better view of him. The peak of a hat appeared above the grass tops sixty yards to the east. More of the hat was lifted slowly into view until the whole crown was visible. Carver pictured Noll's eyes just beneath it, peering from under the brim.

But of course the thing was a plant. Noll would not lift his head with eight inches of hat above it to announce his position. He was raising the hat into sight with a stick to lure Carver into firing as Carver had decoyed him with the coat. Carver restrained the desire to shoot through the grass tops four inches below the crown of the hat. The thing disappeared only to come into view once more at a point some ten feet from the first. Again the move was repeated and this time the hat was thrust up abruptly, as if its wearer could no longer exercise sufficient restraint to elevate it an inch at a time. Noll was becoming nervous—breaking under the strain. On the fourth event Carver saw a clear space between the grass and the hat. It dropped back, but the crown remained in his range of view and for a space of ten minutes he kept his eyes on that dark spot in the grass.

A movement ten yards to the left of it challenged his attention. A second dark blot showed in the brown of the grass. It moved upward a fraction—the top of a head. Carver noted the slight sidewise motion as the man shifted for a better view. His gun hand contracted as he lined down the barrel, but he loosened his fingers again. It would not do to shoot until he was sure. That would leave him in the same state of uncertainty which now handicapped Noll. The sun was swinging low in the west. Another two hours and it would be too dark to see. If Noll could hold out until then he could make a clean get-away. If Carver gave a sign too soon Noll would know that his shot of two hours past had failed to locate its mark and he would stay under cover till nightfall and then make a run for it. It was the uncertainty that was breaking him down. Noll couldn't go against another two hours of that sort of thing, Carver told himself.

He repeated this assurance a score of times after the head disappeared. Two hours of uncertainty for Lassiter—two hours of craving for just one cigarette for himself; which would win out? He composed himself for another long wait.

Then Noll's head and shoulders appeared as he rose to his knees, only to be as quickly withdrawn from view as he dropped once more on his face. His voice rose from the opposite depression, hoarse and unsteady as he reviled Carver, hoping to taunt him into some answer—the first sound of a voice in nearly three hours. There came a crashing report from the dip and Carver's horse went down in a heap, shot through the shoulders. The animal screamed once as it struggled on the ground. A spurt of blue smoke revealed the rifleman's position, but Carver knew that he was well below the danger line. The horse ceased struggling. A bubbling rattle announced the death of his favorite mount. The voice of the man who had fired the wanton shot rose with the sound.

"How do you like the sound of that?" he demanded. "That's what will happen to you between now and dark."

He leaped to his feet and stood facing Carver, then dropped back out of sight.

"He's going to pieces," Carver told himself. "He'll make a break now most any time."

The exertion and relief from inaction apparently had lessened the strain under which Noll had been laboring and he made no other move for many long weary minutes. Then, without warning, he was up and running toward Carver's position, his rifle half raised before him. He was within forty yards—thirty. Then Carver lifted his forearm and fired. Lassiter tottered drunkenly and shot into the haze of smoke that floated before Carver's gun. The ball plowed a furrow three inches from Carver's ear and spattered fresh earth in his face. Carver shot twice again. For a space of twenty seconds he held his place in the grass, then sat up on his heels and twisted a cigarette.

XII

MOLLY LASSITER followed her usual daily routine, visiting back and forth with the Cranstons, Lees and other neighbors; yet beneath it all she was conscious of a certain uneasy expectancy, a sense of waiting for something to happen. There had been no word from Bart and his whereabouts was unknown to her. Somewhere Bart was making a relentless hunt for Noll and she expected hourly to hear news of their meeting. She knew of Carver's having joined the marshal's posse at Oval Springs and there was ever the possibility that she would get word that he had fallen in the county-seat war. She had once told Carver that it was the woman's portion to wait for bad news—and now she was waiting. In another three weeks her school would open for the midwinter term. A few days past her interest had centered entirely on this great event, but now she found it had been relegated to a position of secondary importance in her mind; would retain its minor significance until such time as both Bart and Carver were safe home once more.

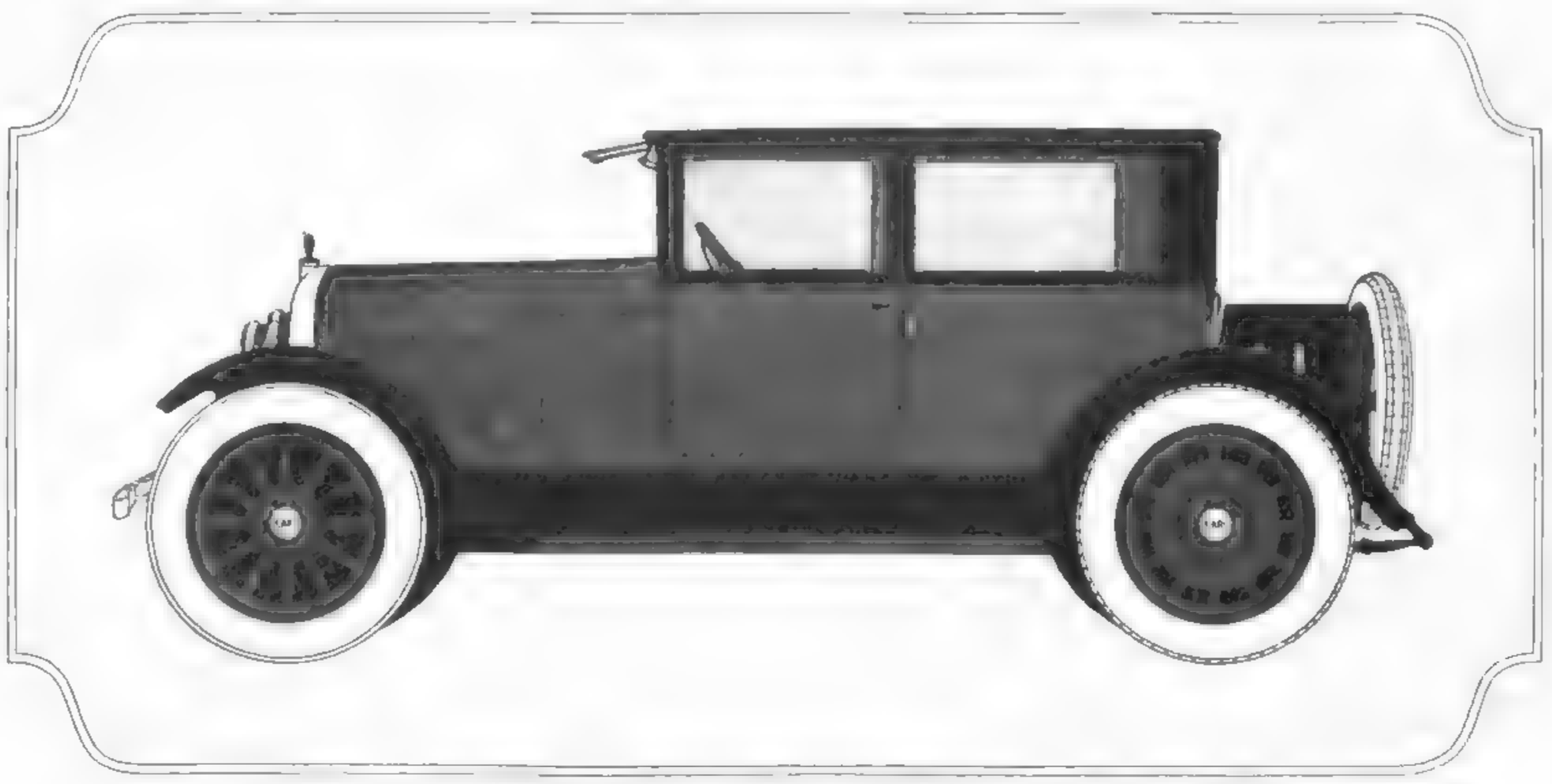
Then a sympathetic grub-liner dropped past with the word that Noll had been killed in the county-seat fight. The bearer of the tidings, in an awkward effort to lessen the shock of what he must impart, prefaced his announcement with a rambling admonition to prepare herself for the worst, and she was ready to shriek out to him to hasten on to the point of his message. She found time to wonder at the fact that her chief concern was a terrible dread that something had happened to Carver. Then, at last, the man haltingly explained that Noll had passed out of this world, one more victim of the county-seat feud.

Her reaction was so intense that she dropped to a seat on the doorsill and stared mutely at her informer. The man rode away, cursing himself for breaking the news so abruptly. After his departure she accused herself of great wickedness, for the reason that she could not wring one atom of regret from the fact of Noll's passing. Rather, after the fear for both Carver and Bart which had been roused by the man's lengthy preamble, she had experienced a positive relief to find that the news concerned Noll. She hoped that the man had not divined this, and again she accused herself of a callousness which she had never before suspected as a part of her make-up.

She had known that it was only a question of time until Noll would come to his end during some piece of outlawry, a bank hold-up or some brawl in town, and it was infinitely preferable that it should have happened in this way instead—as the victim of the county-seat war, in which good men had gone down on both sides. It eliminated the certainty of a fratricidal shooting between Noll and Bart in the very near future. It was better this way.

The following day Bart rode up the lane and within an hour after his arrival he had started upon the construction of the three-room house which he had planned a month or more back. She observed that Bart, notwithstanding the wounded shoulder, which still bothered him slightly, went about his work with a purposefulness which had not characterized his activities in the

(Continued on Page 120)



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Ease of control, for instance. To the discriminating woman driver, there is constant pleasure in the graceful lines and contours of the Cabriole, in its intimate, uncrowded comfort. But she sets greater store by its convenience, its left-hand ignition and dimmer switch, the easy accessibility of all controls, the smooth handling of transmission, clutch and brakes.

She prizes the Cabriole's flexible power, instant pick-up, speed and ability to go anywhere a motor car can be driven. To be able to transform it in sixty seconds from an airy touring model to a weather-proof, distinctive closed car appeals to her strongly. *And* her common sense tells her that the Cabriole's *complete equipment* means a saving of at least $100 over closed cars of this type whose comfort accessories are "extras."

See the Cabriole at the nearest Earl dealer's. Its compact design, responsive power and ease of control fit it admirably for use by physicians and business men who need a *personal utility car*. Study it feature by feature. Compare values and performances. Drive it yourself—today.

Cabriole Comfort Specifications

Low sweeping lines give the Earl Cabriole its special distinction. Its over-all length is 14 feet, less one inch; its over-all height is only 74 inches. Head room is ample—from seats to top lining, 37 inches. The front tonneau is 53 inches long. The rear seat is 45½ inches wide, seating three passengers without crowding. Front seats tip forward at right angles, the backs folding down. Doors are extra wide. Combined with 56-inch rear springs, a very low center of gravity and a rigid channel frame 7 inches deep, the Cabriole's roominess assures unusual riding comfort. No other car of the same wheel base swings so near the road.

Check This Complete Equipment

No *extra equipment* must be purchased with your Cabriole to insure comfort, safety and personal prestige. Compare these features and accessories with other closed cars in its price range:

Touring trunk with cover, two suit cases and hat box. Bumper and motometer. Sun visor and dome light. Drum-type headlights with dimmers and non-glare lenses. Left-hand ignition and dimmer switches. One-piece windshield, swinging inward or outward. Masked light on walnut instrument board, illuminating oil-pressure gauge, speedometer, ammeter and fuse box. Light under hood. Spartan horn. Complete set of tools. Door panels raised and lowered by lever action. Interior finish to match gray Spanish leather upholstery. Choice of body finishes—Earl blue or Earl gray and black.

Earl Prices

Touring Car	$1095
Cabriole	1395
Custom Roadster	1485
Brougham	1795
Sedan	1795

Prices, f. o. b. Jackson, including Complete Equipment

EARL MOTORS, INC.

JACKSON MICHIGAN

To Dealers:

Full information about the Cabriole and four other striking Earl models on request. Some profitable dealer territories are still unassigned. Wire or write to Jackson for the facts and our contract terms.

Send for the Earl catalogue and full-color circular describing the Cabriole

for Golden Brown Cakes —use Aladdin Griddle

WHAT can be more delicious these cool refreshing mornings than golden brown griddle cakes and a cup of piping hot coffee—prepared on the Aladdin Aluminum Griddle and in the Aladdin Enameled Steel Coffee Pot!

And there's the Aladdin Mixing Bowl and the Aluminum Griddle Cake Cover. Start your Aladdin set with this complete outfit for a griddle cake breakfast. Aladdin Utensils help to insure a perfect result every time.

ALADDIN Aluminum

Made by THE CLEVELAND METAL PRODUCTS CO. 7011 PLATT AVE CLEVELAND OHIO

Also makers of NEW PERFECTION Oil Stoves, Ovens and Water Heaters

Enameled Steel

For every cooking purpose you can have Aladdin Utensils—in silvery aluminum and pure white enameled steel of fine quality. Look for the red Aladdin label on enameled steel and the quality mark stamped on Aladdin Aluminum. Sold by foremost hardware, housefurnishing and department stores.

Start your Aladdin set now

(Continued from Page 118)

past. A week passed without his having shown any evidence of restlessness or desire to ride into town.

Now that she had Bart safe at home it seemed that her anxiety should have been decreased by more than half, but instead it was augmented by each bit of news pertaining to the intensity of the trouble round Oval Springs. Another week passed without the least lessening of Bart's daily labors. The house was completed with the help of a few grub-liners who were stopping at Carver's to look after his affairs during his absence.

They moved into the new house and Molly's spirits soared. She sang lightheartedly as she went about her work. She had a permanent home of her own and Bart's tendency to roam was becoming less pronounced. There was no longer reason to dread the consequences of any possible rambles he might take in the future, now, since Noll's influence was a thing of the past. Her new school would soon open; and besides all these things Molly had made a discovery which eclipsed all the rest. She had told Carver that she did not feel quite up to having a third tumbleweed on her hands to worry about, already having had two, her father and Bart; but she had found herself worrying every minute since his departure; and since it seemed that she was to have the worry in any event she might as well have her tumbleweed too. She knew that fact now and she wanted to tell him. It was to be expected that Bart would feel the need of relaxation after completing the house and she had decided that when these symptoms became manifest she would suggest Oval Springs as his destination and send a message to Carver. She had thought much over the substance and wording of the message. She would send merely the word that she was worrying over his connection with the marshal's posse. Carver would divine what lay behind the words and return to the ranch, she reflected; he understood her so thoroughly. Bart, however, failed to fulfill his part in her plans.

"You needn't worry about my prowling off somewheres," he informed her one morning at breakfast. "I'm one tumbleweed that's quit roaming. There's been a windbreak erected on all four sides of me that'll restrain me from drifting for one solid year. When I make a contract I keep it—even if it only came about through a mistake in the wording."

She pondered over this assertion while Bart finished his breakfast.

"Carver tricked me, sort of," Bart amplified. "He couldn't dissuade me from setting out after Noll, but I made a rash statement that I'd stay here on the place for one year from the day Noll's case was settled, having in mind, of course, that I'd do the settling myself but neglecting to state it that way. Well, Noll's case is settled, though not just the way I'd have planned it, and here I am. No more trips to town until Don says the word."

"I'm glad, Bart," Molly said. "It's so much better this way instead of your being mixed up with it yourself. Don't you see?"

He pushed back his chair and regarded her

"I'll never be convinced but what I'd ought to have done it myself," Bart insisted. "I would have, too, if you hadn't talked Don into beating me to it. He knew you'd rather it would be him than me."

Bart rose and moved about the room, commenting upon certain angles of the case, and from these fragments she was able to piece out the whole picture. Bart spoke casually, believing that she had already become acquainted with every phase of the affair. The girl sat very still, her hands clenched in her lap. So it had been Carver. She had never given that a thought until now; had not entertained even a suspicion of the truth, and Bart was assuming that she knew every detail; that she was responsible for having sent Carver. An hour past she had told herself that Don understood her so well, and in reality he understood her so little that he had imagined she was sending him forth on such a mission as that.

"But why didn't he let the posse go out instead of going alone?" she asked at last.

"That's just what he couldn't do," Bart dissented. "He knew that it was on account of his own personal disagreement with Noll that Bradshaw had been shot down; that it didn't have any relation to the county-seat squabble whatever. If the marshal's boys had gone boiling across into the brush after Noll there was a good chance that some other good men would go the same route that Brad had. Don couldn't chance that. It was his own personal trouble and he felt obliged to take all the risks on himself."

She knew that Carver's action, judged by the standards of his kind, would command respect. But if only he had been content to stand back and let the marshal's men go out as a whole! It would then have seemed an impersonal sort of affair instead of becoming openly known as a personal issue between the two men. Even though she herself had always refused to look upon Noll as a relative, the world at large would not hold that view. Centuries of custom decreed that such an occurrence as this should operate as an insurmountable barrier between Don and herself. There would always be that between them. Tongues would wag until the end of time if they should violate that age-old tradition by permitting any relationship deeper than mere acquaintance between them. She must see Don and explain it all to him. He had made such an unalterable mistake; had understood her so little. But she could not see him till after the trouble at Oval Springs had been settled and he returned to the ranch.

Even at that moment the county-seat war was nearing an abrupt termination. Oval Springs had grown with amazing rapidity and there was no longer an object in the refusal of the railroad company to halt its trains at that point, the reverse now being true.

Carver watched the south-bound passenger train come to a halt for the first time in weeks. The assembled population of Oval Springs cheered this unexpected event. A group of officials descended to look over the ground and one man announced to the crowd that they had come to select a site for the new station, construction of which was to begin on the morrow. Surveyors were unloading equipment. A work train crawled into town and a hundred men swarmed off the cars to begin work on a switch track. The feud was ended and Oval Springs had won out in the fight. Years later it would break out again and again until Casa should eventually come into her own.

Crowds of cheering citizens swarmed the streets of Oval Springs throughout the rest of the day and there was every symptom that it would be a wild night in town. Carver considered plunging into the festivities. Someway the thought of returning to the ranch held forth no appeal; this strange lack of interest was equally true when he contemplated joining the celebration over the victory of Oval Springs. He didn't care a hang which town had won out.

"There don't seem to be much of anything that I do want to indulge in right now," he remarked. "So I guess I'll ride home. You won't be needing me any longer," he said to Mattison. "If you don't mind I'll resign and be on my way."

He rode out of town in midafternoon, and he failed to stop by the Lassiters' place, as was his usual custom, but held straight on to the Half Diamond H.

Molly heard through Bart that he had returned. She expected to see him waiting for her in the little saddle in the ridge where formerly they had met of evenings, but she watched the shadows fall on three successive nights and failed to see him sky-lined there. Her school opened with twenty pupils of assorted sizes, ages and degrees of intelligence and she threw herself into this new work. As she rode home on the second night after the opening she saw Carver in the field. He waved his hat, but made no move to cross over. The next evening she motioned to him and he joined her in the road.

"They tell me you've got a family of youngsters ranging all the way from Mexicans to Bostonese," he greeted. "How's the new school?"

"Perfect," she said. "I love it."

"Now me, I'd lose my mind after the first day," he said. "Has Johnny begun to shed his milk teeth yet? It's a downright shame the boy has to lose 'em again after all the trouble he had cutting his first ones."

The girl remained silent while he made inquiries concerning a number of her charges, recalling incidents from their past lives which she had heard from fond parents and passed on to him at various times. He had dropped into his old casual vein as easily as if nothing of an unusual nature had occurred since their last meeting. But Molly found it difficult to meet his mood and chat on trivial topics. She was conscious of a certain restraint. It was fully to be expected that he would mention the one thing which was uppermost in his mind and hers, attempting to explain it by the code of his kind; but it became increasingly evident that he did not intend to refer to it. She cast about for something to say, but could discover no topic. Her mind was too exclusively occupied with that other.

"That's a good-looking new shirt you have on," she stated at last, and was angrily conscious of the inanity of the observation in view of all that was left unsaid between them. But she forced herself to go on. "I like gray. You never affect red shirts like the most of the tumbleweeds wear."

She could have screamed at the idiocy of it all, and found herself unable to proceed; but Carver inspected the sleeve of the shirt in question and took the conversation away from her, dwelling upon the topic as if her observation had been the most natural one in the world.

"Gray's not a bad color for everyday wear," he admitted. "I don't run much to red. Reason is this: There's eleven or twelve of us children at home—I forget without counting, but plenty—and the old man sometimes buys assorted job lots of clothing that has gone maybe a bit out of style. One day he turns up with an assortment of shoes. There's gray, black, bay and buckskin shades in that lot—and one pair of red button shoes."

He paused to chuckle softly at some recollection.

"The old man takes a squint at those red ones and begins to size up my feet. I stage one frenzied protest. After they'd choked me into submission and crowded my feet into those red button shoes they start me off to school and my worst fears are realized. Right down to this day I can't set round in company without wanting to shove my feet somewhere out of sight. Well, that same night I steal the old man's pistol and drop out the window. I ain't ever been back. That seems to have soured me on red for all time. I wouldn't even put red paint on my barn. That's why I don't run to loud colors; a quiet lavender shirt, maybe, for Sundays, or a soft black-and-orange check if I want to dress up; but no red for me."

It was quite evident that he intended to hold the conversation to purely casual channels. She knew now that he had not misunderstood her; that he had assumed full responsibility for the affair, realizing that it would react against him, but believing that it would be easier for her in the end if he were the one to go through with it instead of Bart. He had known that he was locking himself outside and that explanations would be of no avail, so he was deliberately avoiding the topic.

"That's how I came to leave home," he resumed. "If ever you note any symptoms of madness in one of your pupils, why, instead of chastising him regardless, I'd suggest that you institute a search for the red button shoes in the background. Big events hinge on such trifles. Now if I'd have stepped on a bee like Ella Cranston did—I forgot to mention that I left those shoes behind in exchange for the pistol and set out barefooted—it's likely I'd have turned back and developed into a first-rate barber or a banker in place of winding up as a bronc fighter. Does Ella still persist in wearing shoes even in bright balmy weather?"

"Oh, Don! Why did you?" Molly interrupted suddenly.

"It was due to come sometime; he'd already tried for me twice," Carver said, instantly altering his vein of speech to accord with her own. "So I might as well have it out right then, I figured, and keep Bart out of it all. Then he got Brad. Brad was my friend."

"I'm sorry, Don; terribly sorry," she said.

"Don't you!" he admonished. "It just had to come up the way it did, seems like. You'd rather it was me than Bart."

"I wouldn't!" she denied fiercely. "Oh, I wouldn't! I'd a thousand times rather it was Bart!"

She hung her spurs up in her pony's flanks and the little horse darted off up the road. Carver stood looking after her.

"And I didn't know," he said. "I didn't find out till it was just too late. Don't that beat hell!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Here are the Bare Facts

About this New Way of Heating Small Homes and Bungalows

with or without basements

Does the work of a furnace (heats 3 to 6 connecting rooms), but uses no more fuel than a stove.
Made to burn hard or soft coal, coke, lignite, slack, or wood. Also furnished with gas-burning attachment.
Thousands in use. Delighted users in every State in the Union.
Grained mahogany enamel finish—practically everlasting.
Moistens as well as heats the air.
Designed, patented and guaranteed by the 77-year old Estate Stove Company

"Looks like a Phonograph, but - It's a Furnace!"

WE cannot attempt to tell in this space the whole wonderful story of Estate Heatrola—the new-day way of heating for small homes, flats, bungalows, stores, halls, offices, etc.

So we present merely the bare facts, with the suggestion that you write us for full information, or see the Heatrola at your local dealer's.

Over 2500 Dealers

Leading hardware stores, furniture stores and heating contractors everywhere now sell and recommend the Estate Heatrola. But we urge you to see your nearest dealer now, as the demand for the Heatrola will again exceed the supply this year.

NOT A STOVE

—but a practical and efficient warm-air furnace that heats 3 to 6 connecting rooms, and uses no more fuel than a stove. Placed in one of the living-rooms, it keeps the whole house warm. Made to burn any kind of coal, coke or wood. Also furnished with gas burner.

MOIST, Circulating Warm Air

Estate Heatrola is the only heating appliance, outside of a basement furnace, which effectively moistens as well as heats and circulates the air.

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The rich, grained mahogany finish is a vitreous enamel, hard and smooth as glass, and practically everlasting. You can rub and dust it with a cloth, just as you do your furniture. No more stove blacking. No more nickel to polish.

Volumes of Evidence

Thousands of Heatrolas were installed last year. Hundreds of users have written us, expressing their delight with the Heatrola. Many of these letters have been printed in a booklet, which we are glad to send on request, and from which the following paragraphs are quoted:

"I could mention any number of advantages the Heatrola has over a stove. I believe you have solved the heating problem for small homes."
B. T. Chase, Irrigation Division Engineer, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

"The Heatrola is wonderful. We are able to heat our house of five rooms and bath more evenly and cheaply than with a base burner, and the heat is healthier because of the vapor tank." *Z. G. Gassman, Olney, Ill.*

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Hoosier Wholesale Grocery, South Bend, Ind.

"We heat four large rooms in 15 to 20 minutes, while our neighbors with heating systems that cost five to eight times as much, take one-half day."
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"The Heatrola heats my seven-room house fine, and holds fire over night, heating the house warm and nice for morning."
W. B. Cotton, Walton, Ky

"I have the Heatrola installed in a five-room cottage, and find it no trouble to have every room comfortable with little labor and small amount of fuel."
James Arthur, Yonkers, N. Y

If You Prefer a Basement Furnace

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SINGLE REGISTER
WARM AIR HEATING SYSTEM

The "big brother" of the Heatrola, famous for its wonderful heating capacity. *Sold under absolute guarantee to maintain an average room temperature of 70 degrees in zero weather.* One register does the work. The *advanced type "pipeless" furnace.* All-cast-iron construction. Many new and original features. For information check coupon below.

Estate HEATROLA

MADE BY THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO—BUILDERS SINCE 1845 OF THE FAMOUS ESTATES. A STOVE, FURNACE AND RANGE FOR EVERY REQUIREMENT —FOR COOKING AND HEATING WITH COAL, WOOD, GAS AND ELECTRICITY

FREE BOOK (110) **Mail This**

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Send me *free* information regarding heating system checked below and name of nearest dealer.

☐ ESTATE HEATROLA ☐ Pipe Furnace

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Beauty Lost — Beauty Found

Dull, dingy, lifeless floors and woodwork are beauty lost.

Clean, dustless, sparkling bright woodwork and floors are a beauty and joy forever.

It is simple and easy to make dingy floors and woodwork really beautiful. An O-Cedar Mop works such magic.

It takes but a few minutes because the O-Cedar Polish Mop dusts, cleans, polishes and beautifies all at one — the same — time. It saves you the hard work. It saves you from getting down on your hands and knees. It saves you from back breaking, stooping and bending. It saves you from pulling and tugging heavy furniture. It saves your time, work and money and insures you cleaner, brighter and prettier floors.

Sold on Trial. Fully Guaranteed.

Your nearest dealer (grocery, hardware, furniture, department or household supply store) makes you this offer: Simply deposit the price of an O-Cedar Polish Mop and take it on trial. If you are not delighted with the result it gives and the time, work and money it saves, your money will be refunded without a question.

$1 and $1.50 Sizes

(Prices in Canada, $1.50 and $2)

CHANNELL CHEMICAL CO., Chicago

Toronto - London - Paris - Cape Town

O-Cedar Polish Mop

THE MAGNETIC WEST

(Continued from Page 11)

Eli Williams, who came with his wife by private carriage, ferrying over the Calumet, disliked the Indians at Beaubien's so much that he crossed the floating log bridge to another tavern kept by Charles Taylor. This Eli it was who, over a personal note, borrowed sixty dollars to put ditches along Clark Street against the rain. But that necessary frugality was short; ten years after its incorporation Chicago was extended and divided from six to nine wards; in 1853 the land east of State Street from Twelfth Street to Chicago Avenue was drawn into a town now partitioned into the north, west and south parts; in 1857 a tenth ward was added; in 1863 it was extended again—to Egan Avenue on the south, to Western Avenue in that direction, and Fullerton Avenue on the north. The city, always growing, soon reached north of the Illinois and Michigan Canal. That was in 1869, when there were twenty wards in thirty-five square miles.

The Tremont House fronted on a slough which emptied into the river at the foot of State Street, and its porch was used as a ducking stand for that water; canvasback and mallard duck, red duck and teal were shot from the chairs ranged along its rail. But only for a little, for that briefest of periods into which the successive scenes of Chicago were pressed. The ducks, the slough, the hotel and its sedentary gunners were swept away, forgotten, with a single careless gesture. Lincoln was nominated at Chicago, in 1860, in the celebrated Wigwam that was the convention hall, less than thirty years after a drive had been organized by the twelve families of the town—fur hunters and residents, Indian traders and the keepers of taverns—upon the wolves in their streets.

The World's Fair

In 1853 the Galena Railroad was opened to Freeport, the Illinois Central continuing the Galena Air Line. The Illinois Central Company had been chartered two years before, with land grants of two million six hundred thousand acres. Seven per cent of its gross receipts were to be paid to the government, and the value of its free land rapidly increased to twenty-six million five hundred thousand dollars. The estimated cost of the road, sixteen million dollars, allowed a scant dozen investors a profit of well over ten million. It was, running for seven hundred miles, the longest road owned by one company, and it was maintained that it would empty the East.

It was, again, no time at all until the great fire at last died in the barber shop under the Tribune office. In 1867 the fifty-four baseball clubs of the Northwest held a tournament at the Union Stock Yards, at which the Rockford Club, with Spaulding, won the main prize. Potter Palmer was chosen president of the first professional baseball club; and there was a grand lottery in Crosby's Opera House—newly finished—in which the house itself was the principal reward; another was the pictures in its gallery. The opera house had cost six hundred thousand dollars and the man who won it, from Prairie du Rocher, immediately sold it back to Crosby for a third of that sum.

The Labor Congress of 1886 turned into the Haymarket Riot. A bomb in the square killed eight policemen and wounded sixty others. Six capital sentences were the result of this protest, and two monuments were erected—one for the policemen and the other for the individuals executed. The Auditorium was dedicated by the President and Adelina Patti at Christmas; the Palmer House was a Democratic headquarters, the Sherman House the haunt of the theater—of Parepa-Rosa and Weston, the walker, and of Booth. And all this, in the breathless rush of Chicago, was gathered up by the World's Fair.

That was specially interesting, for it belonged wholly to our own time, our own and yet remarkably, utterly different from the present. The Peacock Café, gorgeous with Georgian marbles and the peacock feathers in colored electric lights on a vestibule of gold mosaic, was annexed to the Boston Oyster House. The popular bars were Kern's, on La Salle Street, Chapin & Gore's on Monroe, and Schimpferman's Wine Room at Madison Street; the popular places of entertainment were the Magic Maze, the mirrors of which were new and not clouded by dust or tarnished by time, the annual Pullman road race, and John Brown's fort, moved from Harper's Ferry to Wabash Avenue.

It was enlivening in the evening to review the various electric illuminations—the lighting of Berry's Crystal Palace and at the onyx entrance of the American Oyster House; the colored lights at Lyon & Healy's were flashing, prismatic; and others were lifted brilliantly by the Great Northern Hotel and the Auditorium tower. Halsted and Madison streets formed, at night, a metropolitan corner; there was a glittering reach from the Haymarket Theater to the shop windows of Green Street; and the revolving hydrogen tubes in opticians' windows presented entrancing spectacles to the newly arrived visitor. It was an Eden of simplicity, an Arcadia, when the five upper floors of the Marshall Field Company building were for rent; when the Mentone Hotel was built from a small part of the proceeds of a subscription book called The Royal Path of Life; and when Frank Ives had his billiard parlors on Van Buren Street.

I thought of that onyx entrance to an oyster house when I was standing at the side of the balcony of a theater for moving pictures on State Street. The immense curved thrust of the balcony on a single span of a hundred and seventy feet lifted a sharp black slant of humanity to a dome then flooded with ruby light, and far below an orchestra of fifty in its oval pit was scarcely perceptible on the massed audience, dark against the coldly bright rectangle of the screen. The ruby light changed, there were glowing bands of violet and rose, and then the great space was filled with clear amber; the amber dissolved into a blue which, on the gold leaf of the dome, was like a summer sky gilt with stars. There were, in the promenades and corridors and suites of rooms, etched mirrors with borders of ultramarine joined with emerald green buttons; Spanish leather in stamped gold; white and black tiles; iron twisted and hammered and chased; ivory and mauve and vermilion; draperies of iridescent silk, claret and maroon velvets, azure damasks and satins appliquéd in gray leaves and silver.

The sheer effect—there was a gilded piano in a salon with a catawba carpet—was a bewilderment of detail, four million dollars in detail and mass, that it was impossible to grasp; but for the thronging people it was a palace of dreaming luxury. Its lights, the marbles and hangings and peach colored columns, represented the difference between attainment and desire; it was set, a glowing and romantic retreat, directly in the heart of the steel thicket, the clanging streets wrapped in shadow and bitter with cold. It was an escape from failure, an escape and a forgetfulness of drab fates and the poverty of sordid and dull surroundings.

Wilson Avenue Magic

The theater was ornate, baroque, but the bank from which my course in Chicago was largely directed, no less massive, was cool, classic with marble and bronze, granite and terra cotta; there were cornices and pilasters and balustrades, gigantic floors and wide stairways, the façade in long perspective of a celebrated chapel, copied from the great periods of pastoral Greece and filled, echoing, with the passage of a myriad feet. The tide of humanity, concerned with its deposits, its credits and hopes, swept up and around. The guarded passages to board rooms, faintly troubled with the vague multitudinous voices below, were secretive; but about the desks of the vice presidents, in open order, there was an endless stir of departure and arrival, messengers swiftly dispatched, messages scanned, instant decisions and the short irritability of telephone bells.

It, as well as the theater, was a place of dreams, dreams more golden than all others, richer or more utterly disastrous; it had, too, its crimes, together with a dreadful wisdom gained from experience of the private follies and vanities, the hidden corruption and desperate needs, of men driven by fallacious ambitions and by love.

If the center of Chicago was masculine, grim, the district above Wilson Avenue was the reverse. It, above everything, was determined to be gay, a bright region of surface extravagance and public pleasure. The streets, particularly at night, had an air of holiday; there were innumerable shop windows of finery more effective than costly, endless moving-picture shows, small apartment houses and stores of delicatessen for informal and hurried meals. The Green Mill, whose day had been before prohibition, was enveloped in the dust of neglect, in a discarded and visible disrepute; but the Marigold, once the Bismark Garden, was again flowering as a dancing pavilion. Wilson Avenue, it was clear, was in revolt against the rest of Chicago, of life; its girls, strolling in couples or in bands with lingering gaze, with slim hips and glowing cheeks, in tied furs of an admirable ingenuity, had deserted a serious existence for one where laughter was a mask and a challenge and an obligation. The men there were younger in appearance than those of other sections; their walking sticks and hats were set at sharper, jauntier angles, shoes were ornamental and trousers creased and turned as though the place owned a magic which defied age and care. The lights on the avenue, it seemed to me, were brighter than in other regions.

Panoramic Impressions

There was not, it was true, any evident concern with responsibility, with the integrity of substance ignoring mere effect; effect, precisely, was the aim, the triumph of everyone, and that was, their philosophy insisted, enough. They were tired of long drab hours in the offices of the Loop; they were weary of coming home to domestic burdens and toil; they were sick of oppressive convention. Here life was carried more lightly. It was a vicinity of admitted frivolity, maintained not without a degree of courage. The incidental lack of solidity—of safety, even—was unimportant, unnoticed, since disaster instantly hid, bore away its victims; and there were always fresh troops of girls sacrificing their dinners for a flowered hat, men living nowhere at all in the interest of a new spring suit of checks and the engagement it would adorn.

Wilson Avenue was as different as possible from the regions bounding it—the made ground and golf links of Lincoln Park and the quiet, sombre streets of the Chicago rich. Rather, they had been the streets of plenty; now they were largely deserted; the era of great stone dwellings, of mansions, in the city was over. Elaborate stone fretting or severe façades, plots of lawn with their circular beds for cannas behind iron fences, tall plate-glass windows filled with lace, and heavy-crowned porte-cochères, were dark and still. What was paramount in 1890 was hideous, grotesque, twenty years after. The surrounding open began to fill, from Wilmette to Kenilworth, from Winnetka to Lake Forest.

The Lincoln Park district, at the north, was connected by a chain of boulevards with the southwest part of the city. There was a continuous eighty—or was it ninety, a hundred?—miles of smooth driveway; and over the concrete, through parks and wastes, I swung from end to end. There was skating by the gray bulk of the Drake Hotel, the Gold Coast ended at Belleview Place, and Diversey Boulevard led away from the lake. Beyond the North Branch of the Chicago River Logan Boulevard lay with its three drives and trees, the Art Institute; but on Kedzie there were only low brick apartments.

An immense glass conservatory followed, boat houses, gardens and pavilions, a statue of a Pole, Karil—but the rest I missed; a street that was the longest in the world, Chicago University and the old Midway Plaisance, a copy of a boat Columbus sailed, Lake Michigan again and the South Shore Country Club. It was actually a country club in the city, but for that insufficient reason there was no lack of space, of fields for polo, for trap shooting and the fairways of golf. Plainly there were hundreds of members, and with the funds available nothing possible that was luxurious had been overlooked. It made really a new standard of decorative comfort for country clubs. The main hall, the Passegio, a tremendous sweep in blue with cream-colored balconies, was like the perfection of an ultramodern hotel. It was that, perhaps, more than a club for games

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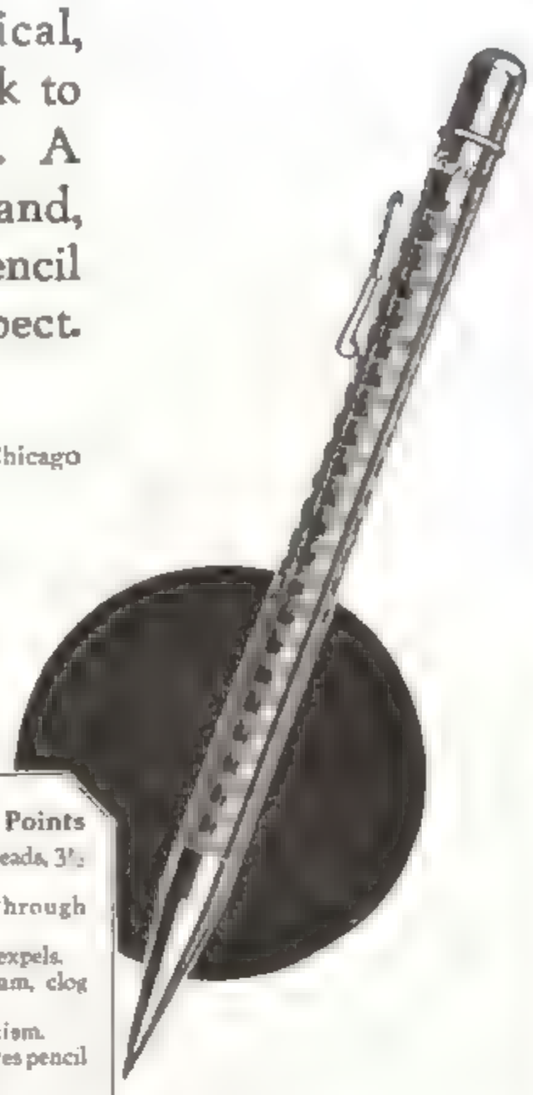

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in the open; here, at least, was an American, a Chicago development of an English institution.

In it, certainly, the open, the chance of rain and a positive mud, was discreetly admonished, kept by groups of servants—not innocent of tips—beyond the doors. The ashes of a pipe knocked anywhere would have been an act of vandalism. The truth was, I began to see, that it was a club founded upon a feminine taste; I couldn't imagine any masculine instinct enjoying it for long: a club for dances and diamonds—but not for pearls—for table-d'hôte dinners to the syncopated strings and saxophones of energetic orchestras, and for bridge parties in the morning.

Leaving, still on the system of boulevards, I recalled the jamborees, the Pottawottomi, in Robinson's house at Wolf's Point, the single fiddle of Beaubien's tavern, the Eagle; I thought of those bygone parties with no discrimination in favor of the new. I passed a coast-guard station, a municipal bathing beach, the incredible hotels of the South Side, the Cooper-Carlton and the South Shore, back to Michigan Boulevard. It was along Grand where that extraordinary migration of negroes had settled, pouring in a soft resistless stream, like black strap molasses, into the pretentious houses of the avenue and spilling into the side streets. It all now had an air of ludicrous decline; negroes formal and informal, pompous or lax, passed and repassed over the wide sidewalks, and gathered in clusters on the broad stone steps. The dwellings there, in their hour impressively select, were large, with high painted ceilings and dignified halls, and I wondered what tragic comedies, what mad mimicries were acted in them now. They had overflowed for the negro riots, when men were held against walls and shot to ribbons, but that was over; Jack Johnson's saloon was closed, and this rightful Gold Coast, bringing its title from Africa, was only grotesque. That, lost in the banality of a street of automobile agencies, ended the scope of a drive which, it appeared, had been laid in the future; it was, except for the hills and woods and pools of parks, magnificent but empty. Again Chicago would have to expand.

It was inevitable that I should see the stockyards; and though I was quite willing to meet this necessity my interest was not in the mechanical details of a magnified slaughterhouse; the neatness with which cattle and pigs were introduced to the knife, the sanitary packing rooms, the operators immaculate in white, I accepted in advance. Conditions there had changed since a pair of boots, against the floods of blood, were an indispensable part of that excursion. And in a train elevated above the depressing expanse of pens, pens trampled and empty or choked with the uneasy shifting backs of steers, over abattoirs significantly without windows, with everywhere the painted signs of names famous around the world on cans, I wondered not about the processes involved, but dwelt upon the men engaged in them.

At the Stockyards

The country was entering—or had it just left?—an era of industrial animosity; capitalists and corporations had been loudly attacked by a public not, it was my inference, stockholders in the concerns it was their aim to destroy. Of these the packers had had perhaps more than their share of discredit; and I was curious to see what in reality they were like—the packers on every scale. There was another phase of this as well—the aspect of concentration of nationalities, not only in plants but in the city of Chicago.

I didn't, however, see myself in the superior position of an investigator; I had no wish to write indignant paragraphs about oppressive wrongs, either to men or to beasts. There were ills, signal injustice, outside the stockyards, and it was probable that, as well, they existed within. I was, in the offices of not the least celebrated of the firms concerned, met with an entire courtesy and an apparent willingness that I should see, know everything. I was assured that it all would be put before me in a candor without ulterior purpose. What at once was clear was that no disposition of the office forces could have been better planned; the appointments were both practical and pleasant, the noise, under soundproof ceilings, was reduced to a minimum; and there was a general and perceptible pride of accomplishment.

The head of such an immense industry had the manner of an actual democracy: I was beside his tall desk, where he often stood in the open office, and I liked at once a level voice, an easy sweep of hair and a perceptible note of humor. What he said needed no careful thought because obviously it was fact—it had to do with humanity at large and not specially problems here involved. An industrial change, I gathered for myself, had actually occurred, or at least in the attitude, the understanding of the employers of men. They had come to prefer—to provide for—a reasonably satisfied worker to discontent. They were, where the individual was concerned, fair; the individual, taking his place in the whole machine of industry, was well regarded.

With the machine itself, since it was inevitable, I equally had no quarrel; that was automatic, inescapable today. Even on its worst, most monopolistic side it could be condemned only through the political systems, the weak government that made its evils possible. The truth was, certainly, that such corporate interests were stronger, superior to the spirit they were held to serve; their weight and power and success had become the government. My only concern, my particular purpose was to discover what in them was happening to the nation spirit I was pursuing.

That, beyond question, was in danger; its dimmest flicker was difficult to find. The presence of the evils of unfair competition didn't upset me. Indeed, their actuality, any force, however brutal, was a cause for optimism. It was power I was looking for; if that still existed the digging of proper channels for its force might well be accomplished. Power, beyond doubt, I found; but it was only in isolated men, rare exceptions.

Marvels of Organization

I discovered it in the stockyards—the new power of organization rather than of creation—and I came on it in the bank that had grown familiar to me. There it was even more encouraging, for, strangely in that situation, it had its idealistic glow. It was a force which, compelled to accept the blunders of government and firms and individuals, was yet responsible for the safety of the whole. Those vice presidents, perpetually with a slight troubled frown, of necessity curt, sending and receiving their messengers, were supports of no mean proportion. They upheld an amazing lot! It was a commonplace to think of bankers as men with hard faces and soft hands, severed from human sympathy by the walls of their gold; but what, at reassuring times, I found were men worn with insuperable burden, holding, very secretly, disastrous failure by its insecure throat. They were, it seemed, merchants of money, they sold money for profit or stored it in investments where, apparently in vaults, it multiplied; but, beyond that, they were the officers of national credit, of the financial security which now, taking the place of older virtues, was the base of governments.

Again, in a place which seemed to contain the souls of a million country stores, I found, quietly at its head, a power with a kindly, it might be a gentle spirit. The miracle of industrial coöperation he had brought about was as various and complicated as the human body. It was a vast space of all the conceivable merchandise of the world, where plows together with cotton dresses, brooms and woodworking tools, machinery and feathers, were swiftly assembled—without confusion or halt, with no shouted directions, silent but for the motion of endless belts and gravity—made into packages, finally wrapped and discharged, at ten-minute intervals, into trap cars for a reloading in trains bound for every mile of the continent.

The stores of towns and of crossroads had been absorbed; this was a service, a competition which they could not meet; and I thought of them as growing dustier, more melancholy, with every fall and spring season. They were once schools of politics and native story, places of meeting and posts of news; but those benefits, those qualities they had lost one by one, and now their primary and last usefulness was slipping away through mail orders and a rural free delivery. Benefits apparently, those two latter, oh, without doubt! But there was a loss of racial characteristics to be met; yes—of local American character. Localities in the sense of accumulated

habit, of a birthright in the soil, were becoming a thing of the past in a space of time too short to be even considered as divisible.

Almost exclusively Chicago as a city, as an entity of builded materials, had filled my thoughts; its greatest significance, the men who had entered into it, I had neglected until now. They were brought before me, not by the city that was their fate but by the image of a country store; most of the men, the very best, had been drawn from the country. They came to Chicago in their youth, with only a little if any money at all, and their energy, their freshness and courage were welded into the invisible girders of the monumental pile. They managed to keep into a late middle age—few lived to become old—the qualities of the small places of their birth; they had on the greens of country clubs—that perversion of a familiar term—an air slightly rural, their voices preserved sectional inflections and idioms of the soil. They were, perhaps, entirely unaware of this. Certainly they became creatures wholly of the city; and they were disinclined to make sentimental excursions to villages of the past. They had grown used to advanced degrees of physical comfort; yet it was, paradoxically, the early absence of that comfort which made its eventuality possible.

They had been boys in frigid attic rooms, in sod huts of the prairie, in box cars resting under the darkness and snow of Northern woods, and they were inured to hardship, to scant fare and aching labor; they had been bred to the importance, the power and difficulties of attainment, of two bits as a piece of money. They were accustomed to desire and dreams rather than possession; and all their lives, with possessions beyond their power of hope, they were still very little concentrated on the ornate rewards of money. There wasn't, in reality, after the essentials had been more than supplied, much that they wanted to buy. They had a way of putting their money back to work, of reinvesting it, and then regarding its sheer accumulation with an almost humorous concern. They built the large houses in town and the wide houses in the country, whichever was appropriate to the day, and adopted toward them an air of detached pride.

The houses, the parties, all of Europe, were for their families, their wives and children. They gave their children every circumstance of ease and luxury; and then, sitting in their offices, momentarily forgetting the business before them, wondered, with pain at their hearts, what had got into their girls and boys. It was their parental fallacy that a boy constantly driving an imported automobile with a specially upholstered body could walk as tirelessly, as long as that other boy with acres to attend daily on his legs. Blindly they thought that girls in sheer tulle and brocaded sandals were of the same fiber as those who, in the near but dead past, had schemed and worked and sewed on a length of printed material.

Pampered and Hampered Youth

Their difficulty was even more involved; a simple holding back of funds was as hopeless as generosity; the mere presence, the fact of money bred its own desires and sullen resentments. However, I was concerned with the new generation in only a special way, in its relation to Chicago; and there, except as ornaments of its pleasure places, I was forced to admit that it was not impressive. Their fathers constantly made opportunities for them. At best they conserved, held together and sometimes highly capitalized, increased what had been created; at best they made more elaborate, or simplified, the houses into which they were born; they brought elegance to the scene; but, never faced with the bare facts, the raw materials of life, they had no chance to build edifices of their own.

The momentary poor I was not then considering, for I was faced with an American problem; and the America, the Chicago before me had its being in another and more national period. It was principally visible in the careers of a half dozen, hardly more, families that had come, each in a single youth, with perhaps a tomahawk and some steel beaver traps, to the city he was to make. Fortunate youths! They, in an absolute sense, were national; but unhappily their spirit, keen in hard bodies, they were unable to bequeath. They were not the parents of other strong sons; not they, although the land still was. For that thin stream of the ably masculine had not yet been broken; it was being renewed, continued, man by man, from the rigid simplicity of small places and smaller means. They in their turn were lost either in failure or riches: but like the soldiers of a desperate cause they advanced confidently to probable disaster.

This was more clearly to be seen in Chicago than in any other place, for Chicago drew to itself the power of the heart of the land. It attracted the able young directly or captured them from smaller cities; it secured for its banks the cashiers and tellers of little affairs, and made them into executives, presidents and directors. Chicago kept them or sent them East, where there was an insatiable cry for renewal. It was, however, conceivable that the supply of such men was not inexhaustible; it would continue only as long as the conditions of its birth were maintained.

Here, before I knew the West, I began to be aware of that spirit different from other spirits, of a land different from other lands. The suavity Chicago had developed—the University Club with its cold, accurate copy of a London guild hall; the Cliff Dwellers, where, to all obvious appearances, I so wholly belonged; the Saddle and Cycle, exclusive from the very democracy of its tradition—all this fundamentally I ignored. A beautiful Elizabethan house and lawns at Winnetka, formal dinner parties with tall wax candles seemed to me without character or importance, in precisely the way that I, as an individual, was nothing more than an onlooker.

The Beauty of Individuality

It was then that, with the beginning of understanding, an admiration warm like affection for Chicago was born. I had a sensation of recognition, the feeling of being at home. Chicago, in common with London or Paris, couldn't be imagined anywhere else; its faults, on that plane, were indistinguishable from its virtues. With the city what it was, how could it escape uproar and darkness and rapine? How could it be Chicago, America, and have the green-and-white calm, the placidity of an Attic city? And in order to see it with a greater clarity and justice, I imagined it frozen into the lagoons, the classic peristyles and façades of the World's Fair, forever art and forever clean; a vision that horrified me by its utter emptiness, its banal lack of meaning. As it was, the rawness, its corners celebrated for shotguns, the slaughtering pens, were beauty

Chicago, strongly individual as it was, helped to hurry this unfortunate state forward; rolled incessantly in the deep resistless steam beds of its streets, individuals rapidly grew worn and empty of feature. This specially happened to what I had regarded as a native stock; alien people in their particular quarters seemed to escape the menace of a common obliteration better. The use of the word "alien" in America, where everyone only a decade before had been a stranger, seemed to demand justification; and for my purpose that term meant all those nationalities and individualities not transmutable into something recognizably and permanently American. The fault, however, lay not with the aliens, in a sense themselves searching for the Shining Mountains, but in the land. Up to a certain point of saturation America had taken them all, and with its instant magic changed them from citizens of the Old World to inhabitants of what promised to become a new.

That desirable result, in a process of reasonable assimilation, appeared successfully established. When hope and cupidity, the blindness of American industry, had let into the country such eager mobs that the absorption had come abruptly to an end, America couldn't digest them, turn them into itself; and as it grew more and more distended, swollen with foreign particles, it grew—inevitably—weaker, impotent. As its strength in that particular declined, the power, the mass of the foreign particles multiplied. No longer changed, transformed, they remained aggressively themselves. Where they settled in the country, in the wheat or the corn, among the grapevines of the East and West, it was still well; but where they gathered in cities, in Chicago, the results threatened to become fatal.

The nationalities employed by the firm in the stockyards had given me some insight into the complexities of Chicago life. The list for the month of October, in 1921,

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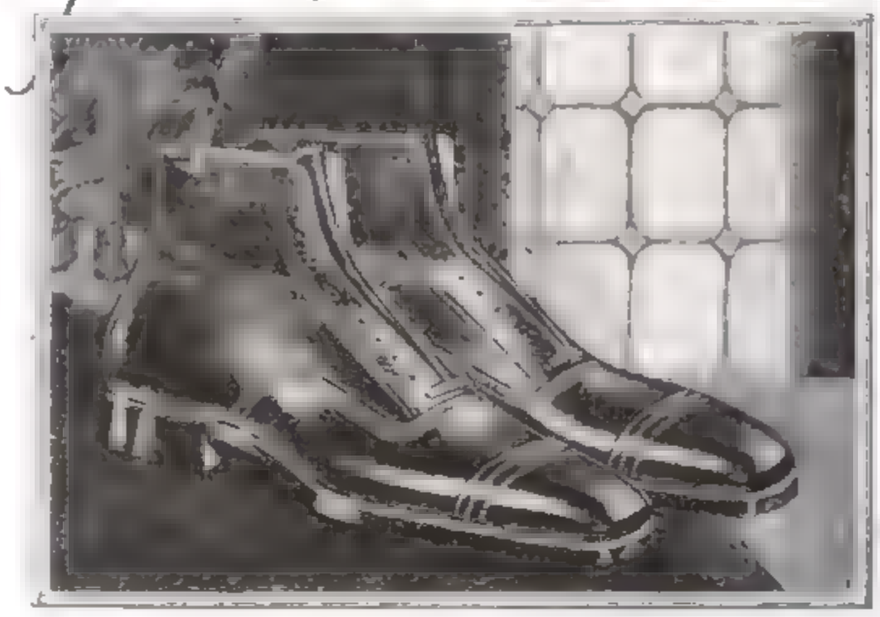

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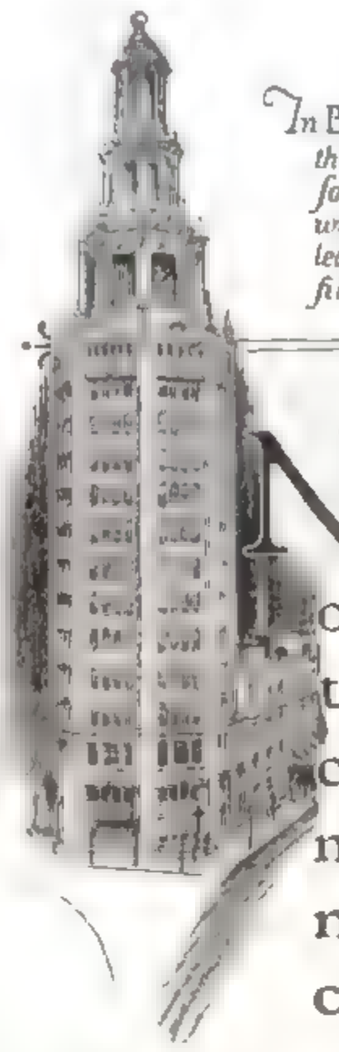

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with a total of six thousand four hundred and forty-nine, had shown only thirteen hundred and ninety-four white Americans; there were more negroes than this; and thirteen hundred and three Poles. Of the remainder only two hundred and eighty were from English colonies. The Lithuanians, Russians, Mexicans, Slovaks, Bohemians and Hungarians counted twelve hundred and seventy-six. They lived—Back of the Yards—in colonies bounded often by dead lines; they preserved their various speeches and old historic habits, untroubled by the thought of any obligation except that to a foreman or a political martinet.

They were more vital than the country, the institutions of the land to which they had come; and they existed, camped in it with a wide ignorance of the whole matched only by that of the dwindling and indifferent natives.

No one could blame the aliens, the immigrant labor; they were acting in an entirely natural manner; more than that—they were working, filling all the low and arduous places not, in the opinion of the original stock, fit for them. The attention they got on a Fourth of July in thirty languages was exclusively from smooth gentlemen interested in holding them in political pens for all the world like those of the yards.

The Cost of Greatness

In Chicago as a whole, Cook County, there were nine hundred and seventy-nine thousand five hundred and forty-one men twenty-one and more years of age; of this number two hundred and three thousand and a fraction were native white, and four hundred and forty-four thousand five hundred and fourteen foreign born; among them two hundred and five thousand seven hundred and forty-three were not citizens, they were not naturalized. In the Nineteenth Ward there were slightly over twenty-six thousand native whites and forty-six thousand three hundred and sixty-six of foreign bloods. Italy furnished fifteen thousand one hundred and ninety-nine of these; in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth wards there were forty-three thousand one hundred and ninety Poles. The houses, the streets of the Poles were secretive, apart, sullen; but there was nothing retiring in the Italian region.

I rode over Taylor Street in an inconspicuous dark blue riot car that belonged to the police; the captain of the automobile section, his face deep in a fur collar, drove, and curtained in the back seat was an alert specialist, with a number of fingers shot from his gun hand, poised for eventualities. The setting, in the middle of the builded immensity of Chicago, was curious; it resembled the dilapidated wooden outskirts. The houses were small, various in character but alike in oppressive air; the streets were wide and sombre—long, low perspectives in a monotony of debasement—and they were flooded with shoals of dark, feverishly active children. There were, at short intervals, pool rooms, and at the entrance to each invariably stood a small group of carefully, meticulously dressed boys with smoothly brushed shining black hair. They were at once idle and obviously well provided for; and as we passed, their glittering and shadowed eyes, black like their hair, followed our course with an instant recognition. For the most part, except for their bitter shifting gaze, they were silent, motionless; but more than once there was a soft appalling threat of curses reaching above the throttled hum of the engine.

Strange Tongues

They were the gun fighters, the murderers of the city—Italy at once young and ancient in the new land of its adoption. They had been born here; to that extent they were American; their parents or grandparents had come as a rural people; but the cities had dragged them into their stone courts and detours and wrecked the simplicity, distorted simple superstitions and passions into the evils of cold hatred. There was, close by, a celebrated house for the amelioration of just this; but, in its neighborhood on Taylor Street, whatever it might have accomplished was unperceptible; the situation was too tragically deep, too innate with all that made it possible, to be ended by what, at best, was an application of philanthropy to the surface.

But the Italians were not monopolists of the guns—so often in an army pattern—of tragic corners and lurching automobiles; there was an increasing number of other youths, who at last had become fighters in the same desperate way. They came mostly from Maxwell Street; and as the silent blue car turned there I was enveloped in the strong odor of sour distilled mash. The copper stills were everywhere on sale in handcarts lining sidewalks where not an additional figure, it seemed, could be crowded into the massed humanity, dirty in its brilliancy, bright in its dirt, and loud with the clatter of a strange tongue.

Crowding Circumstances

Again there were no individuals to blame, nothing, unfortunately, so easily satisfactory; it was the mechanical result of crowding circumstances. Within a night's ride of Chicago fifty million people were living; and they were all swept irresistibly, as if by a centripetal power, toward a common point, not far removed from the corner of Jackson Boulevard and La Salle Street.

What in the most expansive moments of local ambition had been prophesied had overwhelmingly happened: Chicago was one of the three great cities of the world. It was more native than New York; more unruly but not so depraved as London; and in spite of its bulk, a town where Paris was a city. Nothing now in the United States could be more significant, because it was an overwhelming example of an American center of civilization.

In its rude force it was admirable, even at the price of murder—always a specialty of the country—and as color, history, it was inimitable; but as a national asset and symptom, as a gate to the future, it was not reassuring. It was torn with a strife of infamous poverty and privilege that showed no sign of dwindling; and its aspect of solidity was preserved by that unceasing sacrifice of country blood and endurance.

It began to be evident that it wasn't worth what it cost; that, together with all great cities, there was a fatality in it—the breaking down of the structure of men. Chicago took the youth of the country, but it gave back nothing except Sunday excursions, spent bodies and the participants in sports. It took and took life, and life entering it never came out again. There was a fallacy abroad among the people of cities that the country existed only in order to feed them, that the country was an adjunct, a dependency of the city. The reverse, of course, was true—cities were the result of the richness, the fertility and industry of the land. When the land was exhausted the great towns, the trading posts would fall into empty neglect, desolate and echoless ruins.

The Flight From Loneliness

What happened was that people, hurrying from loneliness, from isolation, flocked tremendously together where they could hear reassuring voices, where the multitudes made possible theaters like that on State Street; and for any degree of excitement, of forgetfulness, they were willing to pay any sum. The country now, the little villages in their circles of prairie, the compact towns that were county seats, the small cities swept by strong salt tides were looked upon with something like contempt. Indeed, they regarded themselves apologetically. It couldn't be helped or cured—it was a fact. Or at least it was a fact of the present; it could not endure; for if cities continued to increase they would end by being the smoking points of the last visible life in a desert.

There were, however, signs of a realization of this—I was to find them rapidly developing in the Far West—and the boulevards of Chicago were but the first aspect of an opened and beautiful city, a city laid on resplendent and universal projects. There would, when that was completed, be nothing left of the lanes, the old familiar clothes, of the past; Chicago, scrubbed and put into a semiclassic robing—that aspect of a fair grounds—would resemble the better parts of Paris and Vienna. It couldn't be helped, no one really would wish it averted; yet I was very glad that I had known it at the height of its own vigorous youth.

I talked a long while to a power different from the vice presidents of banks, the heads

(Continued on Page 128)

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TRUSCON STEEL CO.
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

Memo
to write to Truscon Steel Co., Youngstown, O., Dept. S-12, about building problem.

(Continued from Page 126)

of great corporations; his was a different world; and in a spirit of friendliness he told me that in the event of being robbed on the street I must put my hands up at once. Give them the money, he said seriously, tapping my knee with a heavy finger. They were crazy, those boys, mad with drink and suspicions and idleness. He went on, speculating when, how, his particular fate would overtake him. It would have to be from a little distance, where he couldn't reach the pistol with his crushing hands.

He had been born Back of the Yards, a child of Chicago; Chicago had nurtured him, and in his shadowed brain he loved his city. The rich—my friends the bankers—were making it impossible for him, for the like of him to live: and he was fighting. His long expressionless face was suddenly stirred at the mouth by a flicker of pure hate. It at once startled me and filled me with interest, for the reason that, if he were moved to it, he could have arranged to have me stay perpetually the guest and the victim of his city. I thought of him at dinner in a house over which there was a peaceful atmosphere of time, as time went in Chicago; I heard his dull voice, the accents of his passionate ignorance, through a lightness of charming tones, of the cultivated phrases of art. I heard his and another voice, resonant with power, as tense and vibrant as metal.

Those two were opposed to each other in a warfare in which the latter had already triumphed; for the first time I came in contact with the civic force used, in theory, to support the law. Never before had I realized how the world, except in chance moments of personal need, was arrayed against the police. They fought the acts of criminals and the sentimentality, the weakened nerves of the rest of mankind. I had been gazing, in a room of the police department, at a large framed panel which bore the stars of the men killed on duty: and then I went in to see their chief.

He, at least, was America, strong and young and ruthless; he would have stayed with Frémont to the end or taken his packs through any sterile desert to Santa Fé. Listening to him I was charged with his ringing vitality—a detective had been shot to death in the hall of a pool room, but before he had died, from the floor he had killed the man he was sent for. This, too, was a commonplace. It was Chicago. Beyond, above that, it had the authentic accent, the spirit of a country strong enough to live.

The dinner moved on without a break in the charm, the candlelight fell on dresses like silver leaves and like roseate mists, on linen fastened with pearls; and this was Chicago as well; it was what Chicago, with privilege, might become—the ornament that leisure always added to necessity. The cultivation of Roman winters had gone into it, the suns of the Riviera, the ancient smoothness of the Thames, and, listening, those other voices, assertive and defiant, grew less clear; they were confused in the delightful babble of æsthetic trifles; and then the dessert, the end appeared, rich and sweet and unsubstantial.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue

THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

would never cross. I was not sure I'd ever even see him again. But on the very next day he wrote me a letter thanking me for my offers of help and inviting me to come and see him. I answered that I would. He wrote again. I called.

"I got to see a great deal of him. It was always a pleasure for me to listen to him, he knew so much and he expressed his knowledge so interestingly. I think he is the most magnetic man I ever met.

"We talked of many things, for he is a widely read man with an amazing grasp of many subjects and a remarkable gift for interesting generalization. The wisdom of his speech is impressive. I have heard many people accuse Percy Thomas of many things, including insincerity, but I sometimes wonder if his remarkable plausibility does not come from the fact that he first convinces himself so thoroughly as to acquire thereby a greatly increased power to convince others.

"Of course we talked about market matters at great length. I was not bullish on cotton, but he was. I could not see the bull side at all, but he did. He brought up so many facts and figures that I ought to have been overwhelmed, but I wasn't. I couldn't disprove them because I could not deny their authenticity, but they did not shake my belief in what I read for myself. But he kept at it until I no longer felt sure of my own information as gathered from the trade papers and the dailies. That meant I couldn't see the market with my own eyes. A man cannot be convinced against his own convictions, but he can be talked into a state of uncertainty and indecision, which is even worse, for that means that he cannot trade with confidence

"I cannot say that I got all mixed up, exactly, but I lost my poise; or rather, I ceased to do my own thinking. I cannot give you in detail the various steps by which I reached the state of mind that was to prove so costly to me. I think it was his assurances of the accuracy of his figures, which were exclusively his, and the undependability of mine, which were not exclusively mine, but public property. In the end I came to read conditions as he himself read them—because we were both reading from the same page of the same book held by him before my eyes. He has a logical mind. Once I accepted his facts it was a cinch that my own conclusions, derived from his facts, would agree with his own.

"When he began his talks with me about the cotton situation I not only was bearish but I was short of the market. Gradually, as I began to accept his facts and figures, I began to fear I had been basing my previous position on misinformation. Of course I could not feel that way and not cover; and once I had covered because Thomas made me think I was wrong, I simply had to go long. It is the way my mind works. You know, I have done nothing in my life but trade in stocks and commodities. I naturally think that if it is wrong to be bearish it must be right to be a bull. And if it is right to be a bull it is imperative to buy. As my old Palm Beach friend said Pat Hearne used to say, 'You can't tell till you bet!' I must prove whether I am right on the market or not; and the proofs are to be read only in my brokers' statements at the end of the month.

"I started in to buy cotton and in a jiffy I had my usual line, about sixty thousand bales. It was the most asinine play of my career. Instead of standing or falling by my own observation and deductions I was merely playing another man's information. It was eminently fitting that my sucker plays should not end with that. I not only bought when I had no business to be bullish but I didn't accumulate my line in accordance with the promptings of experience. I wasn't trading right. Having listened, I was lost.

"The market was not going my way. I am never afraid or impatient when I am sure of my position. But the market didn't act the way it should have acted had Thomas been right. Having taken the first wrong step I took the second and the third, and of course it muddled me all up. I allowed myself to be persuaded not only into not taking my loss but into holding up the market. That is a style of play foreign to my nature and contrary to my trading principles and theories. Even as a boy in the bucket shops I had known better.

"I not only was long of cotton but I was carrying a heavy line of wheat. That was doing famously and showed me a handsome profit. My fool efforts to bolster up cotton had increased my line to about one hundred and fifty thousand bales. I may tell you that about this time I was not feeling very well. I don't say this to furnish an excuse for my blunders, but merely to state a pertinent fact. I remember I went to Bayshore for a rest.

"While there I did some thinking. It seemed to me that my speculative commitments were overlarge. I am not timid as a rule, but I got to feeling nervous and that made me decide to lighten my load. To do this I must clean up either the cotton or the wheat.

Watch This Column

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"It seems incredible that knowing the game as well as I did and with an experience of twelve or fourteen years of speculating in stocks and commodities I did precisely the wrong thing. The cotton showed me a loss and I kept it. The wheat showed me a profit and I sold it out. It was an utterly foolish play. Of all speculative blunders there are few greater than trying to average a losing game. My cotton deal proved it to the hilt a little later. Always sell what shows you a loss and keep what shows you a profit. That was so obviously the wise thing to do and was so well known to me that even now I marvel at my doing the reverse.

"And so I sold my wheat, deliberately cut short my profit in it. After I got out of it the price went up twenty cents a bushel without stopping. If I had kept it I might have taken a profit of about eight million dollars. And having decided to keep on with the losing proposition I bought more cotton!

"I remember very clearly how every day I would buy cotton, more cotton. And why do you think I bought it? To keep the price from going down! If that isn't a supersucker play, what is? I simply kept on putting up more and more money—more money to lose eventually. My brokers and my intimate friends could not understand it; and they don't to this day. Of course if the deal had turned out differently I would have been a wonder. But I kept on buying cotton to keep it from going down. I was even buying it in Liverpool. I accumulated four hundred and forty thousand bales before I realized what I was doing. And then it was too late. So I sold out my line.

"I lost nearly all that I had made out of all my other deals in stocks and commodities. I was not completely cleaned out, but I had left fewer hundreds of thousands than I had millions before I violated all the laws that experience had taught me to observe in order to prosper.

"To learn that a man can make foolish plays for no reason whatever was a valuable lesson. It cost me millions to learn that another dangerous enemy to a trader is his susceptibility to the urgings of a magnetic personality when plausibly expressed by a brilliant mind. It has always seemed to me, however, that I might have learned my lesson quite as well if the cost had been only one million. But Fate does not always let you fix the tuition fee. She delivers the educational wallop and presents her own bill, knowing you have to pay it, no matter what the amount may be. Having learned what folly I was capable of I closed that particular incident. Percy Thomas went out of my life. Oh, yes, there are details, but if I told them all you would have to write a book about him."

Fleet-Winged Fortune

"There I was, with more than nine-tenths of my stake, as Jim Fisk used to say, gone where the woodbine twineth—up the spout. I had been a millionaire rather less than a year. My millions I had made by using brains, helped by luck. I had lost them by reversing the process. I sold my two yachts and was decidedly less extravagant in my manner of living.

"But that one blow wasn't enough. Luck was against me. I ran up against illness in my family and troubles and annoyances that did not tend to make me more philosophical. My troubles culminated in the urgent need of two hundred thousand dollars in cash to help a member of my family. A few months before, that sum would have been nothing at all; but now it meant almost the entire remnant of my fleet-winged fortune. I had promised to supply the money and I had to keep my word. The question was: Where could I get it? I didn't want to take it out of the balance I kept at my brokers' because if I did I wouldn't have much of a margin left for my own trading; and I needed trading facilities more than ever if I was to win back my millions quickly. There was only one alternative that I could see, and that was to take it out of the stock market!

"I think that of all the mistakes I made after coming to New York that decision was the biggest, the least excusable, the most asinine. I decided to make the stock market pay for it!

"Just think of it! If you know much about the average customer of the average commission house you will agree with me that the hope of making the stock market pay your bills is one of the most prolific sources of loss in Wall Street. You will chip out all you have if you adhere to your determination.

"Why, in Harding's office one winter a little bunch of high flyers spent thirty or forty thousand dollars for an overcoat—and not one of them lived to wear it. It so happened that a prominent floor trader—who since has become world-famous as one of the dollar-a-year men—came down to the Exchange wearing a fur overcoat lined with sea otter. In those days, before furs went up sky high, that coat was valued at only ten thousand dollars. Well, one of the chaps in Harding's office, Bob Keown, decided to get a coat lined with Russian sable. He priced one. The cost was about the same, ten thousand dollars.

"'That's the devil of a lot of money,' objected one of the fellows.

"'Oh, fair! Fair!' admitted Bob Keown amiably. 'About a week's wages—unless you guys promise to present it to me as a slight but sincere token of the esteem in which you hold the nicest man in the office. Do I hear the presentation speech? No? Very well. I shall let the stock market buy it for me!'

"'Why do you want a sable coat?' asked Ed Harding.

"'It would look particularly well on a man of my inches,' replied Bob, drawing himself up.

"'And how did you say you were going to pay for it?' asked Jim Murphy, who was the star tip chaser of the office."

Wall Street Hoodoos

"'By a judicious investment of a temporary character, James. That's how,' answered Bob, who knew that Murphy merely wanted a tip.

"Sure enough, Jimmy asked, 'What stock are you going to buy?'

"'Wrong as usual, friend. This is no time to buy anything. I propose to sell five thousand Steel. It ought to go down ten points at the least. I'll just take two and a half points net. That is conservative, isn't it?'

"'What do you hear about it?' asked Murphy eagerly. He was a tall thin man with black hair and a hungry look, due to his never going out to lunch for fear of missing something on the tape.

"'I hear that coat's the most becoming I ever planned to get.' He turned to Harding: 'Ed, sell five thousand U.S. Steel common at the market. Today, darling!'

"He was a plunger, Bob was, and liked to indulge in humorous talk. It was his way of letting the world know that he had an iron nerve. He sold five thousand Steel, and the stock promptly went up. Not being half as big an ass as he seemed when he talked, Bob stopped his loss at one and a half points and confided to the office that the New York climate was too benign for fur coats. They were unhealthy and ostentatious. The rest of the fellows jeered. But it was not long before one of them bought some Union Pacific to pay for the coat. He lost eighteen hundred dollars and said sables were all right for the outside of a woman's wrap, but not for the inside of a garment intended to be worn by a modest and intelligent man.

"After that, one after another of the fellows tried to coax the market to pay for that coat. One day I said I would buy it to keep the office from going broke. But they all said that it wasn't a sporting thing to do; that if I wanted the coat for myself I ought to let the market give it to me. But Ed Harding strongly approved of my intention and that same afternoon I went to the furrier's to buy it. I found out that a man from Chicago had bought it the week before.

"That was only one case. There isn't a man in Wall Street who has not lost money trying to make the market pay for an automobile or a bracelet or a motor boat or a painting. I could build a huge hospital with the birthday presents that the tight-fisted stock market has refused to pay for. In fact, of all hoodoos in Wall Street I think the resolve to induce the stock market to act as a fairy godmother is the busiest and most persistent.

"Like all well-authenticated hoodoos this has its reason for being. What does a man do when he sets out to make the stock market pay for a sudden need? Why, he merely hopes. He gambles. He therefore runs much greater risks than he would if he were speculating intelligently, in accordance with opinions or beliefs logically arrived at after a dispassionate study of

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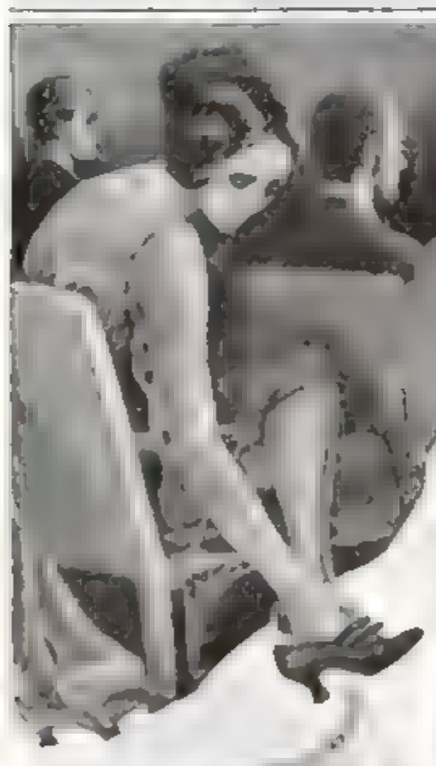

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underlying conditions. To begin with, he is after an immediate profit. He cannot afford to wait. The market must be nice to him at once if at all. He flatters himself that he is not asking more than to place an even-money bet. Because he is prepared to run quick—say, stop his loss at two points when all he hopes to make is two points—he hugs the fallacy that he is merely taking a fifty-fifty chance. Why, I've known men to lose thousands of dollars on such trades, particularly on purchases made at the height of a bull market just before a moderate reaction. It certainly is no way to trade.

"Well, that crowning folly of my career as a stock operator was the last straw. It beat me. I lost what little my cotton deal had left me. It did even more harm, for I kept on trading—and losing. I persisted in thinking that the stock market must perforce make money for me in the end. But the only end in sight was the end of my resources. I went into debt, not only to my principal brokers but to other houses that accepted business from me without my putting up an adequate margin. I not only got in debt but I stayed in debt from then on.

"There I was, once more broke, which was bad, and dead wrong in my trading, which was a sight worse. I was sick, nervous, upset and unable to reason calmly. That is, I was in the frame of mind in which no speculator should be when he is trading. Everything went wrong with me. Indeed, I began to think that I could not recover my departed sense of proportion. Having grown accustomed to swinging a big line—say, more than a hundred thousand shares of stock—I feared I would not show good judgment trading in a small way. It scarcely seemed worth while being right when all you carried was a hundred shares of stock. After the habit of taking a big profit on a big line I wasn't sure I would know when to take my profit on a small line. I can't describe to you how weaponless I felt. I surely was in a bad way.

"Broke again and incapable of assuming the offensive vigorously. In debt and wrong! After all those long years of successes, tempered by mistakes that really served to pave the way for greater successes, I was now worse off than when I began in the bucket shops. I had learned a great deal about the game of stock speculation, but I had not learned quite so much about the play of human weaknesses. There is no mind so machinelike that you can depend upon it to function with equal efficiency at all times. I now learned that I could not trust myself to remain equally unaffected by men and misfortunes at all times."

Beaten by the Game

"Money losses have never worried me in the slightest. But other troubles could and did. I studied my disaster and of course found no difficulty in seeing just where I had been silly. I spotted the exact time and place. A man must know himself thoroughly if he is going to make a good job out of trading in the speculative markets. To know what I was capable of in the line of folly was a long educational step. I sometimes think that no price is too high for a speculator to pay to learn that which will keep him from getting the swelled head. A great many smashes by brilliant men can be traced directly to the swelled head—an expensive disease everywhere to everybody, but particularly to a speculator.

"I was not happy in New York, feeling the way I did. I didn't want to trade, because I wasn't in good trading trim. I decided to go away and seek a stake elsewhere. The change of scene could help me to find myself again, I thought. So once more I left New York, beaten by the game of speculation. I was worse than broke, since I owed over one hundred thousand dollars spread among various brokers.

"I went to Chicago and there found a stake. It was not a very substantial stake, but that merely meant that I would need a little more time to win back my fortune. A house that I had done business with once had faith in my ability as a trader and they were willing to prove it by allowing me to trade in their office in a small way.

"I began very conservatively. I don't know how I might have fared had I stayed there. But one of the most remarkable experiences in my career cut short my stay in Chicago. It is an almost incredible story.

"One day I got a telegram from Lucius Tucker. I had known him when he was the office manager of a Stock Exchange firm that I had at times given some business to, but I had lost track of him. The telegram read:

Come to New York at once. L. TUCKER.

"I knew that he knew from mutual friends how I was fixed and therefore it was certain he had something up his sleeve. At the same time I had no money to throw away on an unnecessary trip to New York; so instead of doing what he asked me to do I got him on the long distance.

"'I got your telegram,' I said. 'What does it mean?'

"'It means that a big banker in New York wants to see you,' he answered.

"'Who is it?' I asked. I couldn't imagine who it could be.

"'I'll tell you when you get to New York. No use otherwise.'

"'You say he wants to see me?'

"'He does.'

"'What about?'

"'He'll tell you that in person if you give him a chance,' said Lucius.

"'Can't you write me?'

"'No.'

"'Then tell me more plainly,' I said.

"'I don't want to.'

"'Look here, Lucius,' I said, 'just tell me this much: Is this a fool trip?'

"'Certainly not. It will be to your advantage to come.'

"'Can't you give me an inkling?'

"'No,' he said. 'It wouldn't be fair to him. And besides, I don't know just how much he wants to do for you. But take my advice: Come, and come quick.'

"'Are you sure it is I that he wishes to see?'

"'Nobody else but you will do. Better come, I tell you. Telegraph me what train you take and I'll meet you at the station.'

"'Very well,' I said and hung up."

Back to New York

"I didn't like quite so much mystery, but I knew that Lucius was friendly and that he must have a good reason for talking the way he did. I wasn't faring so sumptuously in Chicago that it would break my heart to leave it. At the rate I was trading it would be a long time before I could get together enough money to operate on the old scale.

"I came back to New York, not knowing what would happen. Indeed, more than once during the trip I feared nothing at all would happen and that I'd be out my railroad fare and my time. I could not guess that I was about to have the most curious experience of my entire life.

"Lucius met me at the station and did not waste any time in telling me that he had sent for me at the urgent request of Mr. Daniel Williamson, of the well-known Stock Exchange house of Williamson & Brown. Mr. Williamson told Lucius to tell me that he had a business proposition to make to me that he was sure I would accept, since it would be very profitable for me. Lucius swore he didn't know what the proposition was. The character of the firm was a guaranty that nothing improper would be demanded of me.

"Dan Williamson was the senior member of the firm, which was founded by Egbert Williamson way back in the '70's. There was no Brown and hadn't been one in the firm for years. The house had been very prominent in Dan's father's time and Dan had inherited a considerable fortune and didn't go after much outside business. They had one customer who was worth many average customers, and that was Alvin Marquand, who in addition to being a director in several large corporations was heavily interested in the Chesapeake and Atlantic Railroad system.

"Lucius told me he had just accepted a position with Williamson & Brown—one that was made for him. He was supposed to be a sort of circulating general business getter. The firm was after a general commission business and Lucius had induced Mr. Williamson to open a couple of branch offices, one in one of the big hotels uptown and the other in Chicago. I rather gathered that I was going to be offered a position in the latter place, possibly as office manager, which was something I would not accept. I didn't jump on Lucius because I thought I'd better wait until the offer was made before I refused it.

"Lucius took me into Mr. Williamson's private office, introduced me to his chief and left the room.

(Continued on Page 133)

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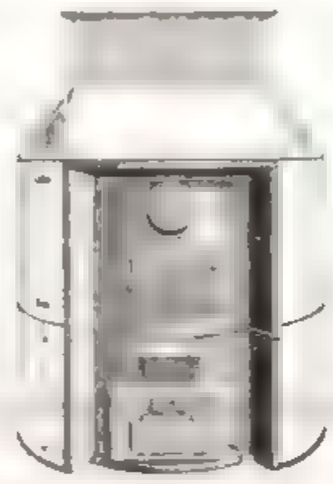

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PIPE *and* PIPELESS FURNACES

(Continued from Page 130)

"Mr. Williamson was very pleasant. He was a thorough gentleman, with polished manners and a kindly smile. I could see that he made friends easily and kept them. Why not? He was healthy and therefore good-humored. He had slathers of money and therefore could not be suspected of sordid motives. These things, together with his education and social training, made it easy for him to be not only polite but friendly, and not only friendly but helpful.

"I said nothing. I had nothing to say and, besides, I always let the other man have his say in full before I do any talking. Somebody told me that the late James Stillman, president of the National City Bank, made it his practice to listen in silence, with an impassive face, to anybody who brought a proposition to him. After the man got through Mr. Stillman continued to look at him, as though the man had not finished. So the man, feeling urged to say something more, did so. Simply by looking and listening Stillman often made the man offer terms much more advantageous to the bank than he had meant to offer when he began to speak.

"I don't keep silent just to induce people to offer a better bargain, but because I like to know all the facts of the case. By letting a man have his say in full you are able to decide at once. It is a great timesaver. It averts debates and prolonged discussions that get nowhere. Nearly every business proposition that is brought to me can be settled, as far as my participation in it is concerned, by my saying yes or no. But I cannot say yes or no right off unless I have the complete proposition before me."

A Chance to Come Back

"Dan Williamson did the talking and I did the listening. He told me he had heard a great deal about my operations in the stock market and how he regretted that I had gone outside of my bailiwick and come a cropper in cotton. Still it was to my bad luck that he owed the pleasure of that interview with me. He thought my forte was the stock market, that I was born for it and that I should not stray from it.

"'And that is the reason, Mr. Livingston,' he concluded pleasantly, 'why we wish to do business with you.'

"'Do business how?' I asked him.

"'Be your brokers,' he said. 'My firm would like to do your stock business.'

"'I'd like to give it to you,' I said, 'but I can't.'

"'Why not?' he asked.

"'I haven't any money,' I answered.

"'That part is all right,' he said with a friendly smile. 'I'll furnish it.' He took out a pocket check book, wrote out a check for twenty-five thousand dollars to my order, and gave it to me.

"'What's this for?' I asked.

"'For you to deposit in your own bank. You will draw your own checks. I want you to do your trading in our office. I don't care whether you win or lose. If that money goes I will give you another personal check. So you don't have to be so very careful with this one. See?'

"I knew that the firm was too rich and prosperous to need anybody's business, much less to give a fellow the money to put up as margin. And then he was so nice about it! Instead of giving me a credit with the house he gave me the actual cash, so that he alone knew where it came from, the only string being that if I traded I should do so through his firm. And then the promise that there would be more if that went! Still, there must be a reason.

"'What's the idea?' I asked him.

"'The idea is simply that we want to have a customer in this office who is known as a big active trader. Everybody knows that you swing a big line on the short side, which is what I particularly like about you. You are known as a plunger.'

"'I still don't get it,' I said.

"'I'll be frank with you, Mr. Livingston. We have two or three very wealthy customers who buy and sell stocks in a big way. I don't want the Street to suspect them of selling long stock every time we sell ten or twenty thousand shares of any stock. If the Street knows that you are trading in our office it will not know whether it is your short selling or the other customers' long stock that is coming on the market.'

"I understood at once. He wanted to cover up Marquand's operations with my reputation as a plunger! It so happened that I had made my biggest killing on the bear side a year and a half before, and, of course, the Street gossips and the stupid rumor mongers had acquired the habit of blaming me for every decline in prices. To this day when the market is very weak they say I am raiding it.

"I didn't have to reflect. I saw at a glance that Dan Williamson was offering me a chance to get back and get back quick. I took the check, banked it, opened an account with his firm and began trading. It was a good active market, broad enough for a man not to have to stick to one or two specialties. I had begun to fear, as I told you, that I had lost the knack of hitting it right. But it seems I hadn't. In three weeks' time I had made a profit of one hundred and twelve thousand dollars out of the twenty-five thousand that Dan Williamson lent me.

"I went to him and said, 'I've come to pay you back that twenty-five thousand dollars.'

"'No, no!' he said and waved me away exactly as if I had offered him a castor-oil cocktail. 'No, no, my boy. Wait until your account amounts to something. Don't think about it yet. You've only got chicken feed there.'

"I should have insisted on his taking the money. I was on my way to a bigger fortune than I had lost and walking pretty fast. For three weeks my average profit was 150 per cent per week. From then on my trading would be on a steadily increasing scale. But instead of freeing myself from all obligation I let him have his way and did not compel him to accept the twenty-five thousand dollars. Of course, since he didn't draw out the twenty-five thousand dollars he had advanced me I felt I could not very well draw out my profit. I was very grateful to him, but I am so constituted that I don't like to owe money or favors. I can pay the money back with money, but the favors and kindnesses I must pay back in kind—and you are apt to find these moral obligations mighty high priced at times. Moreover there is no statute of limitations.

"I left the money undisturbed and resumed my trading. I was getting on very nicely. I was recovering my poise and I was sure it would not be very long before I should get back into my 1907 stride. Once I did that, all I'd ask for would be for the market to hold out a little while and I'd more than make up my losses. But making or not making the money was not bothering me much. What made me happy was that I was losing the habit of being wrong, of not being myself. It had played havoc with me but I had learned my lesson.

"Just about that time I turned bear and began to sell short several railroad stocks. Among them was Chesapeake & Atlantic. I think I put out a short line in it; about eight thousand shares."

Tied Up by Gratitude

"One morning when I got downtown Dan Williamson called me into his private office before the market opened and said to me: 'Larry, don't do anything in Chesapeake & Atlantic just now. That was a bad play of yours, selling eight thousand short. I covered it for you this morning in London and went long.'

"I was sure Chesapeake & Atlantic was going down. My tape reading told it to me quite plainly; and besides I was bearish on the whole market, not violently or insanely bearish, but enough to feel comfortable with a moderate short line out. I said to Williamson, 'What did you do that for? I am bearish on the whole market and they are all going lower.'

"But he just shook his head and said, 'I did it because I happen to know something about Chesapeake & Atlantic that you couldn't know. My advice to you is not to sell that stock short until I tell you it is safe to do so.'

"What could I do? That wasn't an asinine tip. Dan was not only Alvin Marquand's closest friend but he had been kind and generous to me. He had shown his faith in me and confidence in my word. I couldn't do less than to thank him. And so my feelings again won over my judgment and I gave in. To subordinate my judgment to his desires was the undoing of me. Gratitude is something a decent man can't help feeling, but it is for a fellow to keep it from completely tying him up. The first thing I knew I not only had lost all my profit but I owed the firm one hundred and fifty thousand dollars besides. I felt pretty badly about it, but Dan told me not to worry.

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"'I'll get you out of this hole,' he promised. 'I know I will. But I can only do it if you let me. You will have to stop doing business on your own hook. I can't be working for you and then have you completely undo all my work in your behalf. Just you lay off the market and give me a chance to make some money for you. Won't you, Larry?'

"Again I ask you: What could I do? I thought of his kindliness and I could not do anything that might be construed as lacking in appreciation. I had grown to like him. He was very pleasant and friendly. I remember that all I got from him was encouragement. He kept on assuring me that everything would come out O.K. One day, perhaps six months later, he came to me with a pleased smile and gave me some credit slips.

"'I told you I would pull you out of that hole,' he said, 'and I have.' And then I discovered that not only had he wiped out the debt entirely but I had a small credit balance besides.

"I think I could have run that up without much trouble, for the market was right, but he said to me, 'I have bought you ten thousand shares of Central Atlantic.' I happened to know that that was another road in which Marquand was interested.

"When a man does for you what Dan Williamson did for me you can't say anything but 'Thank you'—no matter what your market views may be. You may be sure you're right, but as Pat Hearne used to say: 'You can't tell till you bet!' and Dan Williamson had bet for me—with his money.

"Well, Central Atlantic went down and stayed down and I lost, I forget how much, on my ten thousand shares before Dan sold me out. I owed him more than ever. But you never saw a nicer or less importunate creditor in your life. Never a whimper from him. Instead, encouraging words and admonitions not to worry about it. In the end the loss was made up for me in the same generous way."

Lessons From Losses

"He gave no details whatever. They were all numbered accounts. Dan Williamson would just say to me, 'We made up your Central Atlantic loss with profits on this other deal,' and he'd tell me how he had sold seventy-five hundred shares of some other stock and made a nice thing out of it. I can truthfully say that I never knew a blessed thing about those trades of mine until I was told that the indebtedness was wiped out.

"After that happened several times I began to think, and I got to look at my case from a different angle. Finally I tumbled. It was plain that I had been used by Dan Williamson. As soon as I had gone over the whole thing in my mind I went to Dan Williamson, told him I was through, and I quit the office of Williamson & Brown. I had no words with him or any of his partners. What possible good would that have done me? But I will admit that I was sore—at myself quite as much as at Williamson & Brown.

"The loss of the money didn't bother me. Whenever I have lost money in the stock market I have always considered that I have learned something; that if I have lost money I have gained experience, so that the money really went for a tuition fee. A man has to have experience and he has to pay for it. But there was something that hurt a whole lot in that experience of mine in Dan Williamson's office, and that was the loss of a great opportunity. The money a man loses is nothing; he can make it up. But opportunities such as I had then do not come every day.

"The market, you see, had been a fine trading market. I was right; I mean, I was reading it accurately. The opportunity to make millions was there. But I allowed my gratitude to interfere with my play. I tied my own hands. I had to do what Dan Williamson in his kindness wished done. Altogether it was more unsatisfactory than doing business with a relative. Bad business!

"And that wasn't the worst thing about it. It was that after that there was practically no opportunity for me to make big money. The market flattened out. It wasn't there. Things drifted from bad to worse. I not only lost all I had but got into debt again—more heavily than ever. Those were long lean years, 1911, 1912, 1913 and 1914. There was no money to be made. The opportunity simply wasn't there and so I was worse off than ever."

Five Lean Years

"It isn't so uncomfortable to lose when the loss is not accompanied by a poignant vision of what might have been. That was precisely what I could not keep my mind from dwelling on, and of course it unsettled me further. I learned that the weaknesses to which a speculator is prone are almost numberless. It was proper for me as a man to act the way I did in Dan Williamson's office, but it was improper and unwise for me as a speculator to allow myself to be influenced by any consideration to act against my own judgment. *Noblesse oblige*—but not in the stock market, because the tape is not chivalrous and moreover does not reward loyalty. I realize that I couldn't have acted differently. I couldn't make myself over just because I wished to trade in the stock market. But business is business always, and my business as a speculator is to back my own judgment always.

"It was a very curious experience. I'll tell you what I think happened. Dan Williamson was perfectly sincere in what he told me when he first saw me. Every time his firm did a few thousand shares in any one stock the Street jumped at the conclusion that Alvin Marquand was buying or selling. He was the big trader of the office, to be sure, and he gave this firm all his business; and he was one of the best and biggest traders in Wall Street. Well, I was to be used as a smoke screen, particularly for Marquand's selling.

"It was much cheaper for them to let me get into debt and then to pay off the debt than to have me in some other office operating actively on the bear side. That is precisely what I would have been doing but for my feeling that I must not allow myself to be outdone in decency by Dan Williamson.

"I have always considered this the most interesting and most unfortunate of all my experiences as a stock operator. As a lesson it cost a disproportionately high price. It put off the time of my recovery several years.

"I was young enough to wait with patience for the strayed millions to come back. But five years is a long time for a man to be poor. Young or old, it is not to be relished. I could do without the yachts a great deal easier than I could without a market to come back on. The greatest opportunity of a lifetime was holding before my very nose the purse I had lost. I could not put out my hand and reach for it."

Livingston finished talking and looked at me.

"Are you friendly?" I asked.

"Certainly we are friendly," he answered. "Why not?"

I looked at him.

"Certainly you are friendly," I echoed.

There wasn't any Wall Street reason why they shouldn't be.

Editor's Note—This is the seventh of a series of articles by Mr Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.

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THE CHANGING EAST

(Continued from Page 19)

seventeenth century it is natural to infer that he was probably the father of the bargain offering, a fact that one is not apt to associate with the Orient, especially at a time when the Japanese were practically isolated from the rest of the world.

That seventeenth-century shop at Yedo, with its paper walls, was the forerunner of the imposing Mitsukoshi Department Store which occupies nearly a whole Tokio block today. It is the largest establishment of its kind east of Suez. Its stone tower dominates the capital and on its eight floors you find every facility of modern merchandising. It is as complete as any of the vast shopping emporiums in New York, Philadelphia or Chicago. That ancient rule of "Cash down at fixed prices" still obtains.

Hachirobei was not only fertile of resource but ambitious. In 1690 he persuaded the Shogunate to adopt a system of exchange for the transmission of moneys from its Osaka treasury to Yedo, and was appointed to undertake the task. It was the first time that such government work was carried on by a private firm. The Mitsuis continued to engage in it until the fall of the Shogunate in the late 1860's. They were retained under the Restoration and in 1871 issued the first government paper money.

A Precedent for Rothschild

Hachirobei now reached out beyond the confines of his own country. At that time foreign trade in Japan was carried on only at Nagasaki. Japanese merchants were not permitted to deal directly with foreign traders, who were mainly Portuguese, but a small body was specially privileged to buy imported goods. Japanese firms were compelled to keep agents at Nagasaki to buy merchandise from this group. Hachirobei established an agency at the port and kept his firm supplied with foreign woven fabrics and other products.

By this time you will have observed that Hachirobei was an outstanding person, full of ideas and alive with enterprise. But he had other qualities, for he was the father of fifteen children. All the boys were given adequate commercial training and were parceled out in the various Mitsui establishments. Before Hachirobei died he brought all his undertakings under one head, which remained intact through all the succeeding decades. Thus the Mitsuis became the first as well as the greatest of the feudal financial families.

In 1722 the Nestor of the name passed away and his eldest son, Hachiroemon, succeeded as head of the house. In accordance with his father's dying wish he drew up a family code. In it he exhorted his sons to remain united and perpetuate the family prestige. Thus Hachirobei really furnished the precedent for Mayer Anselm Rothschild, founder of the Jewish banking family of that name. As he lay on his deathbed at Frankfort-on-the-Main he assembled his five sons and commanded them not only to be loyal to the Jewish faith but to intermarry and keep their wealth from becoming scattered.

Although the Mitsui enterprises have had to conform to modern legal and corporate statutes the original Hachirobei idea prevails. When that many-sided gentleman divided his wealth and business branches among his offspring he decreed that the dry goods and banking interests should be made their common business instead of being monopolized by the eldest son, and that if any additional undertakings were launched it should be done through this central organ, each new branch contributing its share of the funds required and receiving a corresponding portion of the profits. For a long time the fountain head of Mitsui activities was known as the *Omotokata*, or great place of origin. In 1900 it was superseded by a new body entitled The Mitsui Family Association. It was what we would call a private partnership. In 1909 it was incorporated under the Japanese law as a corporation and became the now famous Mitsui Gomei Kaisha, whose capitalization is 200,000,000 yen. This corporation is the nerve center of the varied enterprises conducted by the Mitsuis everywhere.

I could fill a small book with the account of the Mitsui ventures. The Mitsui Bank, for example, is not only the oldest of Japanese financial institutions but it conducted a banking business long before the word "*Ginko*," which means bank, was found in the Japanese dictionary. Incidentally it is the only family enterprise whose shares are held by the public. It has branch offices in every important city in Japan, one in China, and has recently set up shop in New York.

The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha—which means Mitsui & Co., Ltd.—is at once the largest and oldest trading firm in Japan. When I say that it does one-third of the entire import-and-export business of the empire you get some idea of its scope. It deals in every important raw material or product that figures in Japanese commerce, and, among other things, introduced American and East Indian cotton into the Japanese market. So extensive are its cotton interests that a daughter company, the Oriental Cotton Company, was formed to handle them.

The Mitsui Bussan Kaisha owns a fleet of twenty-nine steamships, operates a shipyard at Tama, and not only builds all its own vessels but constructed two for the United States during the war. Other links in this international chain of enterprises are a forwarding and express company and a vast warehousing system, for it stores its goods under its own roofs.

Still another wing is the Mitsui Kozan Kaisha, or the Mitsui Mining Company, which operates collieries, mills and smelters. It has been said that "Mitsui coal from Mitsui mines is hauled on Mitsui railroads to Mitsui harbors, where it is loaded into Mitsui ships built in Mitsui shipyards." This is literally true, particularly with regard to the coal mines at the Miike Colliery, which is the largest in Japan. Incidentally the Mitsuis make their own machinery and among other things have a completely equipped dyestuffs factory. The Miike Zinc Refinery is the most important in Japan. Its functions are twofold in that it makes spelter and zinc plates.

As I have already intimated, I could continue this list of Mitsui activities almost indefinitely, for it maintains hospitals, friendly societies, and insurance companies for its army of employes. The nearest approach to it that I have discovered during the past years is the group of interests marshaled under the control of Hugo Stinnes. The big difference between these two huge consolidations is that whereas the Mitsui enterprises are sponsored by a group of men the Stinnes activities are dominated by one man—the masterful Hugo—whose word is law.

The Sea King of Japan

Such is the scope of the Mitsui organization. Now for the final and almost equally astonishing feature. Although their name is emblazoned on so many symbols of power the Mitsuis themselves have very little voice in the conduct of the far-flung enterprise. They have been wise enough to attach a group of capable and farseeing men, who direct the imposing interests. Chief among them is Dr. Takuma Dan, whose story I told in the preceding article. A worthy mate is K. Fukui, who is managing director of the Mitsui Bussan Kaisha and who is also the dominating figure in the banking end. Like Doctor Dan, he represents the highest type of character in Japanese business. He has perhaps the finest collection of porcelains in Japan and his garden is one of the gems of Tokio.

The Mitsuis are not without force and they do their bit. The first time I met Baron Hachiroemon Mitsui was at a dinner at the American Embassy. Without knowing who he was, for we had just assembled, I singled him out in the large crowd of guests, because he looked like a character stepped out of a book or play. Though he wore formal western evening dress he was invested with a distinct individuality. His face is long and keen, resembling those of the warriors in the old Japanese prints, and the single gleaming decoration suspended on a ribbon which almost covered his shirt front was a final touch to the picture. After the dinner I had a long talk with him. Although he spent two years at a school in New Brunswick, New Jersey, back in the '70's, he has practically forgotten his English and I had to enlist the

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aid of an interpreter. This is rather strange because Baron Mitsui ranks first among the hosts of Japan and meets all the distinguished foreign guests.

In this matter of entertainment you have his principal function. He does the social side of the business. Baron Mitsui's house is one of the show places of Tokio and no visit of an alien notable is complete without a dinner there. They are princely in every detail. At every Japanese dinner the guest gets a souvenir of some kind. Usually it is a charmingly devised piece of silver. At Baron Mitsui's dinners these favors are magnificent. On one occasion he asked each one of the diners to indicate the bit of landscape in Japan that he liked best. When all the choices had been recorded they were given to one of the most eminent of Japanese artists. Two years later each guest received his picture handsomely framed.

Of more recent origin is the well-known Mitsubishi organization, which ranks second among the Japanese feudal financial groups. Just as the Mitsui story covers the evolution of modern business and banking in Japan, so does the Mitsubishi narrative span the whole development of her mercantile marine. The name Mitsubishi means three diamonds, which is the insigne of the concern.

Toward the end of the Tokugawa Shogunate, Lord Yodo Yamanouchi, head of the Tosa clan, established what was called a clan company at Osaka, to transport goods and raw products. The vice councilor of this clan was Yataro Iwasaki. In him you have a fit mate of Hachirobei Mitsui because he became the founder of a mighty line of men and millions. In Nipponese history he has already been catalogued as The Sea King of Japan.

When Yamanouchi's clan company ceased to exist, in 1870, Yataro Iwasaki, who had begun business life as a clerk, reorganized it into a marine transportation line under the title of Tosa Kaisei Shosha. It afterwards became the Tsukomo Shokai, which was the beginning of the Mitsubishi enterprises that now circle the globe. The pioneer navigation company came into being at a time when Japan had practically no merchant marine. British and American lines were monopolizing the Pacific carrying trade. Largely owing to the solicitations of Yataro Iwasaki, the government granted the first of the many subsequent marine subsidies.

In the middle of the '70's Iwasaki acquired a defunct shipping concern—the Yubin Company—and with the addition of ten steamers which he purchased abroad, developed what was at that time the Japanese shipping trust. So many complaints were being registered against it that an opposition company, the Kyodo Unyu Kaisha—Union Transportation Company—was formed in 1882 to compete with it. Meanwhile Iwasaki had organized the Mitsubishi Company and from small transactions in thread and camphor it expanded to the mining of coal and metals, and later took over from the government the Nagasaki Shipbuilding Yards. Almost from the outset Iwasaki had big vision.

Industrial Hierarchies

Now began a ruthless rate war, which became so keen that the government stepped in and demanded that it cease. Iwasaki saw his opportunity and in 1885 began negotiations to consolidate the rival lines. He died before they were completed, but his brother, Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki, carried them on to a successful termination. The result was the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, the Japan Mail Steamship Company, Ltd., which is more commonly known as the N. Y. K. It has developed into the leading steamship line that flies the flag of the rising sun, and at the present time has a gross tonnage of over 574,000.

With the organization of the N. Y. K. all the Mitsubishi enterprises other than shipping were continued under the title of the Mitsubishi Company. In 1893, when the commercial code was enacted in Japan, the Mitsubishi Goshi Kaisha was formed—a *Goshi Kaisha* is a limited partnership—to conduct the mining, shipbuilding and banking businesses. It bears the same relation to the Iwasaki interests that the Mitsui Gomei Kaisha does to the Mitsui undertakings.

The Iwasaki enterprises expanded at such a rapid rate that it was necessary to reorganize into various subordinate concerns, which now include the Mitsubishi Shipbuilding Company, the Mitsubishi Iron and Steel Company, the Tokio Warehouse Company, the Mitsubishi Warehouse Company, the Mitsubishi Mining Company, the Mitsubishi Trading Company, the Mitsubishi Marine and Fire Insurance Company, the Mitsubishi Bank, the Mitsubishi Electrical Engineering Company and the Mitsubishi Internal Combustion Company. With its fingers on the pulse of all this ramified enterprise is the Mitsubishi Goshi Kaisha, with a capitalization of 80,000,000 yen.

In this imposing array of concerns you get a bird's-eye view of the second ranking commercial and industrial hierarchy of Japan. Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki was gathered to his fathers in 1908 and was succeeded as titular head of the company by Baron Hisaya Iwasaki, eldest son of the Sea King, who became president of the Mitsubishi holding company. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in 1883, and has traveled extensively in Europe and America. Although the Mitsuis as a family represent more wealth than any other connected group in Japan, Baron Hisaya Iwasaki is regarded as the richest individual in the country. Until his assassination a year ago the golden diadem was usually bestowed upon Zenjiro Yasuda, whose wealth has now become somewhat diffused.

Families With the Golden Touch

Baron Hisaya Iwasaki's health has failed somewhat during the past year and the active leader of the clan at the time I write is his cousin, Baron Koyata Iwasaki, son of Baron Yanosuke Iwasaki, and who is technically president of the Mitsubishi Bank. He was educated at Cambridge and has also traveled a great deal. The Iwasakis have not intermarried to the extent of the Mitsuis, but all the daughters have made brilliant matches. One of them, for example, is the Viscountess Kato, whose husband was the sponsor of the Twenty-one Demands which were foisted on China.

The principal Mitsubishi commercial interests are now housed in a Tokio skyscraper, one of three similar structures built by a New York construction firm, which have changed the sky line of the capital. Theirs is the largest of the trio and is the most imposing office building in the Orient. The Mitsubishi Bank is a granite temple and probably the finest edifice devoted to commerce east of Europe.

A different type of feudal financial family is revealed by the Matsukatas. Here the original prestige was purely political, for the founder of the line is the grizzled Marquis Matsukata, who at eighty-four is still going strong, and a power to be reckoned with. He is the last of the Elder Statesmen—Prince Saionji, who is also alive, but failing, was never a full-fledged Genro—and as such must be consulted whenever there is an important change in the government. In his career you have none of the punch and power that marked the Iwasakis, but he has begotten a stalwart line of sons who are among the potential men of the nation.

In connection with his large family is perhaps the most frequently quoted story in Japan. Whenever a visitor comments upon the hordes of children that he sees everywhere he is told the tale, which is as follows:

Upon one occasion the late Emperor Meiji asked Marquis Matsukata, who was a favorite courtier, "How many children have you?"

The Marquis, whose progeny at that time numbered at least twenty, thought a moment and then answered, "Your majesty, I am sorry to say that I cannot tell you offhand, but I will make inquiry and let you know."

Marquis Matsukata became associated with the Treasury after the Restoration. As Minister of Finance he organized the present banking system, including the Bank of Japan. He helped to establish the gold standard. His principal achievement, however, is his family, which is unique in a nation of large households.

There are eight Matsukata sons. Each has been successful in an activity separate and distinct from that of his brothers. The eldest, Iwao, who is now sixty, is president of the Fifteenth Bank, one of the five largest in Japan, commonly called the Peers' Bank, because its shareholders consist chiefly of peers and most of the nobles

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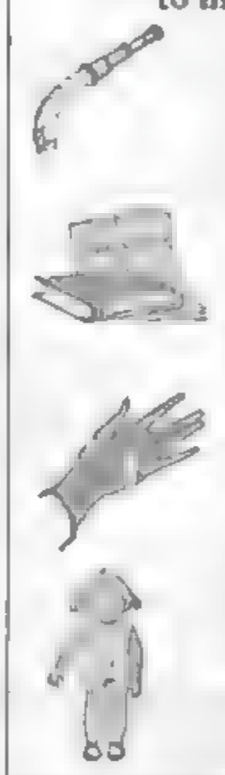

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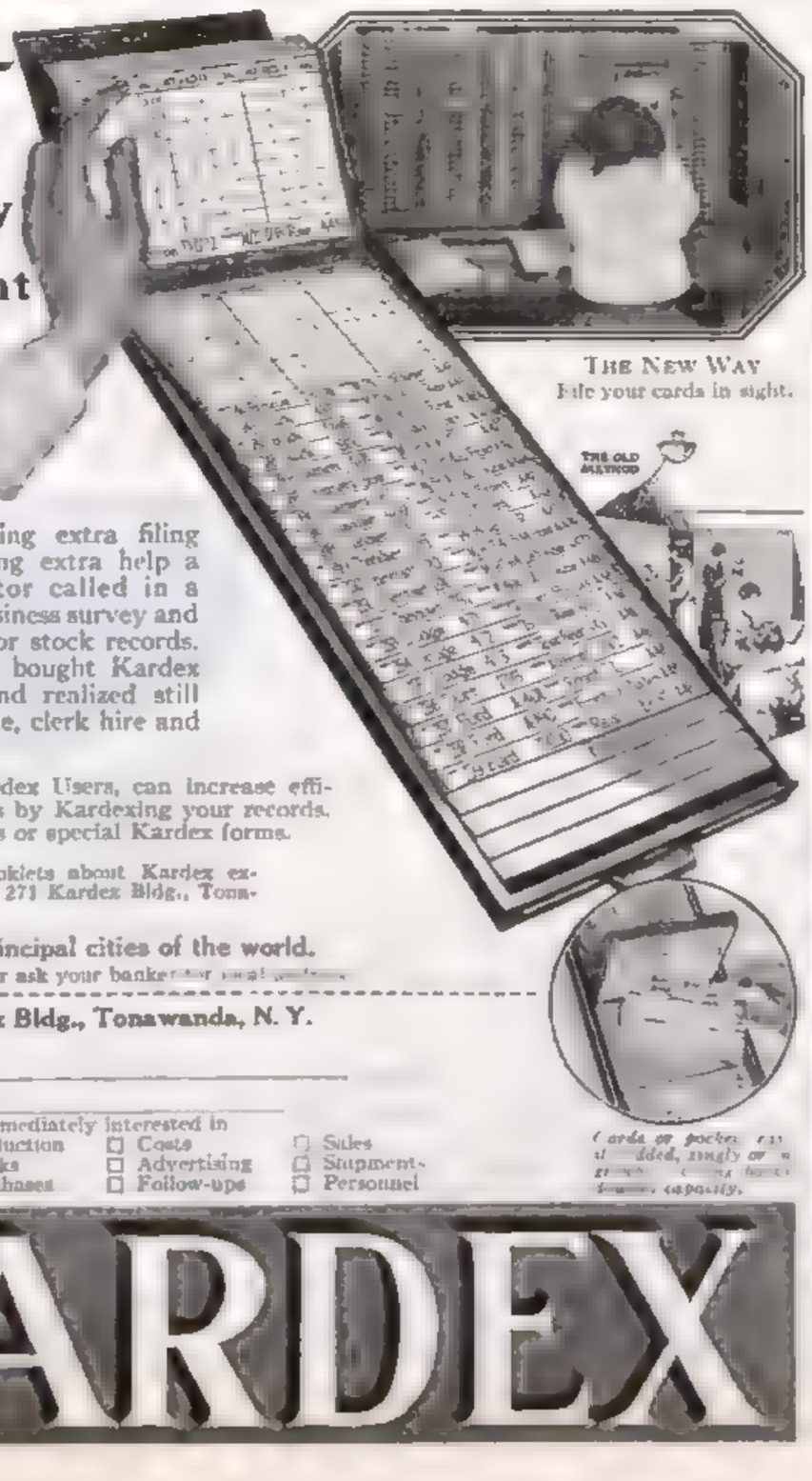

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have their accounts in it. His only child, a daughter, is married to S. Kuroki, heir to General Count Kuroki, who defeated the Russians in Manchuria.

The second, Shosaku, has gone in for diplomacy and was until lately Japanese Minister to Siam. In the third, Kojiro, you find perhaps the ablest of the lot. You met him in the preceding article, for he is head of the great Kawasaki Dockyards, at Kobe. Fourth in the list is Masao, who after serving as vice admiral in the Imperial Navy became a financial leader in Osaka. The fifth is Goro, who is president of the Tokio Electro-Engineering Company; sixth is Otohiko, managing director of the Tokio Gas Company, and studied at Harvard. In the case of the seventh, Shoguma, there is still another line of business, for he is president of the Teikoku Sugar Company. The youngest son, Yoshisuke—a mere stripling of thirty-eight—is managing director of the International Trustee Company of Tokio. I doubt if any other family in the world could present such varied occupations among its children. The interesting part of it all is that every one of them is successful.

This golden touch extends to the daughters. Those who have left the single state made rich marriages. One is the wife of Baron Hisaya Iwasaki; another is the spouse of N. Kawakama, director of the Hypothetic Bank of Tokio; a third is Mrs. M. Matsumoto, whose husband is one of the foremost business men of Osaka; while a fourth is married to M. Horikoshi, a magnate of high standing and wealth. Each married son and daughter has a large brood. When Marquis Matsukata holds a family reunion it attains to the proportions of an American convention.

The Mitsui, Iwasaki and Matsukata families incarnate inherited wealth in that the nucleus of power was handed down and developed through adoption and consolidation. They present only one wing of feudal financial authority, however. The other is vested in equally interesting groups, each radiating from a multimillionaire who has risen to gilded eminence in our own time and by his own efforts. Here you touch a drama of self-made success rich in the details that are associated with the lives of men like John D. Rockefeller, Andrew Carnegie and Thomas F. Ryan. It reveals a phase of Japanese life almost unknown to the average American, who thinks that we have a monopoly on this kind of evolution.

Self-Made Merchants in Japan

Perhaps the most picturesque of the type in Japan is Soichiro Asano. His story discloses an unaided struggle for wealth that reads like fiction. Rugged, dominating and persevering, he is a rare subject for the human-interest historian. Asano was born seventy-four years ago in Toyama prefecture. His father was a country doctor in humble circumstances who, after sixteen years of continuous girl babies, despaired of having a son, so he adopted a boy who married the eldest daughter. After the Japanese fashion, they became heirs of the family. Two years later Soichiro was born. Although he was the first son he could not become heir. This incident illustrates a curious ramification in the process of adoption that I pointed out earlier in this article.

Having been born too late to be his own father's heir, Soichiro was adopted by a physician in a neighboring village. He was so apt in his studies that at fourteen he was a full-fledged medical assistant. He lived near the sea and spent much time watching the trading vessels come and go. Now was born the desire to become a merchant prince and sail his own ships, a dream that was realized in later years.

One night he was called to the bedside of a sick man. When he felt his pulse he found that the patient was dead. He told me that this incident brought home to him a realization of the frailty and brevity of human existence. He decided to lose no time in beginning a commercial career, so he ran away from his adopted father and went back to his own people.

When he was fifteen Soichiro built a little weaving and dyeing shop in the back yard of his father's house, where he employed a few girls to manufacture crêpe goods. He carried the output of his shop on his back and peddled it from store to store. When this undertaking failed he became a vender of sewing needles. With the proceeds of his sales he traveled to the distant provinces of Inaba and Hoki. There he bought rice hackles, which he sold at home. This venture also proved unprofitable.

In 1865 he was again adopted, this time by a wealthy farmer. Agricultural life did not appeal to him and he obtained the permission of his foster father to start in as a trader in Kaga. He specialized in rice, but it proved to be of inferior quality and once more he lost out. He was only twenty-one and yet he had been through the failures of an average lifetime. His adopted parents became discouraged and sent him home.

He now determined to make a last stand. With contributions levied from various relatives—he had been adopted so often that his foster folk were quite numerous—he started a small matting shop in Himi. Ambitious to expand in a short time, he borrowed capital from a usurer, who pressed him so hard and charged so much interest that he saw the effort was hopeless. Confiding only in his mother, he secretly left home one night early in May, 1872, with a small bundle of clothing and thirty-three yen. On foot he made his way to Tokio to try once more for fortune. After a fifteen days' journey he arrived in the capital, poor and friendless.

The Rise of Asano

He was unable to find work and his funds began to run low. On a broiling afternoon he saw a man vending cold drinking water in the busy thoroughfare of Nihombashi. His money had dwindled to five yen, so he decided to start selling water. On the first day his total sales amounted to twenty-four yen. With difficulty he managed to live through the heated term, but with the coming of the autumn and cool weather there was no longer a demand for his ware. He thereupon went to Yokohama to live with a merchant from his native town.

To his friend's store there came a man who sold bamboo sheaths which were used for wrapping edibles. It gave young Asano an idea and he started to supply these articles. He spent some of his days gathering the bamboo and at night he cut and stretched it. When he had a supply he peddled it among the merchants. He soon built up a regular trade and by the end of the first year had not only amassed some savings but was able to get married. His wife, who is still alive, shared all the hardships and sacrifices of the precarious years. They soon opened a shop and extended the business by selling wood, coal and charcoal.

In those days the Japanese worker wore a topknot. As Asano became more prosperous his friends advised him to cut off this hirsute token of lowly labor. He immediately replied, "I will not cut off my topknot until I have saved ten thousand yen." In two years his head had been relieved of its badge of manual bondage.

In the early '70's Asano began to capitalize his keen powers of discernment. A gas works had been established at Yokohama and all its by-products, such as coke and coal tar, were going to waste. Intuitively Asano felt that there must be some way of utilizing these materials and he started in to make experiments. For one thing, he found that coke was useful, and he persuaded the government cement works to use it. In 1877 there was a civil war in Japan and the government commandeered all available steamers. As a result there was no means of transporting coal from the mines in the south, and a fuel famine ensued. Suddenly there was a demand for coke. Asano had previously obtained a monopoly on all the gas-works output of coke, and he was able to make his first big stake.

From this time on, circumstance played into his hands. An epidemic of cholera exhausted the supply of disinfectants. The Tokio health authorities announced that coal tar could be used as a substitute. Once more there was a much-needed product in which Asano had a monopoly, for he had monopolized all the available coal tar in Yokohama, which is only a short distance from the capital. Again he cashed in. He had put through these two important deals before he was thirty.

It was in the struggling Yokohama days that Asano enlisted the interest of the man who, with one exception, became his aid in many great enterprises. The circumstances were so unusual that I shall relate them in detail.

(Continued on Page 141)

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(Continued from Page 138)

At that time the present Viscount Shibusawa was the active head of the First Bank in Tokio. Asano made it a rule to deposit a certain sum every month in this bank, and never withdrew any of it. After this had continued for a year Shibusawa, who took a personal interest in his clients, noticed the regularity with which Asano deposited, and also that he never took any money out. He instructed the receiving teller to ask Asano to come in to see him.

When this message was delivered Asano replied, "I have no time to talk to bank presidents." This only heightened Shibusawa's interest in him and he again sent the same word, which was met with the same rebuff. Finally he directed the teller to ask Asano to visit him at his house.

A few months later Asano turned up at the banker's residence one night at about ten o'clock. In Japan most people go to bed with the chickens and the house was therefore wrapped in darkness and sleep when he arrived. After much knocking he roused a servant and demanded to see Shibusawa. Then, as now, Asano was a rough-and-ready fellow and more or less careless about his clothes. The servant told him that his master was abed, and ordered him away. Asano was not to be refused. He wrote his name on a card, insisted that it be taken in, and had his way. The moment the banker saw the card he said, "I want to see this man." Throwing on his kimono he came out.

Thus Asano and Shibusawa met, and for both it was a fateful encounter. They were immediately taken with each other. From that moment Shibusawa became the principal banker of the young merchant. He financed his earlier enterprises and continued as his fiscal agent until they became so large that Asano had to enlist the added coöperation of Zenjiro Yasuda, who was one of the most influential bankers of Japan.

The Cement King

With Shibusawa's wealth and influence behind him Asano embarked upon a career of continuous and constructive performance. Before long he qualified as a full-fledged magnate. Due to mismanagement and waste in operation the government cement works at Fukagawa were about to be shut down. Asano, who had been supplying the plant with coal, saw an opportunity to acquire it at a low price. He thereupon took over the property. It was the beginning of the Asano Cement Company, which now produces 60 per cent of the total output of cement in Japan. Asano is known as the Cement King.

It was the call of the sea that first stimulated Asano to embark in business and it was natural that shipping should hold a powerful lure for him. Already in the '70's he realized that Japan must find her greatest field of activity in foreign trade and through the development of a merchant marine. As soon as the cement project was well under way he organized the Kyodo Unyu Kaisha, which he later sold to the Mitsubishi concern, who used it in the formation of the N. Y. K. In 1884 with four small steamers he started the Ocean Transport Guild, which was the nucleus of the Toyo Kisen Kaisha, the well-known T. K. K., which is the second largest Japanese steamship line at the present time and which operates steamers aggregating 200,000 tons. This steamship company, I might add, is one of Asano's pet projects.

Success in ocean transportation drew Asano towards shipbuilding and for many years he cherished the idea of establishing a shipyard near Tokio. The pressing demand for tonnage created by the World War gave him his opportunity, which he capitalized with a swiftness that followed the very best American traditions of hustle.

He incorporated the Asano Shipbuilding Company and secured a site on the sea front at Tsurumi, near Yokohama. At the time this site was a fifteen-acre stretch of swamp. A few months later the land had not only been reclaimed but the building of berths and shops was well under way. The keel of the first ship was laid early the next year, and exactly twelve months after the reclamation work had started, a ship of eleven thousand five hundred tons dead weight was launched. During this year of preparation Asano literally lived at the yards. He arrived at five o'clock in the morning and stayed until late at night. He was then nearly seventy.

Asano has touched practically every important industrial activity. As a coal operator he opened up the Iwaki district, which shortened the fuel haul to Tokio by almost one-half; he was the first to import petroleum in bulk to Japan, thereby reducing the cost; he is today the most extensive developer of hydroelectric power in the empire. He has two enormous projects under way, one to supply power to Tokio and the other to Osaka. In the latter undertaking he has enlisted the aid of a widely known American engineering firm. Altogether, Asano owns or controls forty-seven different corporations, and, like Stinnes, he not only knows what they are doing but is an active factor in each.

When you meet Asano you see an almost undersized man with full and benevolent face and snow-white hair. From his achievement you would expect him to be forceful and aggressive. Instead, he is calm and almost serene in manner. His seventy-four years rest lightly upon him; in fact, he is more active than his eldest son and heir, Ryozo, who is associated with him in many of his ventures.

From Coolie to Cræsus

I first saw Asano at the Bankers' Club in Tokio on the night that I addressed the America-Japan Society. Although he does not understand a word of English he sat in the front row—I recognized him from his published pictures—and when I concluded he came up with many others and thanked me. Through an interpreter he invited me to lunch the following Sunday at his Tokio house, which rivals that of Baron Mitsui in size and splendor. The great reception room is really a museum, yet the first thing I saw when I entered the palace—for such it is—was a model of one of the T. K. K. ships. His ruling passion is strong even in home investiture.

At lunch that day Asano talked interestingly of his life and work. He told me that when E. H. Harriman went to the Orient he entertained the American railway ruler. At that time Harriman wanted to buy the present South Manchuria Railway as a link in the international chain of communication that he had in mind.

Asano told me a characteristic story in connection with Harriman. When the wizard of the Union Pacific visited his Japanese colleague he observed that raw fish was served. It is a favorite food in Japan. Five years later Asano accepted Harriman's hospitality at his country house in the Ramapo Hills. Much to his surprise he saw that the first course was raw fish. Harriman thought he was paying his guest a great compliment, but it developed that the fish was a kind that the Japanese cannot eat.

All through our luncheon and afterwards Asano plied me with questions about European and American business conditions. He had heard of my interview with Hugo Stinnes, part of which had been reproduced from THE SATURDAY EVENING POST in the Japanese press, and he was particularly interested in the German Colossus. After I had told him the story of the Stinnes vertical trust he kindled and said: "I, too, have a vertical trust with cement. I own quarries, sand pits, railways, ships, and have a concrete-construction business."

When I spoke of the wretched streets and roads in Tokio, Asano immediately retorted, "I have a scheme for a subway system in Tokio, and if you come back in five years you will find it in operation." I cite this to show that at seventy-four Asano is still full of vast projects for the future. His energy and his ambition are limitless. Thus he fulfills one of his favorite proverbs—he is something of a crude philosopher—which reads like this: "In the sixties and the seventies a man is only an inexperienced boy. It is not until the eighties and nineties that he can hope to attain real maturity and the prime of life."

This sketch of Asano would be incomplete without an additional word about his associate, Zenjiro Yasuda, who was the John D. Rockefeller of Japan. At the time of his assassination by a rabid socialist last year his wealth was reputed to be from one and a half to two billion yen. He was the son of a poor farmer, became an apprentice in a toy shop in Tokio, and with his first savings started a small business in seaweeds. He loaned money on the side and out of this grew the thirty-five financial, commercial and industrial enterprises which today bear the name of Yasuda or are under its control. It has been said that the Yasuda Bank is the pivot of the empire's finance. Like Asano, the elder Yasuda

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What wears first? Cuffs, every time. Isn't that so? They are soiled while you work and when you wash your hands. You can keep them ***Clean*** by rolling them back, but that means ***Mussing*** the cuffs and ***Fussing*** with buttons—and very likely losing buttons. So the cuffs stay down and get dirty in a day, and the shirt must be laundered again. Or you wear the shirt longer and the cuffs become so soiled that only hard rubbing can get them clean—rubbing ruins shirts.

It's different with Chance Buttons—Easy up, easy down—cuffs always protected—nothing to unsnap or snap, unfasten or fasten when you draw up or roll up your sleeves, or put your shirt on or off. Easily adjusted to fit any cuff and wrist. It's the one button you can't lose—***Take a Chance!*** A pair for a dollar. Ask your dealer or write us. Guaranteed.

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Gentlemen: Please mail me _____ pairs of Chance Cuff Buttons for which I enclose $ _____
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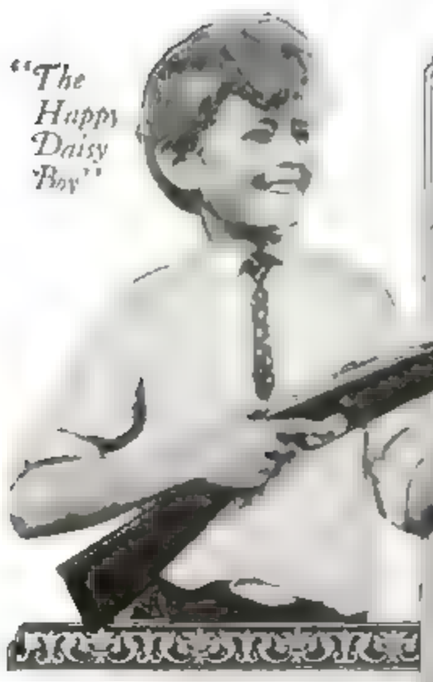

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You can't keep your boy from wanting a gun, but you can help and guide him, by making his first gun a harmless one.

The boy who loves fine, clean, manly sport should be encouraged in the right way. Millions of American men got their first training in marksmanship with the Daisy Air Rifle. For over thirty years the Daisy has been helping make alert and self-reliant men out of fun-loving boys.

Different Daisy models range in price from $1.00 to $5.00, and in size to suit the younger as well as the older boys. Ask any hardware or sporting goods dealer.

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DAISY
AIR RIFLES

President Suspenders

The Original and Only Genuine

Stop wearing tight-waist clothing—put on a pair of Presidents and see how quickly your abdominal muscles reduce their fat, pull up into place, and regain the strength to perform their functions properly.

Wear President Suspenders for work—they are free and easy and comfortable. Wear them for dress—they keep your trousers hanging just right and your vest always overlapping your waist band.

Every Pair Guaranteed

Be sure the name President is on the buckle.
If dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER COMPANY
DEPT. P SHIRLEY, MASS.

believed in maxims. When he opened his tiny shop he laid down the three rules which guided him. They were: "Don't tell lies"; "Live within your means"; and "Never pay more than 10 per cent of your income for rent."

The present head of the house of Yasuda is Zenzaburo Yasuda, who was adopted into the family when he married the eldest daughter. Here you have an illustration of one of the unique phases of adoption in Japan which I previously pointed out. Zenzaburo is a member of the House of Peers and owes his seat to the fact that he is the highest taxpayer in Japan. This is one of the qualifications for membership in the Upper House of the Diet.

Asano has no exclusive rights on picturesqueness of story. Baron Okura, who is the second richest man in Japan, runs him a close second in every way, for he rose from coolie to be a Croesus. At eighty-five he is still strong and active. In Japan men not only live to ripe old age but usually die in harness.

Being a second son, Baron Okura ran away from home when he was a boy, and his first work was as coolie on the docks at Yokohama. Afterwards he became a fishmonger. In those days—the '50's—every alien was looked upon as a foreign devil. Okura was shrewd enough to see that in these despised ones lay the business hope of his country. As soon as he heard about guns and ammunition he decided that they would be the best articles for him to deal in, so he began a more or less surreptitious trade in them. On account of his negotiations with foreigners two attempts were made to assassinate him.

With the overthrow of the Shogunate in 1867 he became an army contractor. He realized that the cotton uniforms were of no service, so in 1872 he visited America and brought back samples of woolen clothes, which he introduced into the Japanese army. With them he laid the foundation of his fortune because he then started the great firm of Okura & Co., which is today a strong competitor of Mitsui & Co. and Suzuki & Co., the leading import and export firms.

Baron Okura is not only the active head of Okura & Co., but is chairman of the board, director or auditor of forty-five other corporations, which include practically every important financial or productive activity in Japan.

Baron Okura's Hobby

I went to see him at the headquarters of Okura & Co., which are in a big building on the Ginza, the leading thoroughfare of Tokio. The baron wore a simple black kimono with the family crest embroidered in white on the sleeves. He speaks no English and our conversation was carried on through his son, who studied at Cambridge and who will succeed him as head of the house.

On one wall of Okura's office hung a large autographed portrait of President Harding. When I commented on it he said that he had a great admiration for the American President because he had called the Washington conference. Near by was suspended a fine steel engraving of Napoleon Bonaparte. The baron noticed that I was surprised to see the hero of Austerlitz displayed, whereupon he remarked, "I am a great admirer of Napoleon, but he was too overconfident. Confidence is a great virtue, but an excess of it is dangerous."

Like many other Japanese, Baron Okura's hobby is penmanship. This means that he takes delight in writing the Japanese ideographs, in which great artistic skill may be developed. Over his desk hangs one of his favorite mottoes, which he has written in Japanese with such precision that it looks like a work of art. Translated it reads, "One need not bequeath fortune to one's descendants, as they have their own fortune to make by themselves."

The Japanese drama of the self-made is not confined to the powerful families whose names have become linked with international commerce. The career of Hajime Hoshi shows that Japan is not without her counterpart of Woolworth. For the final chapter I will briefly present this man's remarkable rise to affluence.

Hoshi was a member of a large and obscure family. Realizing that he had his own way to make he shipped as a stowaway on an American ship and landed in San Francisco, where he became a household servant. He went to grammar school at night, learned English, and subsequently went to New York with some drawnwork linens which he had acquired in California and which he peddled from house to house. Later he enrolled as a student at Columbia and in order to support himself, published a magazine in Japanese. After ten years in America he returned to Japan with seven yen in his pockets.

Casting about for some permanent business he hit upon drugs. With five thousand yen that he borrowed he started a laboratory. The Germans undersold him so he had to turn to something else. At that time the average so-called Japanese drug store was a crude and unsanitary affair. Hoshi said to himself, "If I can start a drug store after the American fashion and stock it with proprietary articles I think I can make it succeed." He rented a corner on the Ginza, the Broadway of Tokio, and opened up shop.

From the outset he had two cardinal ideas which are summed up in the words "Cash down" and "Good service." On that same corner there rises today the imposing eight-story Hoshi Building which is the headquarters of the largest pharmaceutical company in the Orient. Hoshi is not only president but owns every share of stock in it. He has an immense drug factory at Osaka, and ten thousand agents handle its products. On the first floor of this structure is a model drug store, equipped with soda fountain and ice cream parlor. Every man in Hoshi's employ wears a standardized uniform and is trained free of charge in the Hoshi Commercial College.

Ideas Imported From America

Such is the achievement of the one-time San Francisco house boy, who is now inaugurating a chain of uniform drug stores which will be similar in equipment and operation to the various interrelated establishments of the kind in America. Hoshi is also planning to introduce the cafeteria into the principal Japanese cities. So far as many-sided enterprise is concerned he is the livest wire in Japanese business. He is still under fifty. After Hoshi had shown me over his establishment and told me the story of his life I asked the usual question, "How did you do it?" Whereupon he answered: "Whatever success I have achieved has been due to the ideas I got in America. There I learned that in a retail store promptness and courtesy are the first requisites. I also found out that you must make your warerooms attractive; and finally that it pays to advertise."

Although I have covered much ground the available material is far from being exhausted. Hoshi's feat, for example, has been duplicated by Yonejiro Ito, who also began as a servant in San Francisco, saved enough to buy a small tract of ground near Port Townsend, Washington, where he raised hay and vegetables until he had made enough money to tide him through the law course at Ann Arbor. Today he is president of the N. Y. K., and as such rules Japan's foremost steamship company. There are many others.

This article would be incomplete without a closing paragraph about Japan's foremost business woman, Madame Yone Suzuki, whose husband founded the famous merchandising and manufacturing firm of that name at Kobe. Though the average Japanese wife is usually a very subdued individual, once she becomes emancipated or finds her opportunity she reveals high qualities of courage and capacity. Mr. Suzuki died twenty-five years ago, when the concern dealt only in sugar. His widow immediately took hold of affairs and with the aid of N. Kaneko, who is now managing director, built up the business to its present world-wide proportions. Its capitalization is one hundred million yen, it has branches in a dozen foreign countries, and twenty-five thousand people are employed in its factories. Madame Suzuki is said to be the wealthiest woman in the world. At sixty-eight she is active and visits her offices nearly every day.

Thus in Japan, as elsewhere, initiative knows neither caste nor creed, and success plays no favorites. The record of the feudal financial families, together with the narrative of the individuals who have risen from poverty to power, constitutes an achievement that any nation may claim with justifiable pride.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the economic and political situation in the Far East. The next will be devoted to Japan and the alien.

A little idea that grew into world LEADERSHIP

IF YOU were to write down the questions you have heard asked most often, *this* would almost surely be one of them:

"Why can't a baker make bread that tastes as good as home-made bread?"

When the General Baking Company set out to answer that question it adopted an idea so simple that you wonder no baker had thought of it before.

The answer was the "little" idea of using the very same pure ingredients in baker's bread that the home-baker *herself* used—the best wheat flour, granulated sugar, compressed yeast, pasteurized milk, table salt, finest lard and filtered water—each of the quality and purity that you yourself would require in your own kitchen.

43,040 housewives were asked to submit sample loaves of their bread, so as to show just how they wanted their bread to look and taste and feel.

From these same pure ingredients—copying these home-made specimen loaves of bread both as to ingredients and process—a new loaf called Bond Bread was created in 1915.

And today, from this simple idea, Bond Bread has grown to be the most sought-for loaf of bread in America.

Its flavor, purity and healthfulness have made it the largest-selling loaf of bread in the world. And yet it is a matter of regret that to almost half the homes of America, Bond Bread is not as yet available. However, new Bond Bread bakeries are being put into service as fast as is consistent with absolute maintenance of quality in the 24 plants now in operation.

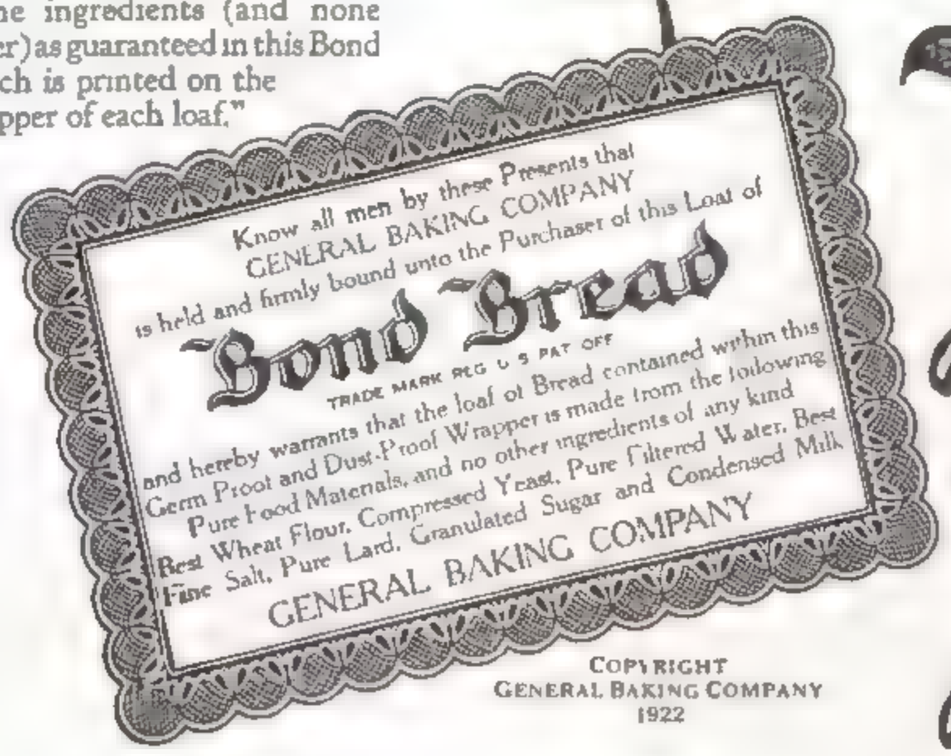
But even *those* homes, in the localities where Bond Bread is *not* yet distributed, can *still* feel an interest in its leadership—because the proudest achievement of Bond Bread is the fact that it has raised the standard of *all* breads throughout the land.

This was the *question*—

"Why *can't* a baker make bread that tastes as good as home-made bread?"

This was the *answer*—

"He can, if he will use the purest home ingredients (and none other) as guaranteed in this Bond which is printed on the wrapper of each loaf."


Know all men by these Presents that
GENERAL BAKING COMPANY
is held and firmly bound unto the Purchaser of this Loaf of
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TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFF
and hereby warrants that the loaf of Bread contained within this
Germ Proof and Dust-Proof Wrapper is made from the following
Pure Food Materials, and no other ingredients of any kind
Best Wheat Flour, Compressed Yeast, Pure Filtered Water, Best
Fine Salt, Pure Lard, Granulated Sugar and Condensed Milk
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Can you use an extra $100.00 within the next month or two? You may earn it, easily, as did Mr. David Fleming of Pennsylvania. But let him tell his own story:

"At first I hesitated to start in our little town of 3100 population because of many people unemployed and five competitors. But I did start and in one month I secured 163 subscriptions to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* for which my net profits were $110.00."

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PARIS MAGIC

(Continued from Page 21)

silhouetted on black paper, just when the atmosphere of his part was beginning to get you.

His wife, Yvonne Printemps, is far too clever to do this, and remains true to her scanty part, never forgetting it for an instant. A great mirror at one side of the hall near the stage is at once disconcerting and fascinating as the actors suddenly come into reversed view on it.

Now let's go and have some chocolate and ham sandwiches on the *terrasse* in front of the Café de la Paix, where all the world meets his wife and sometimes wishes he hadn't. Oh, yes, and I feel serious and Ameriky, so do let's have just one liqueur, shall we?

And so to bed.

Shall we motor out tomorrow to the races at St.-Cloud? Or shall we go to St.-Germain and dine on the terrace high above Paris and watch the stars come out above us, and forget to talk, with all the warm content within us and the peace of soul which luxury and Paris and dear companions breed in one? Or shall we spend the day in Paris and just motor out at night to where we can hear the nightingales sing, and smell the acacias and the little streams' dampnesses? Oh, well, we'll wait and see what the weather is.

You may go to the music halls of the Folies Bergères type, if you will, or to the vaudeville theaters and see American clowns and acts less well mounted than ours at home. At these places the audiences are apt to be more amusing than the show. You may start endless stories about them in your own mind, endless romances and tragedies.

That strange trio, the tall, delicate-faced colored man with the gray pointed beard, his plainly dressed, quiet, white wife, their brown-faced fourteen-year-old boy; what brought them together? The French do not feel as we do about mixed black-and-white marriages, and their colored colonial subjects are often of refined, delicate natures. You quite often see happy families of mixed color—strange and impossible to our eyes, but once more proving the triumph of geography in questions of morals, manners and customs.

Millions of Mysteries

On a Sunday afternoon, perhaps, at the Château de Madrid, two women with a charming man sit near you. He rises and asks the younger woman to dance. The face of the other woman clouds; she calls him back as he goes to the cleared center platform where American jazz is raging. He stops and listens as she passionately says a few low words to him; his face grows obstinate, he shrugs, turns, dances with his expectant partner, and when he returns to the tea table the woman he left there rises with a curt word and announces their departure. The two others obey in mutinous silence.

Will a tragedy or kisses repair the damage? You speculate idly, elbows on the green tin table, dreamily gazing from woman's face to face, many framed in thin wide brims through which the sun streams, making halos round the upturned faces of their wearers.

South Americans, tall and bending; the men with varnished black hair fitting like caps over their small skulls; the women often stout and rarely well dressed; Americans of all kinds; women of the world looking sweet and clean and familiar in type to you, dressed by French dressmakers, who understand to perfection how to hang draperies on their slim-boned frames; buyers for commercial houses, familiar with every phase of Paris life except the Parisian one, slightly bored, much at home; the usual mass of nondescripts—they all surround you, sipping and smoking or jazzing and trotting, as they will. It's pretty, it's sympathetic, it's Paris.

On gala evenings at the Château de Madrid they offer prizes to the dancers, and the wooden dancing platform is chalked off into numbered squares. The judge decides on the winning number, and the couple that happens to be standing on the square marked with that number when the gong rings is awarded the prize.

As I write this, sitting at my cool window at my table of white wood, a woman, hatless, dressed in black, walks slowly below the window, her hands crossed behind her back. In a low, plaintive, swelling contralto she sings a phrase of four notes, the words indistinguishable, the tone poignant, all promising. What is she saying? Why does she look up at the houses? Why disappear into the one across the street in response to the signal of an old gray head poked out of a high window for a second? One of Paris' millions of mysteries, suggestive, strange, haunting.

There are so many places like the Château de Madrid, within fifteen minutes by taxi from the heart of the city. The Bois has many such seductive rendezvous the Cascades, Armenonville, l'Hermitage, and so on. At all of them you may dance; at many of them you may sit under trees or in great mirrored rooms and eat and drink of the best. We once saw a tall, distinguished Englishman of the vague aristocratic variety hopelessly gesturing at a near-by table in one of these places. A hopping, black-headed waiter, in utter misery beside him, tried to understand his drawling English as he said, "Bring me a very tall glass, with a very highly colored drink in it, and very many straws."

Plays and Players

"*Bien, m'sieu!*" Then, turning in despair to his fellow slaves, much amused behind him, "*Qu'est-ce que c'est* 'stro'? Is it to eat? *Et* 'highly color,' wat ees dat?" A series of objects were brought to my lord until the important *maître d'hôtel* did the necessary translating.

The well-known actress, Jane Renouardt, has at last realized her ambition of owning her own theater. It is in the Rue Daunou and is as ambitious in decoration as an ormolu jewel case. The decorating branch of a famous dressmaking house took charge of the interior arrangements, and plumes and ferns of crystal, gold foliage and lumps and bumps of every description weary the eye and dazzle the bourgeois mind. After the play there is dancing on top of the theater and there you may nightly see the beautiful owner of the whole thing, not playing at present herself, but charmingly gowned and blazing with a different set of jewels each night. For Jane is the fad, and it pays to be a Parisian fad.

There is an adorable operetta running at this new Théâtre Daunou called *Ta Bouche*. The people concerned in it are all witty, all well-known actors, rather surprised to find that they can sing, but not unduly stressing the fact. Chierel, fat and of monumental authority, with exquisite diction half sings, half says her witty lines, scoring one long rib-tickling hit throughout the evening. Yvain has written delightful musicianly airs and choruses for these clever artists, and from the moment that the three rambling maidens protest in chorus that they never gossip, as they tell you a few choice scandals, to the very last matrimonial decision of the entire changing, ever-remating company you chuckle and giggle as they will. It is the theater art of old before-the-war Paris, worthy of the best they have done, and one rejoices at its reflorescence.

We go and sit for an hour or so in the rush of the boulevards in front of the Café Napolitain, famous for its ices, and watch the stream flow past as we discuss the ineffable French repartee and hum the enticing airs we have just heard.

If you want to see classic plays redolent of old-time formality and tradition, go to the Comédie Française; but don't be so frivolous as to do up your head in some modern bewitching headdress so dear to the feminine parade instinct, for you will not be allowed to wear it in the *salle*. An unfortunate girl who was entirely bald, having lost her hair through illness, went to the Comédie one night wearing a silver-cloth turban wrapped tightly round her skull. It happened to be becoming and she hated hot wigs, so she wore these attractive adjuncts to her toilet while waiting for her hair to sprout.

"*Pas de chapeau dans la salle, madame,*" snapped the aggressively respectable woman who showed her to her seat. "You must remove your headdress before being seated."

"But I am entirely bald," whispered the hapless woman. "I can't sit here with a shining head all evening"

"That cannot be helped, madame; it is the rule," sternly insisted the thin-lipped one; and the poor woman had to leave, not

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Try Pettijohn's for a week or two. Note how folks enjoy it. It is both delicious and nourishing—appetizing and healthful.

Just ask your grocer for a package of Pettijohn's a surprise delicacy awaits you.

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There is buoyant comfort in CosyToes—the kind that brings genuine rest and relaxation.

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Don't Blame the Tireless Little Feet
Busily they hurry along, intent on their eager quests but careless of wear on floors. You hesitate to restrain their enthusiasm. Better to let them romp—and make your floors hurt proof with
Liquid Granite
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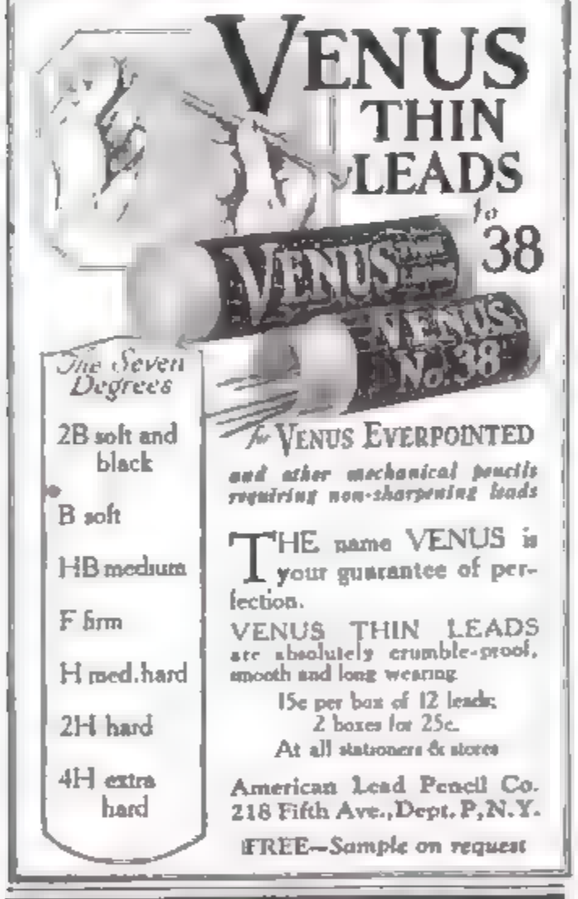

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"There is something fine about it"
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NEW YORK

being able to reconcile herself to looking like a floating golf ball in an inconspicuous sea of heads.

There are two dozen or so theaters for your evenings, and if you understand French you will enjoy the plays so much the more. That is, you will enjoy them as much as the audience will allow you to, because they chatter and gossip incessantly during the performance. I used to think the chocolate-eating, paper-crackling audiences we have in New York the noisiest I had ever heard, but it is dead silence compared to these people.

"Is that his wife?" asks a fat man with a heavily puckered brow, and with his hair cut *en brosse*, of his fair and fidgety wife.

"*Mais non*," comes back her exasperated married tone, not the least hushed; "I told you that's the woman he marries in the next act."

"Well, is that one his wife now?" he asks just as heavily in the middle of the third act.

"*Mais non!*" Her voice is more staccato and the third row in front turns round. "Can't you see he's divorced her and married the old horror there?"

"Well, where's his first wife? That's what I want to know," he grumbles, dissatisfied, always a lap behind, an exasperating husband habit he has grown into.

The black-haired girl and her inevitable flirt on the *straponlins* beside us gossip busily in the past, present and future tenses about the entire company. The smart people in the rear, sitting behind the coquettish gilt grilles in the stuffy little boxes, boxes made for lovers but not for theater lovers, chat of "*elle*" and "*lui*" as we chat the world over, and you miss many a fine point on the stage because of it.

If the museums of the left bank have called you and you find yourself at evening near the Boul Miche you might do well to dine at the Café d'Harcourt, sitting on the padded-leather benches on the sidewalk and gazing up the sloping street at the veteran gray Sorbonne buildings to your left and high at the steel blue evening sky above you. The position is a good one for seeing the typical life of the quarter.

As you eat your long, hot asparagus, dipping its fat, pale green points into golden hollandaise sauce, the orchestra plays a familiar something. "What is it?" you think. Something we do at the Metropolitan, but what on earth? You murmur this to your fellow diners. The bending waiter responds to your murmur.

"It is Oberon, madame; an opera by Weber," he says in English.

A Gentleman's Sport

He has already told us that he is a Pole, and my friends jeer lustily at the American opera singer who has to be told by a Polish waiter in Paris the name of an opera she has sung a dozen times at the Metropolitan Opera House. But Paris has claimed me for its own; my brain is bla-a-ah, my sensations seething, my relaxation when in the presence of food perfect and automatic, and I don't care a whoop for any old opera.

"Let's be young; young and reckless," sings Paris at your ear, and you listen to the goddess whether you are sixteen or sixty if you have the wisdom of a mouse.

"Red neckties for curates!" you cry within you. "Cocktails for old maids!"

You are not really vicious and desperate; it's just Paris magic, and heaven help your old bones if you don't feel it at least once in your life.

Dozens of dapper Chinese turn the street corner while you dine; they are Sorbonne students enjoying the free education France offers to strangers, and are coming from a famous Chinese restaurant near by, where chop suey is despised and the finer Chinese taste is catered to. I never remember seeing so many Chinese and Japanese in Paris before. The Japanese even have their own exhibition at the Grand Palais, and make an extraordinary showing with their exquisite modern drawings and water colors, most of them on oyster white silk. Their work is a refutation of the often-heard wail that art in modern Japan is extinct; that they only copy, and that badly, the art of their ancestors.

I tell you there is everything in Paris. Desire what you will, I believe you will find it. This week royal Cambodian dancers give two matinées at the opera; native musicians accompany them, and their historic and bizarre dancing and costumes are almost formidably novel and striking.

Do you want to learn the ancient art of *escrime*, the fencing that our forefathers practiced? Go to a quiet side street in a forgotten quarter; ask Monsieur Merignac, the last of a long line of famous fencers, who began as a boy of four in this very same *salle d'armes* to learn his art, to let you watch from a low bench against the wall the graceful, vicious thrusting of perfectly balanced foils as the white-clad, heavily masked young men lunge and parry before you, silhouetted against the long windows. The only decorations of the room are lines of foils fringing the walls, and pictures of famous fencers. Curt and sharp ring out the intricate orders of the dapper master, who looks forty and is sixty-two, as he gives the preparatory lesson before the two or more adversaries engage in turn. Muscles whip out in the thighs under tightly drawn white fencing trousers as the lightning lunge is made.

"*Touché!*"

Frank and high comes the avowal that the other's blade has gone home. After a series of these coups comes a handclasp, and another adversary makes ready. All is done formally; etiquette is exact; it is a gentleman's sport, and a graceful, enormously healthy one.

The Bal Tabarin

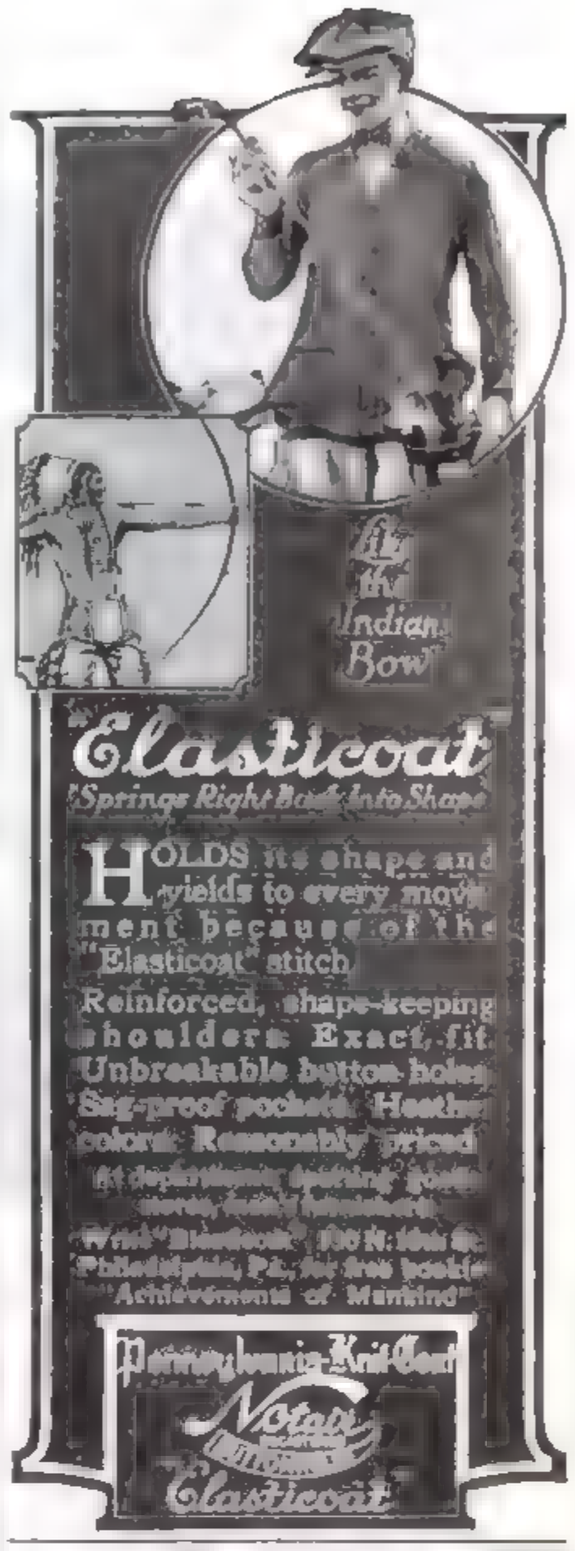
The Rue Caumartin swarms with Americans in the evening. There Maurice and Lenora Hughes dance nightly and smart women flock. All the dancings—they take our word and pronounce it with a French accent—are crowded, and everywhere you hear American jazz. No matter what their opinion may be of our statesmen or our policies, they universally love our jiggles and wabbles and apparently adopt them en masse. The Rue Caumartin has grown famous this winter for its succession of smart dancing places. They have opened and shut, now on one side of the street, now on the other, as often as the number flaps on the telephone operator's keyboard. All were just alike, inevitably; all announced they were unique; one even called itself the "So different." The cream of the cosmopolitan world ran in and out of these places all winter and spring, laughing, jazzing, flirting, suffering, desirous and desired, beloved and besieged, according as their affairs were ecstatic, ephemeral or ardent. Sham and substance beaten in ever-increasing tempo into a froth of luxury, whims and light, high voices. . . . Paris! Paris!

The famous Bal Tabarin took on a new lease of life this winter, and old-time quadrilles danced in costume were a part of the weekly program. We always remain true to our beloved Bal Bullier in the Latin Quarter. The hall is immense, the floor excellent; two good orchestras alternate in incessant throbbing rhythm, and you may swing in a long-legged waltz or glide and slide in a fox trot all evening for a very small sum. Or you may sit on the raised terrace that runs round the room and sip something cool while you watch the endless revolving figures. It is bourgeois; nothing smart about it; but the little care-free girls and their devoted happy boys; that elderly father of a family clasping in sticky embrace his neighbor, the capable lady who runs the sausage shop on the corner, his black beard glistening and frizzing close to her red triumphant profile; those two soldier boys in tight pale blue cloth, evidently *en permission* and just as evidently of good family and better manners—all these types and many, many more provide your evening's entertainment.

The Chic Maxixe

In the old days a ring used to form round my brother and his wife when they danced at the Bullier the chic and dashing maxixe. His great height, her appealing effect of a piece of chiffon which he waved as he would, throwing her high in the air from his bent knee and turning, twisting, bending her till you wondered that even her supple bones did not break, always caused envious and open admiration.

The newly reopened Accacia is done after our New York Plantation. Champagne is obligatory, and if you change your seats during the evening and wander to the charming garden and a fresh table you may have to pay one hundred and twenty francs for four lemonades and four chicken sandwiches, as my friends did the other night.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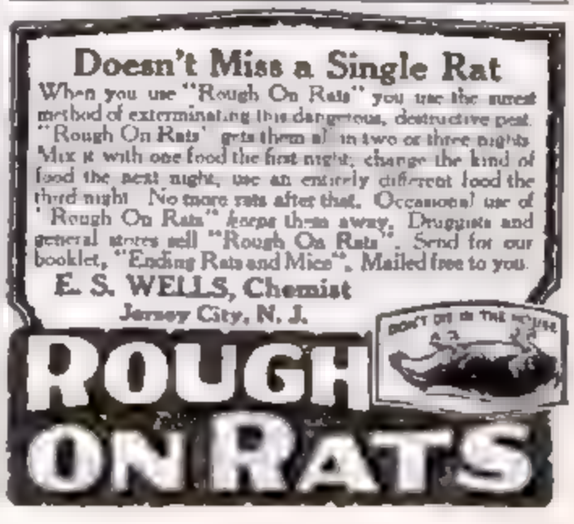
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When you use "Rough On Rats" you use the surest method of exterminating this dangerous, destructive pest. "Rough On Rats" gets them all in two or three nights. Mix it with one food the first night, change the kind of food the next night, use an entirely different food the third night. No more rats after that. Occasional use of "Rough On Rats" keeps them away. Druggists and general stores sell "Rough On Rats". Send for our booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice". Mailed free to you.
E. S. WELLS, Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.
ROUGH ON RATS

"The Work Has Always Been A Pleasure"

So writes Elwood De Wees of Ohio, who has for several years spent an hour or so a day of his spare time caring for new and renewal orders for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in his neighborhood. He's a busy business man who puts in an active eight-hour day in his office, but he still finds time for money-making the Curtis way.

"The Extra Money Has Also Been of Great Assistance"

So Mr. De Wees' letter continues. And well it may. In his spare time he has earned many a welcome extra dollar that has helped to buy greater comfort and greater happiness. In a single month we have paid him seventy-five such extra dollars. *Of course* they have "been of great assistance."

Mr. De Wees is just one of hundreds of men and women who have found in this easy, pleasant work the answer to that puzzling question that bothers most of us: *How can I earn more money?* Would you like extra money each week—lots of it—for a few minutes of your time daily? Why not have it? Others, without experience, are making

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Gentlemen: Let me know more about your spare-time extra-profit offer. I'd appreciate more money.

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MAIL THE COUPON TODAY IF YOU WANT MORE MONEY

The combined mixture of dust and poor-gasoline smoke dries the throat to an often painful degree in Paris, and drinks of some sort are very necessary. During the last hot wave a certain American thought he could not better employ one baking afternoon than in essaying a beer crawl round the city, testing the different prices charged for light beer. He started in an obscure quarter at forty centimes the glass, became more fashionable and less thirsty at sixty and seventy centimes, stopped his cab at a place where the sign said "Bock one franc," and finally ended up in the smart Bois restaurants at one franc seventy-five centimes. After that his accuracy became questionable and his impressions too hazy for valuable record as he sat on a green bench in the park and considered things in general and nothing in particular.

Montmartre, of course, teems with interest, historic and alcoholic. High on the Butte is the Lapin Agile, the agile rabbit, a once famous rendezvous of cutthroats, Apaches and their forerunners. Many a murder has been committed there, and to wear a silk hat in the old days was to court trouble. Poets and rascals all met there, and the room looked the same then as now.

The old brown ceiling is dark with discoloration from the smoke of billions of bygone cigarettes and cigars. A huge crucifix towers on the end wall and someone has thrown great gobs of oil paint on it, creating a curiously sinister effect. Broken, rush-bottomed chairs, hacked and battered wooden tables, the hideous stucco fireplace, the home of four white rats which scrabble and claw in its roughnesses, the darkness—all these create a decidedly odd and uncommon atmosphere not exactly unappreciated by the magnificently bearded old Frédé, the patron, who wears a *béret*, a red sash and baggy pantaloons in keeping with his place.

There are other famous eating places up on the Butte; places with gardens and cool night breezes; places renowned for their cooking, be it tripe and onions or snails or something less exotic. Down the hill farther you have the familiar Rat Mort and L'Abbaye, both of which need no introduction to Americans. There you may have entertainment of the usual cosmopolitan city type at a price. Such places are innumerable, and your friends will tell you of a new one nightly.

The many delightful open-air or inclosed restaurants which fringe the Champs-Elysées, that verdant midrib of Paris, offer grateful oases on warm summer evenings. You may go to one of the theaters in that vicinity, and then go for light refreshment under the big trees, and tip your chair and dangle your cane if you are a man, or lean your ever-ready elbows on the table if you are a woman, and talk and dream and frivol and rest.

After making a round of these night attractions you may, at two or three in the morning, take a taxi to the pregnant humming *halles* and watch the high wooden wagons drawn by sleepy, dignified farm horses being unloaded of their exquisitely piled contents. Each cart contains vegetables of one kind only; crisp white turnips bunched with their green foliage, pink and pointed carrots; onions bristling roundly at you over the top of an extra-high cart; whatever is in season is poured into the beehive of this early-morning industry.

It is almost gone, this age-old procession of carts down the Champs-Elysées at night, the horses taking their way unerringly from the outlying farm to the gray corner in the market place, while the driver gets his night's sleep sprawled high up on the vegetables. Auto camions are replacing this picturesque cavalcade, and the hideous back fire and throb of the machines replace the hollow, romantic clop-clop of the big hoofs on the wooden pavements.

Watch this market work for a while and then go to some neighboring upstairs café where people have sat all night, growing more and more relaxed and affectionate, and where onion soup at its best, beer if you can wrangle it from the proprietor, who has the habit of thinking Americans and champagne inseparable, and some fruit make a very pleasant bridge between night and morning repasts. Then home through the flower market under the patient stars, through nearly deserted streets, in the small, beautiful city, to your linen-sheeted bed.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

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"LAST night I came home with great news—a $60 increase in salary! I took the money out of my pocket and asked Mary to count it. You should have seen her face light up when she found that extra $60. I think she was even happier than I was.

"'It will mean a lot to us,' she said. 'More comforts—more of everything worth while. You've come into your own at last, Bob, and I'm so glad. I always knew you could make good in a big way if you only tried. And this latest increase proves it!'

"Yet it seems only yesterday that I was just scraping along in a small job at a small salary. It took every penny I earned to keep us going—we were frequently in debt.

"Then one day I started asking myself why other men were getting ahead and I was standing still. And suddenly I realized that it was simply because I had never learned to do any one thing well. As a result, whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by. I was simply a routine worker—almost a machine. My employers never thought of me in connection with the job ahead.

"That woke me up! I made up my mind right then and there that I would invest an hour each day in my own future. So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"As I look back, I can't understand why I had never realized before what this special training would do for me. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work!

"The General Manager was the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase in salary. A little later another promotion came and I was one step nearer the goal of my dreams.

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IS there any reason why you should stand still when others are proving every day that you can get ahead if you really want to? Don't you feel that you should at least find out what there is in this plan for you?

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In every line of business and industry; in offices, shops, stores, factories, and on railroads, men are holding important positions and receiving splendid salaries—because they clipped this coupon.

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CAN you still turn away from Opportunity? Can you still go on, putting in your days at the same grind, getting the same pay envelope with the same insufficient sum, when such a little thing can be the means of changing your whole life?

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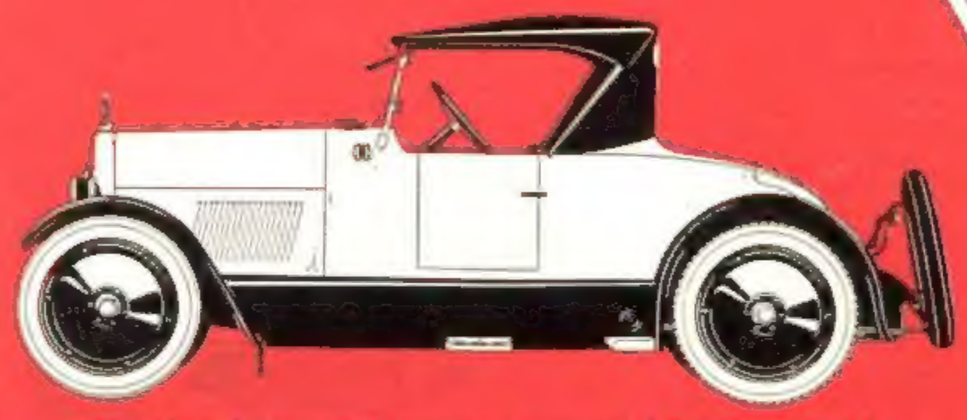

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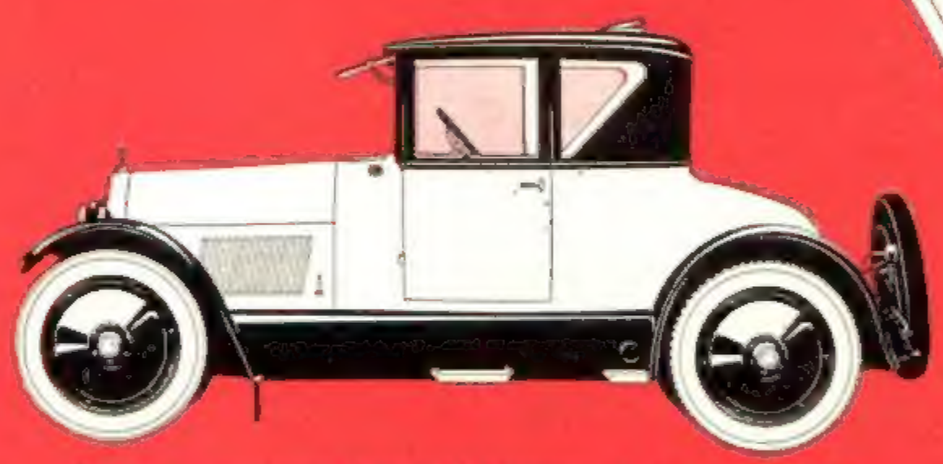

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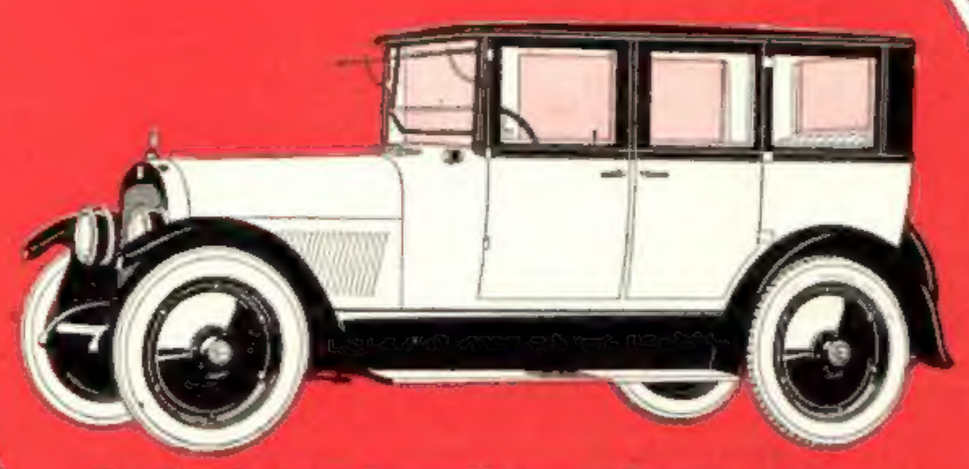

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